State Library 1july1905

THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD, MARCH, 1866. "Liberty and Union, One and Inseparable."—WEBSTER. TERMS: $2.00—$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 40. EMPORIUM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1905. NO 44.

24 PAGES.

H. E. HELMER,

Real Estate and Loans,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

The Observer.

In Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" there is a charming account of a Christmas-tide spent by the author at Bracebridge Hall, one of the few places in England where even so late as the early part of the last century the traditions and customs of the Cavaliers of the seventeenth century still obtained. The sermon in the parish church on Christmas-day was an echo of the controversies which raged about Christmas during the troubled times of the Puritan revolt and ascendency

"The parson gave us a most erudite sermon on the rites and ceremonies of Christmas, and propriety of observing it not merely as a day of thanksgiving but of rejoicing, supporting the correctness of his opinions by the earliest usages of the Church and enforcing them by the authorities of Theophilus of Caesarea, St. Cyprian, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and a cloud more of saints and fathers, from whom he made copious quotations I was a little at a loss to perceive the necessity of such a mighty array of forces to maintain a point which no one present seemed inclined to dispute; but I soon found that the good man had a legion of ideal adversaries to contend with, having in the course of his researches on the subject of Christmas got completely embroiled in the sectarian controversies of the Revolution, when the Puritans made such a fierce assault upon the ceremonies of the Church, and poor old Christmas was driven out of the land by Proclamation of Parliament. The worthy parson lived bu with times past, and knew but little of the present.

"Shut up among worm-eaten tomes in the retirement of his antiquated little study, the pages of old times were to him as the gazettes of the day, while the era of the Revolution was mere modern history. He forgot that nearly two centuries had elapsed since the fiery persecution of poor mince-pie throughout the land; when plum porridge was denounced as 'mere popery,' and roast beef as anti-christian, and that Christmas had been brought in again triumphantly with the merry court of King Charles at the Restoration. He kindled into warmth with the ardor of his contest and the host of imaginary foes with whom he had to combat; he had a stubborn conflict with old Prynne and two or three other forgotten champions of the Roundheads on the subject of Christmas festivity, and concluded by urging his hearers, in the most solemn and affecting manner, to stand to the traditional customs of their fathers and feast and make merry on this joyful anniversary of the Church."

An amusing instance of the Puritan dislike for Christmas is naively related by Governor Bradford in his "History of the Plymouth Plantation." Nearly a year after the landing of the Pilgrims, a shipload of young fellows came out from England to join the little colony. "On ye day called Christmas day," says Bradford, "ye Govr caled them out to worke, (as was used,) but ye most part of this new company excused themselves and said it went against their conscience to work on that day. So ye Govr tould them that if they made it mater of conscience, he would spare them till they were better informed. So he led away ye rest and left them; but when they came home at noone from their worke, he found them in the streets at play, openly; some pitching ye bar & some at stoole-ball, and shuch like sports. So he went to them, and tooke away their implements, and tould them that was against his conscience, that they should play & others worke. If they made ye keeping of it matter of devotion, let them keep their houses, but ther should be no gameing or revelling in ye streets. Since which time nothing hath been attempted that way, at least openly."

Christmas at Presbyterian Church.

Special music on Sabbath morning and evening, and preaching appropriate.

On Christmas night (Monday) "Sleepy Santa," a Christmas Cantata will be rendered.

Harry Lloyd's Store Ransacked.

His automobile filled chock full,
With presents large and small,
Old Santa Claus departed from his home,
For on Christmas Eve upon his children dear,
He had to call,
And patiently they looked for him to come.

At Buffalo, Rochester, Hornellsville and Troy,
And all the little towns that are between,
He had some pretty presents for every girl and boy,
To hang upon the Christmas tree so green.

At Olean he stopped again,
And filled the stokings all,
The presents they were very fine to see,
He put them in the dining room, the kitchen and the hall,
To be ready to hang upon the tree.

The next place was Emporium,
At which he had to stop,
For many little friends were waiting there,
To get their dollies, books and drums,
And nice red spinning tops.
And animals with long white silky hair.

But then a great misfortune befell the dear old man,
He pulled his whiskers and was very sad,
For looking in his auto,
As up the streets he ran,
He found his presents missing that he had.

What shall I do? Poor Santa cried,
My heart is troubled sore,
The children here I cannot dissappoint,
When suddenly across the street he saw a pretty store,
Where lights shone brightly in the winters' night.

He stepped across and read the sign,
That hung above the door.
His feelings changed and he was overjoyed,
For the letters there that pleased him so,
And filled him with delight.
Spelled the name of our good townsman HARRY LLOYD.

The store was filled from floor to roof.
With every kind of toys,
Books and pictures they were there galore,
And everything that's wanted for little girls and boys,
Old Santa said "I cannot wish for more."

So in he went and filled his bags,
And went his journey on,
And said if ever trouble me betides,
To Emporium at once I'll go,
As happy as can be,
And get my Christmas goods at HARRY LLOYD'S.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

Holiday Goods.

In view of the fact that there is more holiday goods in town than can be sold in the next three years, I have concluded to offer my extensive line at such a reduction in price, as will make it an object for everybody to come to my store to purchase the balance of their holiday goods. This is not mere talk but business and you can easily be convinced of this fact by calling.

Respectfully,

L. TAGGART.

Interesting Letters.

Mr. Alfred Truman, of Brookville, (formerly a resident of this county, when engaged in lumbering at Truman) has become one of the most popular and entertaining writers in the country. Devoting most of his time to travel, he takes delight in describing to his friends his impressions and discoveries. We are pleased to announce that the PRESS has arranged with Mr. Truman for the publication of his letters. The first of the series appears in this issue and we assure our readers they will always find Mr. Truman's letters interestiug and instructive.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

SAGE.

Just as we go to press we learn of the death of C. H. Sage of Johnsonburg, which occurred at that place this morning.

***

GILMARTIN.

Thos. Gilmartin of Sterling Run, notice of whose accident appeared in this paper at the time, died from the effects of the fall this morning at three o'clock, at his home. We are unable to get the particulars as to the arrangements at this writing.

***

FOUNTAIN.

Joseph, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Fountain, of West Allegany Avenue, aged about 19 years, died at the family residence last Monday morning. The young man had been at Sharon, Pa., for some time and came home about two weeks ago and after a day or two was taken sick with typhoid fever. His parents did all that could be done for the young man, hiring a trained nurse to care for him, but he gradually grew worse and died on tne above date.

The funeral was held yesterday after noon from the Baptist church, Rev. T. W. Twichell, officiating, assisted by Rev. Robt. McCaslin, interment was made in Newton Cemetery.

Snyder—Verbeck.

Mr. Ernest E. Snyder and Miss Effie Verbeck, of Reynoldsville, Pa., were united in marriage on Wednesday afternoon, December 20th, at rectory of Emmanuel Church, the Rev. J. M. Robertson, officiating.

The Gift I Didn't Get

A Christmas Poem by Peter McArthur

Copyright, 1904, by Peter McArthur

A Girl Who Calls Me Friend

I HAVE presents by the dozen,
Meant to make my Christmas glad,
From each uncle, aunt and cousin—
Best a fellow ever had.
There's a keepsake from my mother,
Father sent a check—and yet
I am thinking of another—
Of the one I didn't get.

THERE are gifts from all the fellows,
Pipes and things a chum will send;
There's a tie, all reds and yellows,
From a girl who calls me friend.
You would think me far from slighted
If you saw them all—and yet,
I confess, I'm most delighted
With the one I didn't get.

SHE told me it was ready,
She'd prepared it long before;
I'd been calling on her steady
For at least a year or more.
She told me all about it,
And her eyes with tears were wet,
And I'm happy, never doubt it,
For that gift I didn't get.

HER attitude was altered
When I called on her last night,
But my tale of love I faltered,
And I guess I did it right.
And this little rhyme is written
'Cause I'm full of joy—you bet!
For a frosty little mitten
Was the gift I didn't get.

Kiener—Barton.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs Charles Diehl, North Poplar street, Wednesday evening, at 9 o'clock, Mr. John H. Kiener, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Mis Gertrude L. Barton, of Emporium, Pa. were married by the Rev. O. S. Metzler pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. Preceded by little Miss Florence Diehl, flower girl, and Mr. Floyd Barton, brother of the bride and Miss May Moon, as best man and bride's maid, respectively, and to the strains of Lohengrin wedding march, played by Miss Myrtle Olmsted, the party entered the parlor and were made man and wife, the ring ceremony being used. Mr. Kiener is a young man of many fine qualities and is in the employ of Emporium Lumber Co., while Miss Barton the daughter of Mr. Charles Barton, is held in high regard by a large circle of intimates.

The decorations of carnations and roses were very beautiful. Following the ceremony a bountiful luncheon was served, covers being laid for sixteen.

Mr. and Mrs. Kiener will enjoy a wedding tour to Buffalo and Niagara Falls and will, upon their return, reside at Keating Summit.

"Grimes' Cellar Door."

Don't fail to see "Grimes' Cellar Door," at the Emporium Opera House, Saturday Dec. 23. The company is headed by that inimitable comedian, Mr. James B. Mackie, the man that has made millions laugh and who plays the part of "Grimesey Me Boy." Mr. Mackie has a reputation well known from to the Atlantic to the Pacific coast as an entertainer. His manager has surrounded him with a merry collection of players, and a lively presentation of one of the liveliest entertainments is assured. There is not a dull moment during the whole performance as there are plenty of catchy music, pretty girls, pretty dances, comical comedians, etc., and the engagement of this clever comedian and company at Opera House, Dec. 23, should prove an enjoyable entertainment.

Christmas Services at Emmanuel Church.

Christmas Day, Monday, Dec. 25th, 10 a.m., Morning Prayer, Holy Communion and Sermon. The offerings at this service, as well as at the services next Sunday morning will be for General Fund for Clergy Relief.

The Sunday school Christmas festival will be held Holy Innocents' Day, Thursday, December 28th, at 7 p. m. The envelopes for the Christmas Tree Fund will be received at that time, or they may be placed in the plate on Sunday or Christmas day.

Farm for Sale.

A good farm for sale or rent; address,

WM. HACKENCERG.
Emporium, Pa.

41-tf.

Lulu Tyler Gates and Her Company, December 28.

The third number of the Peoples Star Entertainment Course will be, Lulu Tyler Gates and her company of artists, Thursday evening, December 28. Mrs. Gates' success as a public reader, has been unbounded, her Chautauqua appearances the past season, being features of almost phenominal interest and attractiveness. Two years ago she won the plaudits of our people, by the rare excellence of her work, but her development since then gives her a rank second to none as an interpreter of the best things in literature and an entertainer of the pleasing and popular sort. The assisting artists will be Walter Bently Ball, Baritone, Ebba Hjertstedt the Swedish Violinist, and Grace Gilmore, Pianist, forming a combination of such strength as to place them in advance of any popular concert company before the public. Mr. Ball starred at the head of a company of his own for several seasons. He is possessed of a robust and delightfully smooth voice and in ballad work is especially effective. Miss Hjertstedt has studied at home and abroad under the best teachers of the violin and this, her first American tour, will prove the superiority of the grade of her work. She is worthy to be at the head of a company of her own. Miss Gilmore is brilliant both as a soloist and accompanist. Tickets at Lloyd's.

The Brockway Jubilee Singers.

The justly celebrated Brockway Jubilee Singers will be with us Wednesday evening, Jan. 3rd in a program of new songs and new specialities, with some of the best of the old features, of which the public never tires, retained and brought freshly up-to-date. Always at the top, they are said now to be better than ever. Their itinerary extends from ocean to ocean while they have a record of over four thousand concerts, having appeared in the best courses in the largest cities of the continent. The demand for this class of entertainment knows no diminution and the management believes an audience of generous size will greet them on the occasion of their appearance at the opera house, Wednesday evening, January 3. The reserved seat chart will open at Lloyd's book store, Tuesday, January 2nd, eight a. m. First five rows 50 cts; balance of the house 35 cts; gallery 25cts.

Christmas Service.

A Christmas service by M. E. Sunday school, will be given next Sunday evening at 7 o'olock, which will be in charge of Miss Lillian Heilman and Mrs. Geo. Metzger, Jr.

Dagget's Worcester Brand box candy for sale by M. L. Cummings. A nice Christmas present.

Interesting Letter.

Editor Press:—

At the beginning of the present autumn I had occasion to visit North Eastern New York, in that particular region along the Black river made famous in the eigteenth century by the settlement of many French Huguenot families, of noble birth, of whom I wish to write at another time. On this occasion I will bring to the reader's notice the manner in which I was impressed with the town of Deferiet and its industry. The name Deferiet was given the town in honor of the memory of Madame Deferiet, an influential member of one of the principal Huguenot families that found exile in the state of New York after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The town of Deferit is prettily located in the valley of the Black river. Its population numbers about one thousand souls, and the sole industry which gives these people employment is the great paper works of the place.

The Black river is a stream of some magnitude, its dark waters flowing from the Adirondack mountains. At Deferiet the river makes a great bend, and the paper company, to utilize the water's enormous power, have cut a canal at an immense cost, from the two points of the river where its serpentine like form are brought closest together. Over one million of dollars were spent in this one feature of the plant alone. In addition to all the vast power exerted by water, the steam engine in use represents some thousands of horse power also, meaning the consumption of a great quantity of coal for fuel. The institution all throughout, is one of the most modern known. It's capacity, whilst not the greatest, represents a daily output of one hundred and forty tons of finished paper. It's consumption of wood means the destruction of three thousand, five hundred acres of spruce forest yearly.

And having seen the working of the great plant, I asked the gentleman who had so kindly shown and explained it all to me, as to where a market was found for their enormous product, and was told that a certain New Yok journal consumed sixty-four tons of this paper every day of the year, and that the same concern published two other papers which I know to be of the same lamentable order, in two other cities of the state, all three cousuming an amount of paper equal to the plants entire production.

After learning this information I passed into a deep reverie, and my thoughts ran something like this: "What crime, what infamy, all this collosial and stupendous waste of natures resources. The loss to the world of thousands of acres of magnificent young forests every year, the investment of millions of capital, and the employment of hundreds of hands, all to create a species of publications which are evil, tending only to degrade the mind and the morals of those who read them, a class of literature so baneful as to make the acquisition of knowledge and intelligence impossible wherever it's influence comes, a blight upon the human mind." Coming out of this reverie I am still wondering whether, from the beginning of time, there has been any form of criminal, or other waste, that has in any degree been comparable with our destruction of the country's rapidly waning forests for no better purpose than to deluge millions of people daily and hourly with printed matter of the shocking and deplorable character of what the daily press is so largely constituted.

People boast of their love of country and their patriotism, and yet subscribe to a thing that destroys the objects of education and all desire for intellectual advancement; a thing that saps the brain just as certain species of insects dwarf the growth and sometimes saps the life of the living plant, or creature, upon which they exist.

Philanthropists have constituted millions upon millions of money for the purpose of creating libraries, hoping to disseminate knowledge and to make their fellow men better and wiser, but in the path of their good intentions comes the cyclone of journalistic crazy madness feeding the poor brain with a class of garbage that renders both brain and good intentions nugatory.

ALFRED TRUMAN.

Hollins, Ala., Dec. 1, 1905.

Fire at Huntley.

The tenement house owned by Levi Smith, which was formerly occupied by Mrs. John Campbell was burned to the ground Wednesday morning It is not know how the fire originated. Estimated loss was about $200. The building was not insured.

Dagget's Worcester Brand box candy for sale by M. L. Cummings. A nice Christmas present.

THE WEATHER.
FRIDAY, Fair, SATURDAY, Rain or Snow
SUNDAY, Fair

ASSETS

First National Bank,

EMPORIUM, PA.

At the close of business December 20th, 1905.

$792,781.72.

Now that I have money on deposit in this Bank everybody wishes me a prosperous and Happy New Year.

Opera House,

EMPORIUM, PA.,

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Saturday, December 23rd,

Hoyt's Famous Comedian

JAMES B. MACKIE

In the Great Comedy Sucess

Grimes Cellar Door

Supported by a Clever Company

Catchy Music, Pretty Girls, Marches, Dances and Choruses Galore

Original Special Trick Equipment.

Prices—25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Man About Town.

Hang up a clean, new stocking,
With no holes in the heel;
For Santa'll do some knocking
If an outlet he should feel.

There is a smile on the face of the kids these days that you could not wipe off with a crash towel.

Christmas shoppers should look sharp at their change. $500 counterfeit bills are in circulation.

It is better to give than receive. Don't forget the unconverted; they are perfectly willing to receive.

The Laundry Trust raises prices again the first of the year. People will have to turn their collars and shirts, and Brother Hilliker is now using glucose instead of starch.

Pedestrians along the Rialto Sunday evening had the assurance of the visit to some neighboring hen roost of one of those ill scented animanls—the smell was rank.

Postmaster Seger is contemplating holding a fair in the basement of the postoffice after the Holidays to raise currency to pay the twelve million postal deficit.

A person in town known for his love for the filthy lucre and his hatred for women. A lady remarked the only women he ever loved was the one on the silver dollar.

Brother Pyle of the Sun Life Insurance Co., is not in any way alarmed about the investigations. Says the Sun's surplus is what keeps the Bank of England running. Says where the English language is spoken the Sun is a household word and its mothods of doing business favors the under dog.

Prof. Ericsson is scheduled some time in the near future to read a paper before the Sinnamahoning Liars' Club. Subject, "Dynamite, its utility in progressing people towards the Sweet Bye-and-Bye." The Prof. told a bright little girl, the other day, if she would come to church she would see him play the organ. Innocently the little one asked: "Will you have a monkey?"

We have a claw hammer coat, celluloid shirt bosom and white neck-tie to rent New Year's day. Callers can govern themselves accordingly.

The towel used in our press room fell from its roller, a few days ago, and striking the floor, broke in two.

A man went into Uncle Peter Beattie's Tobacco Exchange, the other day, and says: "Peter, can you change a five?" "No," says Peter, "I wish I had a five for a change." A suburbanite was telling him how a man in one of the lumber camps made a perfect fitting shirt out of hemlock bark and wore it two weeks without suffering any inconvenience. "Well," said Peter, "that's the worst 'shirt tail' I ever heard." Says when he was a boy in the Province of New Brunswick he saw the wind blow so hard he flew a kite made from an iron window shutter and used a log chain for a tail; a man standing by watching him was caught in the mouth by a gust of wind and was turned completely wrong side out. He tells this story:

"A girl living up on Hick's run,
One day when her housework was done,
Said, I do declare,
I will kill a bear,
And loaded her old father's gun.
She walked up the creek quite a way,
Where she thought the bears ought to stay
She stepped on a skunk
And came down kerflunk,
That ended the hunt for that day.
When she came back to the house,
she came in as still as a mouse,
But she had the smell
And the people did yell,
'Mine Got lets out her vouse,'"

GABSAWAY.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance..... 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

Our Standing in Science.

The comparison of American and European scientists has been made by Prof. Waldeyer, professor of anatomy in the University of Berlin, in an address before the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences, a few months ago, suggested, no doubt, by his visit to the St. Louis congress, in 1904. The United States has easily led the world in all mechanical matters tending to increase material wealth, and the impression has been very widespread that we are so occupied in the struggle for the almighty dollar as to have no time for the arts and sciences. In spite of the fact that the people of a new country are occupied in opening up and developing their resources and in laying foundations, it is not at all unlikely, observes American Medicine, that in proportion to our numbers we have always accomplished a fair share of the world's scientific discoveries, and have done a goodly work in other directions. Waldeyer points to a long list of eminent American naturalists, economists, jurists, philologists, philosophers and historians, and he might have added physicians and surgeons. He has apparently been amazed at the rapid strides of the last decade, as though we had just started on the superstructure of our national work. His intimate knowledge of Americans and their work gives great value to his statement that it is now time for European students and teachers to come to America to learn, in the same way that Americans formerly went abroad. We have worked out our own salvation, and have therefore cut new trails, so that it is now necessary for foreign workers to know what we are doing and how we are doing it, if they are to avoid narrowness.

When the boundary between Michigan and Wisconsin was drawn the surveyors were evidently in a bit of a hurry, for it now turns out that some 250,000 acres of land supposed to have been included in Michigan's acreage is beyond it and belonging to nowhere. The territory in dispute is big enough to form a fair-sized province in Russia, and more than one bloody war has been fought in Europe to conquer a strip of land smaller than the "derelict territory" of Michigan. Here it was not missed for a generation. The United States geographic survey found out the mistake of the original boundary makers only the other day.

Viewed from all sides, farming is a great business. And it is as a real, live, substantial and serious business that the farmers should regard and conduct their affairs. Fortunately, system is rapidly revolutionizing the business. In the golden northwest the successful farmers are managing their estates like great manufacturing plants. There are no leaks, no slipshod methods. They are piling up magnificent crops and are making fortunes. Through Kentucky and the south, too, the farmers are beginning to look upon their occupations as a sure-enough business and not as a speculative pastime.

Herman Von Wetter, a young German whose title is baron in his own country, was married a few days ago in Stamford, Conn., to Miss Louise Huributt. The groom, a strapping fellow 26 years old and six feet two in his shoes, gave up his title on coming here to wed the girl of his choice and will start out for himself as an electrical engineer. He met Miss Huributt in Dresden, where she was studying art. He takes much pride in the fact that his great-grandfather, Baron Von Wetter-Rosenthal, was an aid to Washington in the war of the revolution.

Miss Alberta Newton, a teacher of Grand Island, Neb., has this season managed the Grand Island high school football team with success. At the opening of the season she was chosen manager and her team has been remarkably successful. She undertook the management of the team to give a higher tone to athletics in the high school and to strengthen the team.

TRUE BILLS

Of Indictment Against Eight Offenders.

THE REBATE CASES.

Shippers, Freight Agents and Common Carriers Before the United States Grand Jury in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Dec. 15.—Eight indictments were returned by the federal grand jury yesterday against shippers, freight agents and common carriers in the rebate cases brought to the attention of the grand jury by United States District Attorney J. Whitaker Thompson. The indictments returned are as follows:

Great Northern Railway Co., for offering a rebate to R. D. Wood & Co., of this city, on a shipment of 1,500 tons of iron piping to Winnipeg.

C. E. Campbell, local freight agent of the Great Northern, same charge.

T. W. Lake, of New York, general eastern agent of the Mutual Transit Co., granting and giving a rebate to the Wood Co.

Walter Wood, George Wood, Stuart Wood and Richard Wood, members of the Wood Co., accepting and receiving rebates.

Paul J. Diver, local agent of the Mutual Transit Co., of this city, on a shipment from Philadelphia to Minneapolis, August 4, 1905.

Mutual Transit Co., offering rebate in the same transaction.

Paul J. Diver, offering and giving rebate (two counts) to the National Essence For Coffee Co. on a shipment from Philadelphia to Winnipeg, April 17, 1905.

Mutual Transit Co., offering and giving rebates (two counts) in the same transaction.

WILL STAMP OUT HAZING.

Two Midshipmen, One for Hazing, and Another for Failing to Report It, Are Suspended.

Washington, Dec. 15.—Hazing of every kind, it was announced yesterday, will be stamped out of the naval academy, regardless of the number of dismissals from the brigade of midshipmen necessary to bring about this result. Two midshipmen will be dismissed from the academy within a few days by the secretary of the navy

Briefly these are yesterday's developments in the movement against hazing at the naval academy. When Secretary Bonaparte reached the navy department yesterday he received an official report from Admiral Sands, announcing the suspension of Midshipman Trenmor Coffin, jr., third classman, for hazing Midshipman Berdone Pettus Kimbrough, fourth class man, by forcing him to stand on his head until he became unconscious, and of Midshipman Waren Abbe Van Derveer, second classman, because while on duty he observed the occurrence and failed to report it. The superintendent called attention to the fact that Midshipmen Coffin and Van Derveer were guilty of violating a well known regulation for the government of the naval academy and recommended their summary dismissal in accordance with an act of congress approved March 3, 1903.

MANY MEN WILL BE BENEFITTED.

Independent Woolen Manufacturers Will Raise Wages.

Boston, Dec. 15.—Independent woolen manufacturers in this state, Rhode Island and Connecticut, employing about 5,000 operatives, announce that they will follow the action of the American Woolen Co., which recently decided to advance the wages of the 30,000 hands in its 30 mills, 10 per cent. on January 1.

Yesterday notices announcing the advance were posted in the mills of the Farr Alapaca Co., of Holyoke, employing 1,700 persons; Coronet worsted mills, of Mapleville, R. I.; Wickford, R. I., worsted mills; Plainfield woolen mills and Central yarn mills, of Centraville, Conn., all employing about 1,000 hands.

The Leominster Worsted Co., of Leominster, this state, has also given notice of the increase to its 200 operatives.

The Centerdale Worsted Co., which owns mills in Centerdale, Stillwater and Manton, R. I., will post notices today granting the 10 per cent. advance. The company employs 350 hands. The Saxonville Mills Co., of South Framingham, employing 600 hands and several other independent concern, announce that they will follow the action of the American Woolen Co.

Four Deckhands Drowned.

Brownsville, Pa., Dec. 15.—Four persons were drowned in the Monongahela river yesterday, as the result of the passenger steamer Rose Hite colliding with the towboat John F. Klein, and sinking in 14 feet of water. All the dead were employed on the steamer as deckhands.

An Automobile Accident.

Washington, Dec. 15.—In an automobile accident in the outskirts of Washington late yesterday afternoon Walter Beaupre Townley, counselor of the British embassy, sustained minor injuries and his wife, Lady Susan Townley, was knocked unconscious and badly bruised about the head.

Man Killed, Wife Seriously Injured.

Nolan, W. Va., Dec. 15.—Benjamin Endicott was shot and instantly killed and his wife was seriously injured last night by Fred and Howard Trippett and another young man.

ROOSEVELT THEIR CHOICE.

Managers of the Democracy Looking to the President as a Possible Leader.

Democratic senators and representatives "have been flocking to the white house for several weeks past offering allegiance to the president," says the Washington correspondent of the Chronicle. And his statement is corroborated by the dispatches of all other Washington correspondents.

This spectacle of the national leaders of the opposition party accepting, or rather soliciting, the leadership of the leader of the party in power is extraordinary, but it is neither inexplicable nor wholly unprecedented.

The democratic party managers wanted Gen. Grant for their party leader in 1868. True, Grant was not then president, but it was well understood that he was to be the nominee of the republican party for the presidency that year. Again in 1872 they accepted the leadership of Horace Greeley, until then the most conspicuous republican perhaps in the country, against Grant, the man who had refused to be their leader. So much for precedent.

As for the explanation, it is the same now that it was in 1868 and 1872. Then the democratic party was not a coherent organization. It had no principles upon which different factions which claimed to be democratic were agreed. These factions were agreed only in their hostility to the republican party and in hunger for office and power. They were ready to admit that their party was discredited and that it had no leader who enjoyed the confidence of sane and patriotic people. Therefore they were ready to borrow from the republicans a leader who was known to believe in something and to be worthy of public confidence.

That is the case to-day. The democratic party is a fortuitous aggregation of discordant factions having nothing in common but an appetite and an irrational hatred of the party in power. It has no leader whom these factions can agree to follow and who also enjoys the respect and confidence of the rational public.

Hence the readiness of the managers to go once more to the republicans for a leader and this time to the chosen and official head of that party.

What we see is a repetition of the tactics which failed at the inception in 1868 and at the polls in 1872 and which amounted then and amounts now to a confession of the unworthiness of the democratic party and its leaders.

The eagerness of the managers to make a democratic leader of President Roosevelt is merely a recognition of his phenomenal popularity. It does not mean that the democratic party is growing better or that it accepts the principles by which President Roosevelt is actuated or that it has any use for him or for anything about him except his popularity, and for that only as an instrument to rake democratic chestnuts, mostly wormy, from the fire.

Democrats were originally attracted to him, it is said, by his utterances on the subject of railroad rate regulation, but that was not because they were satisfied with the legislation he proposed. It was because they thought that legislation would be merely a first step toward the realization of the communistic project of government ownership of all the railroads.

That is to say, they wanted to follow him because they thought he was going to destruction, but he is not going that way. On the contrary, he proposes rate regulation partly because he believes it to be right and partly because he believes it will head off the movement in the direction of government ownership.

His direction, therefore, is diametrically opposite to theirs in this respect as in others. When they come to see this they will want no more of his leadership. His general direction is toward a harbor of safety; theirs is toward the breakers and the reefs where there is certainty of shipwreck.

If they choose to follow in the direction he is leading well and good, but there is every reason to believe they do not. They may depend upon it that he will never lead any party to the manifest destination of the democratic party.

COMMENT AND OPINION.

☞Free traders howl for tariff revision, because they are ashamed to acknowledge that they are free traders and opposed to any protection in a tariff.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞President Roosevelt pushes the country up to congress with a diminished public debt and a comfortable balance on the right side of the cash book. This is certainly a healthy financial condition, albeit congress may proceed to hit the surplus with a sandbag.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞The president has laid out work enough to keep congress busy for many months, unless the unanimity resulting from abnormal democratic support of the administration proves to be destructive of due deliberation.

☞The exports of manufactured goods under the Dingley law, which free traders claim would injure our export trade, are just double what they were under a democratic tariff designed for the express purpose of encouraging a development of our export trade, according to the accepted logic of the free trade tariff reform school.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

CONGRESS IN SESSION.

Body Which Insures Support to the President in Carrying Out Policies.

The assembling of the Fifty-ninth congress in regular session is an event of more than usual interest. The body is representative of the issues which entered into the memorable campaign of last year, and a large proportion of the membership may be truly said to have been elected as a result of the Roosevelt tidal wave. That fact undoubtedly will go far to strengthen the support which the president will receive in his efforts to carry into effect policies to which he is committed and that have been approved so overwhelmingly by the people of the United States. The republican party has the largest majority it has ever had in the legislative branch of the government, and that should be fresh assurance of wise and effective legislation. The responsibilities resting upon that majority are great, says the Troy Times, and there is every reason to believe they will be fully and satisfactorily met.

The organization of the house of representatives was quickly accomplished, and was in accordance with conditions which had long been manifest. Speaker Cannon, a veteran statesman of most honorable and acceptable record, who served with distinguished ability as presiding officer of the house in the last congress, was reelected without the slightest opposition and with such enthusiastic and unanimous loyalty by the republicans as to make the choice a foregone conclusion long before the vote for him was actually cast. Such is his popularity among all his congressional associates that but for political considerations there is hardly a doubt that he would have been favored for the place by many democrats as well as by those of his own party. The exigencies of the situation compelled the democrats to retain as leader on the floor the brilliant but somewhat effervescent Williams of Mississippi, who received the empty honor of a nomination for the speakership.

The prompt manner in which congress has "got down to business" gives ground for the hope and expectation that much excellent work will be accomplished, to the benefit of the country and with the approval of the people. Some momentous questions will come before the body, and the members, fresh from the ranks of American citizenship, should bring to the discussion well-defined comprehension of the public interests and wishes. With the legislative branch in political accord with the executive, and with the administration as well as the leaders in congress pledged to economy and efficiency, the sum total of the acts of the present session of congress should be most gratifying and praiseworthy.

PROSPERITY OF UNCLE SAM

Never So Rich and Finances Never Before in Such Excellent Shape.

Last year the deficit in the first five months of the fiscal year was about $25,000,000. It is less than $12,000,000 so far for the fiscal year beginning last July. The national expenditures are being kept down to about the level reached last year. There is a constant gain in government revenues, says the Cleveland Leader.

The increase is chiefly in the customs. The unprecedented prosperity of the country is shown in heavy purchases of foreign products, both for immediate consumption and for use in manufactures. In November the net gain in revenue was over $2,000,000, compared with the corresponding part of 1904.

Such expansion of the nation's income leads some high authorities to believe that by the end of the fiscal year the United States treasury will reach the fortunate state of an even balance between well-guarded expenditures and growing receipts. Panama canal finances, of course, do not come under this general head. They will have to be provided for by the sale of bonds for that express purpose.

Uncle Sam was never so rich, and his finances can be adjusted readily to whatever needs he may feel like recognizing. Two per cent. bonds are rapidly being issued in exchange for four per cents. The four's redeemable in 1907 have lately sold at prices which would net the purchaser less than six-tenths of one per cent. a year—to be exact, 56 cents on every $100—if he kept the bonds until they can be retired at the will of the government and the premium extinguished. That means a wonderful state of national credit. It shows the plethoric purse of the American people.

No wonder that Christmas trade is booming. No wonder immigration is heavy, for the time of year. No wonder business statistics exceed all former records.

☞Poor William Jennings Bryan. He tried to buy the war stool on which Admiral Togo sat when he attended the jubilations over his victories, but as the chair had been used for that sort of ceremony for 300 years, it naturally did not happen to be for sale. And now Mr. Bryan knows it is as difficult to buy a chair of state abroad for mere money as it is to purchase one in this country by oratory.—Baltimore American.

☞The cattle districts of the west are finding no fault with President Roosevelt's treatment of the Massachusetts politicians who called to see about placing hides on the free list.—Kansas City Journal.

☞In 1892 the democratic cry of tariff reduction caught the ear of the voters, and the democratic ticket was successful. Voters recall the industrial disaster to the country which followed an enforcement of the democratic principle, and because they do remember it there is no danger of catching the American voters by it for 50 years to come.—Albany Journal.

WHITE KING.

His Mantle Falls Over Southern States.

RAIN AND SLEET.

Arkansas, Maryland, Tennessee and Kentucky Visited by Storms—Wires Down in Louisville.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 16.—The Gulf storm which has been causing heavy precipitation in Texas and Louisiana for the past two days has moved eastward, bringing snow into Arkansas, rain and sleet in Tennessee and rain, sleet and snow in parts of Kentucky, while unsettled conditions prevail generally in the entire district south of Ohio and east of the Mississippi. Louisville's annual visitation of sleet arrived a month or more ahead of time, and yesterday was causing serious delay to all wire communication, while street car service in the city was interfered with more or less.

Frederick, Md., Dec. 16.—An unusually heavy snow fell here yesterday, the ground being covered with four inches up to noon. The weather is very cold.

Baltimore, Dec. 16.—The first heavy snow storm of the season began here yesterday and at 1 p. m. about two inches had fallen. The weather bureau calculates that the fall will be four inches.

Hagerstown, Md., Dec. 16.—The first snow storm of the present winter raged here yesterday. Snow fell heavily and there is a covering of several inches on the ground.

Philadelphia, Dec. 16.—The Maritime Exchange wires to the Delaware Breakwater are down, as a result of the storm which appeares to be increasing in severity along the coast. Early reports from the breakwater and reporting stations in Delaware Bay stated that a large fleet of vessels of all kinds had sought shelter in Snug Harbor, this side of the breakwater. A 50-mile gale, driving a wet snow, forced ships in the Delaware river to drop anchor, as it was impossible for pilots to see through the heavy veil of snow.

HOCH TO BE EXECUTED FEBRARY 23

Illinois Supreme Court Affirms Lower Court's Verdict—Last Hope Gone Unless Governor Interferes.

Chicago, Dec. 16.—The supreme court of the state yesterday affirmed the verdict of the lower court, which condemned Johann Hoch to death for the murder of his wife, Mrs. Marie Welcker Hoch, and the date of his execution has been set for February 23.

The first news of the action of the court was received here by a telephone message from Assistant State's Attorney Barnett, who is in Springfield. He communicated the information to State's Attorney Healy. A messenger was sent to Hoch with the news and found him in the visitors' cage, talking with the last of his many wives, Mrs. Fischer Hoch, the sister of the woman for whose murder he was sentenced to death. When he received the news Hoch became greatly excited, and pressing his face against the wire netting he shouted: "You are a liar, a liar. It is not true. I do not believe it."

He quickly became more composed and asked for a verification of the report. When the messenger came back a second time Hoch took it very quietly. The action of the court yesterday destroys his last hope unless Gov. Dineen interferes.

R. G. DUN & CO.'S TRADE REVIEW.

Retail Sales in Holiday Trade Surpasses All Records.

New York, Dec. 16.—R. G. Dun's Weekly Review of Trade says:

Holiday trade has become the principal commercial feature, retail sales surpassing all records, while it has been found necessary to place liberal supplementary orders. Yet this activity in specialties detracts little from the steady movement of staples, and in jobbing and manufacturing departments there is unprecedented preparation for the spring season. Little machinery is idle and the outlook for the future is brightened by several announcements of higher wage scales to become effective January 1. Building activities are scarcely retarded by the advancing season.

Failures this week numbered 239 in the United States, against 276 last year, and 27 in Canada, compared with 25 a year ago.

All on Board Saved.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 16.—After a struggle of 48 hours with winds and waves, during which the crew had no time for eating or sleeping, the Belgian steamer Antigoon, Capt. Eugene Calimetta, went ashore at Little Island, about 12 miles south of this place, early yesterday. No lives were lost.

Steamer Ran Down a Schooner.

Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. 16.—The steamer City of Lowell last night ran down the lath-laden schooner Basutoland, Chatham, N. C., for New York, off South Norwalk. The schooner was cut to the water's edge and was abandoned. The crew escaped in boats to the Lowell.

Three Children Cremated.

Traverse City, Mich., Dec. 16.—Three children of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ingersoll are dead, as the result of a fire that destroyed their home, near Fife Lake, Mich.

Laundering the Baby's Clothes.

Many mothers are not aware that chafing and much discomfort may be caused by the strong alkalies in the soap with which the little garments are washed. Hence, the work should be done under the mother's direction and only Ivory Soap used. ELEANOR R. PARKER.

When friends urge you to come and see them "any time," it requires some figuring to find out just when that time is.

You can cure Neuralgia, Toothache, or Headache in a few minutes by applying Dr. Bayer's Penetrating Oil on cotton to the seat of pain. 25c a bottle.

A girl can stand having the weather make her feet cold, if it gives her a nice, rosy complexion.—N. Y. Press.

When you ask for Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour, insist upon having it, and say Mrs. Austin's and no other.

The man who has no business of his own is a mighty poor man to engage to attend to your business.

AILING WOMEN.

Keep the Kidneys Well and the Kidneys Will Keep You Well.

Sick, suffering, languid women are learning the true cause of bad backs and how to cure them. Mrs. W. G. Davis, of Groesbeck, Texas, says: "Backaches hurt me so I could hardly stand. Spells of dizziness and sick headaches were frequent and the action of the kidneys was irregular. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I passed several gravel stones. I got well and the trouble has not returned. My back is good and strong and my general health better."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

In buying a cough medicine, remember the best cough cure,

Kemp's Balsam

costs no more than any other kind.

Remember, too, the kind that cures is the only kind worth **anything.**

Every year thousands are saved from a consumptive's grave by taking Kemp's Balsam in time.

Is it worth while to experiment with anything else?

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

For Family Colds

A reliable Cough and Cold cure should be always in the house ready for use the moment the first symptoms appear.

It is always easier, cheaper and better to check a cold in the very beginning.

It is safer, too.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, has been tested for thirty-three years, and tens of thousands of homes in the United States and Canada to-day are never without it.

"We are seven in family. We have bought many bottles of Shiloh's Consumption Cure. It is good and we would not be without it.—Miss Mary E. Apple, Gouverneur, N.Y."

If it were anything but the best would this be so? Try it in your own family. If it does not cure, you get back all it cost you. We take all the chances. Neither you nor your dealer can lose. Isn't that fair? 25c. is the price. All dealers in medicine sell

SHILOH

$16.00 an Acre

160 ACRES FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

of WESTERN CANADA is the amount many farmers will realize from their wheat crop this year.

25 Bushels to the Acre will be the Average Yield of Wheat.

The land that this was grown on cost many of the farmers absolutely nothing, while those who wished to add to the 160 acres the Government grants, can buy land adjoining at from $6 to $10 an acre.

Climate splendid, school convenient, railways close at hand, taxes low.

Send for pamphlet "20th Century Canada" and full particulars regarding rate, etc., to SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or to the following authorized Canadian Government Agents:

H. M. WILLIAMS, Law Building, Toledo, O.

Mention this paper.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC FOR WOMEN

Troubled with ills peculiar to their sex, used as a douche is marvelously successful. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs, stops discharges, heals inflammation and local soreness, cures leucorrhœa and nasal catarrh.

Paxtine is in powder form to be dissolved in pure water, and is far more cleansing, healing, germicidal, and economical than liquid antiseptics for all

TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES

For sale at druggists, 50 cents a box.

Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free.

THE R. PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1370 Detroit, Mich.

PATENTS 48-page book FREE, highest references. FITZGERALD & CO., Box B, Washington, D. C.

MOLES AND WARTS removed without pain or danger. No scar left. We tell how free. DR. E. M. DISPENSARY, O. Rochester, N. Y.

A. N. K.—C 2104

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

FEBRUARY 23

Date Set for "Bluebeard" Hoch's Execution

VERDICT AFFIRMED

Illinois Supreme Court Stands by Lower Court—Last Hope Gone Unless Governor Interferes.

Chicago, Dec. 16.—The supreme court of the state yesterday affirmed the verdict of the lower court, which condemned Johann Hoch to death for the murder of his wife, Mrs. Marie Welcker Hoch, and the date of his execution has been set for February 23.

The first news of the action of the court was received here by a telephone message from Assistant State's Attorney Barnett, who is in Springfield. He communicated the information to State's Attorney Healy. A messenger was sent to Hoch with the news and found him in the visitors' cage, talking with the last of his many wives, Mrs. Fischer Hoch, the sister of the woman for whose murder he was sentenced to death. When he received the news Hoch became greatly excited, and pressing his face against the wire netting he shouted: "You are a liar, a liar. It is not true. I do not believe it."

He quickly became more composed and asked for a verification of the report. When the messenger came back a second time Hoch took it very quietly. He did not betray the slightest emotion, and said in his ordinary tone: "I have nothing to say; nothing at all. If it must come, then it must. I have nothing more to say."

The specific charge against Hoch, and for which he was convicted, was the killing of his wife, Mrs. Marie Welcker Hoch, by the administration of arsenic. He fled from the city and was arrested in New York and brought back to Chicago. He was placed on trial April 19 and convicted May 20. Sentence of death was passed on him on July 3, the original date of June 23 being set for his execution. Gov. Deneen granted him a reprieve until July 28 and a second reprieve until August 25. Before the arrival of this day, however, the supreme court granted him a supersedeas to allow of the consideration of his case. The action of the court yesterday destroys his last hope unless Gov. Deneen interferes.

FOURTEEN INDICTMENTS RETURNED

Common Carriers, Railway Officials, Shippers, Freight Agents on List.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 16.—Fourteen indictments were returned by the federal grand jury here yesterday against common carriers, railway officials, shippers and freight agents, charging the giving of rebates and conspiracy to gain rebates. They are as follows:

George H. Crosby, of Chicago, general traffic manager of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad. George L. Thomas, broker, of 320 Broadway, New York, a merchandise broker. L. B. Taggert New York, Crosby's chief clerk. The Chicago & Alton Railroad Co. and John N. Faithorn and F. A. Wann, formerly vice president and general freight agent, respectively, of the railroad company. The Cudahy Packing Co. Swift & Co. The Armour Packing Co. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Co. Nelson Morris, Edward Morris and Ira N. Morris, comprising the partnership of Nelson Morris & Co. D. H. Kreskip, Kansas City, freight broker.

Officers Elected.

Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 16.—Daniel C. Gilman, of Baltimore, was yesterday re-elected to the presidency of the National Civil Service Reform league. Other officers were elected as follows: Vice presidents, Joseph H. Choate, New York; Grover Cleveland, Princeton, N. J.; Charles W. Elliott, Cambridge, Mass.; Harry A. Garfield, Princeton, N. J.; Arthur T. Hadley, New Haven, Conn.; Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia; Herbert Welsh, Philadelphia; Seth Low, New York; Frank B. MacVeagh, Chicago; George A. Pope, Baltimore; Henry C. Potter, D. D., New York; R. J. Ryan, D. D., Philadelphia; Moorfield Storey, Boston; Thomas N. Strong, Portland, Ore.

Charged with Embezzlement.

Pittsburg, Dec. 16.—Charles K. Brice, a member of the firm of Brice, Higbee & Co., Homestead glass manufacturers, the largest independent producers of crystal glass tableware in the country, was arrested Thursday night at his home on information made by J. B. Higbee, president of the firm, who charges Brice with the embezzlement of $5,000 and upward.

Princeton Bests Harvard in Debate.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 16.—Princeton defeated Harvard in annual debate at Sander's theatre last night. The New Jersey men supported the affirmative of the question, "resolved that inter-collegiate football in America is a detriment rather than a benefit."

Steamer Ran Down a Schooner.

Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. 16.—The steamer City of Lowell last night ran down the lath-laden schooner Basutoland, Chatham, N. C., for New York, off South Norwalk. The schooner was cut to the water's edge and was abandoned. The crew escaped in boats to the Lowell.

Three Children Cremated.

Traverse City, Mich., Dec. 16.—Three children of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ingersoll are dead, as the result of a fire that destroyed their home, near Fife Lake, Mich.

FORMS PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT

Terrible State of Affairs Throughout Livonia—Government and Other Russian Officials Prisoners.

St. Petersburg, via Helsingfors, Finland and Berlin, Dec. 14.—Two messengers who arrived here from Riga yesterday, having walked about 130 miles to catch a train at Plock, not only confirm the report that a provisional government has been set up in Livonia, but they say that many of the troops have gone over to the insurrectionists.

Dvina fort, commanding Riga harbor, is in their possession and the governor and other Russian officials are prisoners. The messengers add that the provisional government exercises authority throughout Livonia and part of Courland. The new government has declared the separation of the Lithonian people from the Russian empire. They have chosen new local officials and have decreed the closing of the spirit shops and breweries and the annullment of contracts between the peasants and the land owners. There is a general uprising of the native peasants, who are traveling in armed bodies, attacking the estates and driving off or killing their owners.

The position of the peasants in these provinces has been the most deplorable of any in the entire empire. Conditions almost approaching those of the feudal system have been continued down to the present time. They practically have kept the peasants in a state of vassalage, placing them at the mercy of the German barons.

The Russian officials are being expelled from the provinces and many of them have been killed in the streets of the towns. There is a reign of terror at Riga.

SOME IMPORTANT CHANGES.

Perkins Resigns as First Vice President of New York Life—Peabody Elected President of Mutual Life.

New York, Dec. 14.—Two incidents affecting the life insurance situation in New York yesterday overshadowed the legislative committee investigation. While the committee was inquiring into the conduct of the Prudential Life Insurance Co. and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., George W. Perkins resigned as first vice president and chairman of the finance committee of the New York Life Insurance Co. He was succeeded by Vice President Alexander E. Orr, president of the New York City Rapid Transit commission, and as chairman of the finance committee by John Claflin, head of the H. B. Claflin Co.

Another important move in the situation was the election by the trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. yesterday of Charles A. Peabody to succeed Richard A. McCurdy as president of that company at $50,000 a year. Mr. McCurdy's salary was $150,000. Mr. Peabody is a lawyer, the American representative of William Waldorf Astor and a director in several banks and other corporations, of which one is the Illinois Central Railroad Co. Mr. Peabody also was nominated as trustee of the Mutual Life Insurance Co., to succeed Justice Rufus W. Peckham, and Emory McClintock was nominated to succeed Elihu Root.

COURT DECIDES AGAINST HEARST.

Cannot Order Ballot Boxes Opened Nor Recount of Ballots.

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 14.—The court of appeals, in a decision handed down yesterday in the New York ballot box case, sustains the contention of counsel for Mayor George B. McClellan, and denies that of attorneys for William Randolph Hearst and his colleagues on the Municipal Ownership league ticket. The court holds, as was argued by ex-Chief Justice Parker and his associates, that the courts have no power under the election law to order by mandamus the opening of the ballot boxes and a recount and recanvass of the ballots.

The case relates directly to the vote for mayor, comptroller and president of the board of aldermen cast in the Second election district of New York county at the election of November 7 last, but is of the utmost importance in Mr. Hearst's contest for the mayoralty of New York City, and is fundamental in its effect upon the electoral system of this state under the present election law. The decision was rendered by a divided court, five to two.

INDICTMENT AGAINST A RAILROAD

Charged that the Road, with the Sanction of Two Ex-Officers, Paid Illegal Rates to a Packing House.

Chicago, Dec. 14.—The federal grand jury yesterday returned an indictment against the Chicago & Alton Railroad Co., John N. Faithorn and F. A. Wann, formerly vice president and general freight agent, respectively of the railroad company.

The railroad company and the two ex-officers are included in one indictment, in which there are ten counts against the company, and against each of the two men. The general charge is that the railroad company, with the sanction of the two officers, paid illegal rebates to the packing house firm of Schwarzchild & Sulzberger for the purpose of procuring shipments from the concern, and also with the same object gave free transportation to the employes of the concern.

Schooner Wrecked.

San Jose, Costa Rica, Dec. 14.—The schooner Florencia, while on her voyage from Bluefields, Nicaragua, to Port Limon, Costa Rica, was wrecked. Among those lost were Frederick M. H. Wood, British consul at Port Limon, two Americans, John Tibant and W. M. Rather and three sailors.

Date for G. A. R. Encampment.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 14.—At the G. A. R. conference here yesterday it was decided to hold the annual encampment in Minneapolis beginning August 13.

POPULAR SCENIC ROUTE.

Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad Company.

Condensed Time Table in Effect June 4, 1905.

READ DOWN. READ UP.

Sunday Only	Week Days.					STATIONS.	Daily	Week Days.				
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M	P M	
5 18		8 18	11 18	5 18	.....	Lv.....Addison.....Ar	10 13		4 43		8 50	
6 00		9 00	12 00	6 00	.....	.....Knoxville.....	9 30		4 00		8 06	
6 14		9 17	12 14	6 14	.....	.....Westfield.....	9 17		3 47		7 55	
6 47		9 47	12 47	6 47	.....	....Gaines Junction....	8 41		3 11		7 25	
		10 00	1 00		.....	Ar. { Galeton, } Lv	8 23				7 14	
7 00		10 20	5 00	7 08	.....	Lv. { } Ar	8 30		2 00		7 07	
7 40		11 00	5 40		.....	....Cross Fork Junc...	7 39				6 23	
8 03		11 20	6 02		.....	.....Hulls.....	7 18				6 02	
8 29		11 40	6 20		.....	.....Wharton..... ...	6 56				5 49	
		12 15			.....	.....Sinnamahoning....					5 00	
		12 20			.....	.....Driftwood.....					4 52	
		1 02			.....	.....Medix Run.....					4 08	
		1 25			.....	.....Tyler					3 42	
		1 31			.....	..... Penfield.....					3 33	
		2 00			.....	.....DuBois.....					3 00	
	P. M.	P. M.										
P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.			A. M.				P M	A. M
8 20		11 45	6 20		.....	.....Wharton.....	6 56				5 20	1110
8 29		12 00	6 29		.....	.....Costello.....	6 44				5 08	1058
8 38		12 15			.....	Ar { Austin } Lv	6 35				5 00	1050
		1 00	6 38	8 00	.....	Lv { } Ar					3 10	950
		2 00	7 05	8 45	.....	.... Keating Summit....	A. M.				2 20	910
		P. M.		A. M.								
		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.				A. M.	P. M.			
		8 30	3 30		.....	.....Wellsville.....		8 05	2 48			
		8 58	3 52		.....	.....Genesee.....		7 41	2 18			
		9 09	4 01		.....	.....West Bingham.....		7 30	2 06			
		9 27	4 15		.....	.....Newfield Junction..		7 13	1 50			
		10 10	4 55		.....	.....Galeton		6 30	1 05			
									P. M.		P. M	
		11 05	6 25		.....	....Cross Fork Junc....		7 20			5 40	
		11 55	7 10		.....	.....Cross Fork.....		6 30			4 40	

CONNECTIONS.

Additional trains leave Galeton at 8:15 a. m. and 6:25 p. m., arriving at Ansonia at 9:21 a.m. and 7:09 p. m.

Returning leave Ansonia at 9:35 a. m., and 8:30 p. m., arriving at Galeton at 10:09 a. m., and 9:05 p. m.

At Driftwood with P. R. R.
At DuBois with B. R. & P. Ry.
At Keating Summit with B. & A. V. Div. of Pennsylvania R. R.
At Ansonia with N.Y.C.& H R.R. for all points north and south.
At Newfield Junction with C. & P. A. Ry., Union Station.
At Genesee with N. Y & Pa., Ry. Union Station.
At Addison with Erie R. R., Union Station.
At Wellsville with Erie R. R. for points east and west.
At Sinnamahoning with P. R. R.—P. & E. Div.

M. J. McMAHON, Div. Pass Ag't., Galeton, Pa. W. C. PARK, Gen'l Supt., Galeton, Pa.
E. A. NIEL, Traffic Mgr. Buffalo, N.Y. C. PETER CLARK, Gen'l Mgr. Buffalo, N. Y.

•FOLKA•DOT•CANS•

NOW IS THE TIME TO PAINT.

Important Memorandum.... The painter is the most important factor in painting. A job complete, done by a good painter, with the best quality of paint, costing say $50.00 ($40.00 labor, $10.00 paint), will last five years. The same paint applied by a duaber ($20.00 labor, $20.00 paint), will last only two years. The same paint of the good painter's job is $10.00—the poor painter's, $30.00.

Above all, USE GOOD PAINT!

The oil! linseed oil! Just pure linseed is the "life"—the one great requisite of good paint for which there is no substitute—and the *sure* way to get the pure, fresh linseed oil is to buy the oil and

Kinloch HOUSE PAINT

separately. *For every gallon of Kinloch Paint buy one gallon of linseed oil.* This makes two gallons of paint, ready for use. You then *know* that the paint you're putting on your house is alive—"the genuine oil is in it," and paint is not paint unless it contains 50% of really pure oil. We will further explain the virtues of Kinloch Paint if you will call and see us.

FOR SALE BY

HURTEAU & FORBES

KINLOCH PAINT COMPANY ST. LOUIS.

C. G. SCHMIDT'S,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Popular Bakery,

FRESH BREAD, PIES, FANCY CAKES, ICE CREAM, NUT

CONFECTIONERY

Daily Delivery.

All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY

STRONG AGAIN! Sexine Pills

They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Varicocele, Atrophy, &c. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All drains and losses are checked *permanently*. Unless patients are properly cured, their condition often worries them into Insanity, Consumption or Death. Mailed sealed. Price $1 per box; 6 boxes, with iron-clad legal guarantee to cure or refund the money, $5.00. Send for free book. Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.

For sale by R. C. Dodson, Druggist, Emporium, Pa.

THE Windsor Hotel

Between 12th and 13th Sts., on Filbert St.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Three minutes WALK from the Reading Terminal.
Five minutes WALK from the Penn'a R. R. Depot.
European Plan $1.00 per day and upwards.
American Plan $2.00 per day.

FRANK M. SCHEIBLEY, Manager.

Madam French Female Pills. Dean's

A safe, certain relief for Suppressed Menstruation. Never known to fail. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free.

UNITED MEDICAL CO., Box 74, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson.

Foley's Kidney Cure
makes kidneys and bladder right

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS

Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write to

CASNOW & Co.

OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Place to Buy Cheap

—IS AT—

J. F. PARSONS'

LADIES

DR. LaFRANCO'S COMPOUND.

Safe, speedy regulator; 25 cents. Druggists or mail Booklet free. DR. LaFRANCO, Philadelphia, Pa.

Kodol DYSPEPSIA CURE

DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT

The $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.

PREPARED ONLY AT THE LABORATORY OF

E. C. DeWITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Sold by R. C. Dodson, Druggist.

TIME TABLE No. 27.
COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.
Taking effect May 27th, 1901.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	10	8	4	6	2
	P. M.	.....	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Port Allegany,.. Lv.	3 15	.....	7 05	.....	11 36
Coleman,.....	*3 23	.....	∞	.....	*11 41
Burtville,.....	*3 30	.....	7 18	.....	11 47
Roulette,.....	3 40	.....	7 28	.....	11 55
Knowlton's,.....	*3 45	.....	∞	.....	*11 59
Mina,.....	3 59	.....	7 35	.....	12 05
Olmsted,.....	*4 05	.....	*7 38	.....	*12 09
Hammonds,.....	∞	.....	∞	.....	*12 13
Coudersport. { Ar.	4 20	A. M.	7 45	.....	12 15
{ Lv.		6 10		6 00	1 00
North Coudersport,	.....	*6 15	.....	∞	*1 05
Frink's,.....	.....	6 25	.....	*6 10	*1 12
Colesburg,.....	.....	*6 40	.....	*6 17	1 20
Seven Bridges,.....	.....	*6 45	.....	*6 21	*1 24
Raymonds's,.....	.....	*7 00	.....	*6 30	1 35
Gold,.....	.....	7 05	.....	6 36	1 41
Newfield,.....	.....	∞	.....	.....	1 45
Newfield Junction,..	.....	7 37	.....	6 45	1 50
Perkins,.....	.....	*7 40	.....	*6 48	*1 53
Carpenter's,.....	.....	7 46	.....	∞	*1 57
Crowell's,.....	.....	7 50	.....	*6 53	*2 01
Ulysses,..... Ar.	.....	8 05	.....	7 05	2 16
	.....	A. M.	.....		P. M.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	1	5	3	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....
Ulysses,.....Lv.	7 20	2 25	9 10	.....
Crowell's,.....	*7 27	*2 32	*9 19	.....
Carpenter's,.....	∞	*2 34	*9 22	.....
Perkins,.....	*7 32	*2 37	*9 26	.....
Newfield Junction,..	7 37	2 42	9 32	.....
Newfield,.....	*7 41	2 46	∞	.....
Gold,.....	7 44	2 49	9 40	.....
Raymond's.....	*7 49	2 54	*9 47	.....
Seven Bridges,.....	*8 01	*3 03	*10 02	.....
Colesburg,.....	*8 04	3 09	*10 10	.....
Frink's,.....	*8 12	*3 17	*10 20	.....
North Coudersport,.....	∞	*3 26	*10 35	.....
Coudersport,.... { Ar.	8 25	3 30	10 45	.....
{ Lv.	8 28	6 00	P. M. 1 20	.....
Hammonds,.....	*8 33	*6 05	*1 31	.....
Olmsted,.....	∞	∞	∞	.....
Mina,.....	*8 37	*6 09	*1 37	.....
Knowlton's,.....	∞	∞	∞	.....
Roulette,.....	8 47	6 21	1 51	.....
Burtville,.....	8 54	6 28	2 01	.....
Coleman,.....	∞	*6 34	∞	.....
Port Allegany,.....	9 08	6 40	2 25	.....

(*) Flag stations. (∞) Trains do not stop (†) Telegraph offices. Train Nos. 3 and 10 will carry passengers. Tains 8 and 10 do.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R'y for points north and south. At B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for Wellsville, south for Galeton and Ansonia. At Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R., north for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport; south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penn'a R. R., points.

B. A. McCLURE Gen'l Supt.
Coudersport, Pa.

Who is Your Clothier?

If it's R. SEGER & CO., you are getting the right kind of merchandise. There is no small or grand deception practiced in their store. Sustained success demonstrates that there is "growth in truth" in the retailing of

NEW AND UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING AT POPULAR PRICES.

R. SEGER & CO.

For Bill Heads,
Letter Heads,
Fine Commercial
Job Work of All
Kinds,
Get Our Figures.

PILES Rudy's Pile Suppository

A cure guaranteed if you use

Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years, I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. D. Matt. Thompson, Supt. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson.

EVERY WOMAN

Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulating medicine.

DR. PEAL'S PENNYROYAL PILLS,

Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine (Dr. Peal's) never disappoint. $1.00 per box.

Sold by R. C. Dodson, druggist.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Foley's Kidney Cure
makes kidneys and bladder right.

BANNER SALVE

the most healing salve in the world.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION.

In effect May 28, 1905.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD

8 10 A. M.—Sundays only for Renovo and Week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.23 P. M., New York 9.30 P. M., Baltimore 6.00 P. M., Washington 7.15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 P. M. (Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7.32 p. m.; New York, 10.21 p. m.; Baltimore, 7.30 p. m.; Washington, 8.35, p. m. Vestibuled Parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3 20 P. M.—daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.23 A. M., New York 7.13 A. M., Baltimore, 2.20 A. M. Washington, 3.30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.30 A. M.

10 30 P. M.—Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7.17 A. M., New York 9.33 A. M., weekdays, (10 38 A. M. Sunday); Baltimore 7.15 A. M., Washington 8.30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie, Buffalo and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Buffalo, Williamsport to Washington. Passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:25 A. M. (Emporium Junction), daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7.32 a. m.; New York, 9.33 a. m., week days; (10.38 Sundays); Baltimore, 7.25 a. m.; Washington, 8.45 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Cars and Passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 30 A. M.—Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

4 23 P. M.—Daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CONNECTIONS.
(Week days.)

SOUTHWARD.			Stations.	NORTHWARD		
P. M	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
.....	9 00	4 02	....Renovo....	1 28	.....	11 45
.....	9 50	4 41	...Driftwood...	12 50	.....	11 05
.....	10 25	5 10	.Emporium Junc	12 15	.....	10 35
.....	11 13	5 53	...St. Marys...	11 26	.....	9 53
4 50	10 10	5 55	..... Kane.....	12 25	3 00	....
5 06	10 31	6 19	...Wilcox.....	12 02	2 40	....
5 20	11 38	6 25	..Johnsonburg..	11 47	2 28	....
5 40	11 55	6 50	...Ridgway.....	9 20	2 10	8 25
....	....	....	...Mill Haven...	....	....	....
6 00	12 15	7 10	.. Croyland....	9 00	1 49	8 04
——	12 19	7 15	..Shorts Mills..	8 55	——	8 09
6 07	12 23	7 19	...Blue Rock...	8 51	1 30	7 56
6 12	12 26	7 23	.....Carrier.....	8 47	1 27	7 52
6 22	12 36	7 32	.Brockwayville.	8 37	1 27	7 42
6 26	12 40	7 37	...Laues Mills..	8 34	1 23	7 38
6 30		7 41	.McMinns Sm't.	8 30		7 34
.....	12 49	7 45	.Harveys Run..	8 25	1 15	7 30
6 43	12 55	7 50	..Falls Creek...	8 20	1 10	7 25
6 55	1 25	8 03	....DuBois.....	8 08	12 55	7 10
7 42	1 15	7 55	..Falls Creek...	6 53	1 15	6 30
7 58	1 29	8 08	.Reynoldsville..	6 39	12 52	6 15
8 30	1 56	8 35	...Brookville...	6 05	12 24	5 39
9 30	2 38	9 20	New Bethlehem	5 20	11 44	4 50
.....	3 20	10 02	...Red Bank....	.....	11 05	4 05
.....	5 30	12 35	....Pittsburg...	.....	9 00	1 30
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Leave Emporium Junction for Port Allegany, Olean, Arcade, East Aurora and Buffalo.

Train No. 107, daily.....4:05 A. M.
Train No. 115, daily.....4:15 P. M.

Trains leave Emporium for Keating, Port Allegany, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Olean and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West.

Train No. 101, week days.....8:25 A. M.
Train No. 103, week days.....1:35 P. M.

Train No. 103 will connect at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Bradford, Salamanca, Warren, Oil City and Pittsburg.

LOW GRADE DIVISION.

EASTBOUND.

STATIONS.	109	113	101	105	107	951
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M	P. M	A. M.
Pittsburg...Lv.	.....	†6 22	†9 00	†130	*505	‡ 9 00
Red Bank,.....	.....	9 30	11 05	4 05	7 55	10 55
Lawsonham,.....	.....	9 42	‡1118	4 18	8 07	11 08
New Bethle'm.	5 20	10 20	11 44	4 50	8 37	11 40
Brookville,....	†6 05	11 10	12 24	5 39	9 22	12 26
Reynoldsville,.	6 39	11 42	12 52	6 15	9 50	12 59
Falls Creek....	6 53	11 57	1 15	6 30	1005	1 14
DuBois,.....	7 00	†12 05	1 25	6 40	1015	‡ 1 20
Sabula,.....	7 12	.....	1 37	7 17		
Pennfield,.....	7 30	.....	1 55	7 35		
Bennezette,....	8 04	.....	2 29	8 09		
Driftwood,....						
via P. & E. Div						
Driftwood,..Lv.	†9 50	.....	†3 45			
Emporium, Ar.	†10 30	.....	†4 10			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M	P. M	P. M.

WESTBOUND.

STATIONS.	108	106	102	114	110	952
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M
Via P. & E. Div	.....	.....	†8 10	.....	†3 20	.....
Emporium, Lv.	.....	.....	†9 04	.....	†4 00	.....
Driftwood, Ar..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Via L. G. Div	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Driftwood, Lv.	.....	†5 50	†1110	.....	†5 50	.....
Bennezette,....	.....	6 25	11 45	.....	6 25	.....
Pennfield,.....	.....	7 00	12 20	.....	7 04	.....
Sabula,.....	.....	7 18	12 39	.....	7 23	.....
DuBois,.....	*6 05	7 30	12 55	†5 00	7 35	‡4 00
Falls Creek,....	6 12	7 55	1 15	5 10	7 42	4 07
Reynoldsville,..	6 30	8 08	1 29	5 27	7 58	4 20
Brookville,....	7 05	8 35	1 56	6 00	†8 30	4 50
New Bethle'm.	7 51	9 20	2 38	6 45	9 30	5 35
Lawsonham,..	8 21	9 47	†3 06	7 14	....	6 08
Red Bank,Ar..	8 35	10 02	3 20	7 25	.....	6 20
Pittsburg, Ar...	*11 15	†1235	†5 30	†1000	.....	‡9 30
	A. M.	P. M	P. M.	P. M.	P. M	P. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only. §Flag Stop.

On Sunday only train leaves Driftwood 8:20 a. m., arrives at DuBois, 10:00 a. m. Returning leaves DuBois, 2:00 p. m.; arrives at Driftwood, 3:40 p. m., stopping at intermediate stations.

For Time Tables and further information, apply to Ticket Agent.

J. R. WOOD, Pass'gr Traffic Mgr.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

THE PITTSBURG, SHAWMUT & NORTHERN R. R.

Through Passenger Service Between St. Marys, Brockwayville, Shawmut, Smethport, Olean, Friendship, Angelica, Hornellsville, Wayland, Buffalo, and New York.

Effective Sunday, May 29, 1904.
Eastern Standard Time.
Time of Trains at St. Marys.

DEPART.

7.35 A. M.—For Kersey (Arr. 8.14 a. m.), Byrnedale (Arr. 8.58 a. m.,) Weedville (Arr. 9.03 a. m.); Elbon (Arr. 8.46 a. m.,) Shawmut (Arr. 9.08 a. m.,) Brockwayville (Arr. 9.42 a. m.)

12.33 P. M.—For Clermont (Arr. 1.37 p. m.,) Smethport (Arr. 2.20 p. m.,) connecting for Bradford (Arr. 3.30 p. m.,) Eldred (Arr. 2.49 p. m.,) Olean (Arr. 3.40 p. m.,) connecting for Buffalo (Arr. 6.10 p. m.,) Bolivar (Arr. 3.33 p. m.,) Friendship (Arr. 4.08 p. m.,) Angelica (Arr. 4.34 p. m.,) Hornellsville (Arr. 6.10 p. m., Wayland (Arr. 7.23 p. m.,) connecting at Wayland with D. L. & W. R. R. and at Hornellsville with Erie R. R., for all points East and West.

1.45 P. M.—For Kersey (Arr. 3.26 p. m.,) Elbon (Arr. 4.00 p. m.,) Shawmut (Arr. 4.22 p. m.,) Brockwayville (Arr. 4.47 p. m.,) connecting with P. R. R., for Falls Creek (Arr. 5.10 p. m.,) DuBois (Arr. 5.25 p. m.,) Brookville (Arr. 6.00 p. m.,) and Pittsburg (Arr. 9.30 p. m.)

ARRIVE.

11.05 A. M. } From Brockwayville, Shawmut
6.50 P. M. } Elbon, Kersey and Byrnedale.

1.45 P. M.—From Wayland, Hornellsville, Canaseraga, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar, Buffalo, Bradford, Olean Eldred, Smethport and Clermont.

All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, Gen'l Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agent.

St. Marys, Penna.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Cameron County Press.
ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Per year.....$2 00
paid in advance.....$1 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2 00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business Cards, five lines or less, $5.00 per year over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising

No local inserted for less than 75 cts. per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete, and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO Law Printing.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

☞No advertisements will be accepted at less than the price for fifteen words.

☞Religious notices free.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

Dagget's Worcester Brand Box candy for sale by M. L. Cummings. A nice Christmas present.

The Pennsy have workmen at work laying two additional side tracks east of Broad Street Station.

Henry Auchn has moved two dwellings from his Fourth street lots, where he contemplates erecting his handsome residence.

This time a year ago, winter was on in earnest, its entrance being made with a great snow storm on Nov. 18. A year earlier, 1903, winter set in on Nov. 18, and continued with scarcely a break until spring. Therefore the present pleasant weather may be considered clear gain, and the longer it continues the more it will be appreciated.

Birmingham (Ala.) Age—Mr. Walter Bentley Ball sang last evening before a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Ball sings his songs with a vim and swing that is seldom given by visiting artists. He does artistic and careful work, and a fine future, no doubt, awaits him. Dec. 28, at Emporium Opera House.

New York Harlem Reporter—Lulu Tyler Gates' recitations were especially charming. Her perfect naturalness won her hearty applause. Her recitation of Elizabeth Stewart Phelps' "Jack and Jill" was inimitable, as were her other numerous selections. At the Opera House, Dec. 28.

Stockholm—Post och Inrikes Tidningav—The violinist, Ebba Hjertstedt, whose home is in America and who has had there an excellent schooling, concertized yesterday in the hall of the Academy of Science and showed an extraordinary talent for the violin, with a pure and clear tone even in the highest positions, excellent bowing in all its different ways—a thing which is seldom found—not a very sympathic execution, all of which showed that it was a real musical nature which uttered itself in the tones. Opera House, Dec. 28.

Prince Louis of Battenberg is the chief contributor to the Woman's Home Companion for January, his subject being, "Diplomacy—A New Field of Endeavor for the American Woman." Jerome K. Jerome answers the question "Why Do We Read" and Elliott Flower begins a series of "Barney and Norah," in which Policeman Barney Flynn imitates Sherlock Homes with original results depicted by Hy Mayer. There is additional Christmas matter in "A Christmas Heart," by Owen Oliver, and bright New Years features in Philadelphia's 'Shooters' Day" and "How Wall Street Celebrates New Year's." In addition to a score of bright stories the magazine contains an exceptional array of household features such as, "How to Go Marketing," "Dainty Designs for Wedding Lingerie," "Twelfth Night Revels," "To Knit a Perfect Sweater," "A Stone House for $2,600," "A Homemade Theater" and Miss Gould's new "Fashion Bureau." Published by the Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; one dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

A Liquid Cold Cure.

Croup, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc., have no terrors for children or adults who evacuate the bowels with Kennedy's Honey and Tar—the Original Laxative Cough Syrup and Liquid Cold Cure. This remedy expels all cold from the system and strengthens the throat, lungs and bronchial tubes. The mother's favorite and children's safeguard. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

A Fearful Fate.

It is a fearful fate to have to endure the terrible torture of Piles. "I can truthfully say," writes Harry Colson of Masonville, Ia., "that for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Protruding Piles, Bucklen's Arnica Salve, is the best cure made." Also best for cuts, burns and injuries. 25 at L. Taggart druggist.

WANTED:—To appoint resident agents in Cameron county, Pa., to represent our full line of Lightning Rods. For full particulars address Hum & Leathorman, 103 Market Sts., Pittsburg, Pa. 42-4t.

Mexico's Christmas Posadas

TO one who has been away from the United States for a term of years the Christmas holidays there seem like a feverish rush, and the simple pleasures indulged in during the nine days of posadas in Mexico are returned to with a certain measure of relief.

A posada is an inn, and the idea pervading these festivities is that story, known to all the world, of Caesar Augustus, who, in the height of his power, wished to know the number of people who bowed beneath his scepter. In order to determine the fact he decreed that a census should be taken of all the nations composing the great Roman empire. To effect this Augustus sent twenty-four commissioners to the different parts of his world. The edict commanded that every person, rich or poor, weak or strong, should go to the place of his birth or to the original place of his family to have his or her name inscribed in the Roman registry.

Joseph and Mary, who were both of the royal house of David, went to the town of Bethlehem. They found it so full of people on the same mission that they wandered about the town for nine days seeking shelter. On the ninth day they were allowed to stay in the stable of a posada, and there the Nino Santo, or Holy Child, was born. The posadas are held for nine evenings in commemoration of those weary days.

Of course there are miserable homes where no sign of a posada is held, but Mexicans, rich and poor, are generous. No matter how dirty and ragged, every one is welcome in the churches, beautifully decorated, and at the nightly posadas held in them, though there the penatas are omitted, as the celebrations are entirely of a religious nature.

To the children the penatas are very important features of the season. They

THE BABE IS PLACED IN THE MANGER.

represent men, women, goats and other animals, beautiful flowers, immense chrysanthemums, giant roses and peonies, lovely dahlias, nuns, monks in full costume and graceful musical instruments. Each figure contains an empty jar or penata of pottery, which is hidden by the decorations or costumes of colored tissue paper, most skillfully applied. The jars are filled with goodies and unbreakable toys.

When friends have been invited to a posada the house is decorated with evergreens and mosses, flowers and tinsel in all the rooms and corridors. In one room is the scene in the stable of Bethlehem—the stable yard and servants, the animals, trees and plants, groups of Biblical characters, little toy fountains. All that money can do to beautify the beginning of the "old, old story" is done according to the taste and means of the host and hostess. The little manger, amid soft lights and draperies, stands ready for the Nino Santo.

A procession of the guests and family forms in another part of the house, and the pilgrims, or peregrinos, march two and two, led by one who carries the Babe. Singing sweet hymns and the litanies, they go through the house, winding in and out of the rooms and galleries.

At last the wanderers stop at the door of the room in which is the manger. Two voices, representing Mary and Joseph, in a wailing hymn beg to be admitted. Voices within chant a denial. Finally a voice announces who they are that plead for shelter; then the door is thrown open, and the peregrinos are allowed to enter. The Babe is placed in the manger, often by a priest, and songs of rejoicing burst forth.

The penatas are next on the programme, the details varying with the fancy of the host.

In a convenient place the penata is suspended, and the little folk, and big ones who choose to take part in the merriment, are blindfolded one at a time, turned around a time or two, then given a stick with which to break the jar if possible. So many trials, then another tries. When one succeeds the contents fall to the floor and a scramble follows to see who gets the most. In some old families there are evenings when the numerous servants partake of the joys of the posada and share in the souvenirs and refreshments provided.—Collier's Weekly.

Anne Boleyn at the Block.

Of the execution of Anne Boleyn Martin Hume, the author of "The Wives of Henry VIII.," says:

Anne herself knelt in a distraught way, as if to pray, but really gazed around her in mute appeal from one pitiless face to another. The headsman, taking compassion upon her, assured her that he would not strike until she gave the signal. "You will have to take this coif off," said the poor woman, and one of the ladies who attended her did so and partially bound her eyes with a handkerchief, but Anne still imagined that her headdress was in the way and kept her hand upon her hair, straining her eyes and ears toward the steps, where from the headsman's words she expected the sword to be handed to him. While she was thus kneeling erect in suspense the sword which was hidden in the straw behind her was deftly seized by the French executioner, who, swinging the heavy blade around, in an instant cut through the erect, slender neck, and the head of Anne Boleyn jerked from the shoulders and rolled upon the cloth that covered the platform.

The Garibaldi.

The Garibaldi are a very ancient Ligurian family. The first who used the name would seem to have been Garibald, duke of Bavaria, A. D. 584. From him descended Grimaldus, king of Lombardy, A. D. 673. His son was Garibaldus. Then the name disappears, but it is early found among the nobles of Genoa, and at the institution of the Liber Aureus, in 1528, its members are recorded as of the ancient nobility. From 1528 to 1751 the successive generations of the Garibaldi are recorded in the "Libro d'Oro," and the last name but one there entered is Joseph Garibaldi, born 1792, probably an ancestor of the dictator. In 1685 Jeannetia Garibaldi was one of the four senators who accompanied the doge of Genoa to Versailles after Louis XIV. had nearly destroyed Genova la Superba by bombs to apologize to the ruthless tyrant.—Notes and Queries.

Under Many Flags.

Possibly no possession has changed nationality so frequently as the island of Santa Cruz, in the Danish West Indies. Originally the land belonged to Spain, and it was taken from Spain to be under the joint rule of England and Holland. After awhile the flag of Holland was taken down, and the English flag alone floated, only to give way to Spain again. The Knights of Malta were the next possessors, and from them it passed to a company of adventurers, who lost it to France, which sold to a Danish company, the land finally coming into the possession of the Danish government. England again took possession in 1801, and eight years later it passed to the Danish government again. Eventually it will probably become a part of the United States, two bargains having been arranged, but never completed.

Coxey's Army.

Coxey's army started from Coxey's home in eastern Ohio in the spring of 1894 to carry, as Coxey said, a "petition in boots" to congress for relief from the hard times then prevailing. On arriving at Washington it was denied access to congress, and those of the pilgrims who disregarded the order to "keep off the grass" of the capitol grounds were sent to jail. Coxey himself was condemned to a term in jail. The "army" at last crossed the Potomac and settled down in a sort of hobo camp on the Virginia side. There it was allowed to remain for several months until complaints from Washington induced the governor of Virginia to break up the camp and disperse the campers.

Odd Marriage Ceremony.

Polynesia is probably the only place in the world where the marriage feast takes place without the presence of the bridegroom. For some unexplained reason the young man is "sent into the bush" when negotiations are opened with the family of his bride, and he remains there during the subsequent festivities. It is only when the guests have departed and the girl is left alone with his parents that messengers are dispatched for him.

A Scotch "Bull."

General Wade constructed military roads in the highlands of Scotland. An obelisk was constructed to commemorate his achievements on which was inscribed the following "bull," intended to distinguish between natural tracks and made roads:

Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.

Difference and Distinction.

Most people are afraid to be different. Some people are different for the express purpose of showing that they are not afraid. And then there are a few who are big enough not to care whether they are different or not. They are the ones that win out, but nine times out of ten they do things in the ordinary way.—Judge.

In Her Own Coin.

Mamma—You naughty boy! What do you mean by saying "Don't bother me now" when I asked you how you got your clothes soiled? Tommy—That is what you always say when I ask you something you don't know how to answer.

Right In Line.

"If there is anything I like," said he to his wife, "it is a woman who knows enough to be a good listener," whereat the servant girl at the keyhole could not repress a smile of satisfaction.

It requires as much reflection and wisdom to know what is not to be put into a sermon as what is.—Cecil.

HIS CHRISTMAS SERMON.

An Aged Wayfarer Who Taught a Curate Contentment.

An English clergyman declares that the best Christmas sermon he ever heard was preached by a woman—and in three words!

"In my little parish, under the sweep of the Sussex downs," he says, "I was walking swiftly home one night buffeted about by the gray clouds of driving rain that the fierce sou'wester swept landward from the sea when a poor, helpless, aged woman asked me for a trifle for a night's lodging.

"Curates are supposed always to be poor. It was Christmas time, and I had just parted with my last sixpence at a lonely hamlet where work was scarce. Still I could not leave my stranger in the street, so I asked her to come with me to my lodgings.

"She shambled along through the mud with her streaming clothes and clouted boots, and we entered my little room. My thoughtful landlady had made my table ready. A plate of hot toast was standing in the fender; the kettle sang vociferously, as if impatient to be used; in front of the fire stood my slippers and an easy chair.

"To my surprise, my poor, worn, haggard companion raised her dripping hands and burst into tears with the words, 'Oh, what luxury!'

"That was the best Christmas sermon I ever heard, and the only one I have never forgotten."—Youth's Companion.

Give Your Stomach Rest.

Nothing will cure indigestion that doesn't digest the food, itself, and give the stomach rest. You can't expect that a weak stomach will regain its strengh and get well when it is compelled to do the full work that a sound stomach should do. You wouldn't expect a sick herse to get well when it is compelled to do a full day's work every day of the week. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is a perfect digestant and digests the food regardless of the condition of your stomach. Relieves Indigestion, Belching, Sour Stomach, and all stomach disorders.—Sold by R. C Dodson.

Paying a Debt of Gratitude.

Mr. Mott Allen, foreman, Union City, (Pa.) Chair Factory, says: "I was badly afflicted with rheumatism for more than eight months; at times had to get up at 11 o'clock and stay up the balance of the night; could not dress myself without the aid of my wife; am now entirely cured, and by the use of only one 50c bottle of Crocker's Rhumatic Remedy. R. C. Dodson. 21sept3m.

For Cracked Hands.

Rough skin and cracked hands are not only cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, but an occasional application will keep the skin soft and smooth. Best for Eczema, Cuts, Burns, Boils, etc. The genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve affords immediate relief in all forms of Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Protruding Piles. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

In Mad Chase.

Millions rush in mad chase after health, from one extreme of faddism to another, when, if they would only eat good food, and keep their bowels regular with Dr. King's New Life Pills, their troubles would all pass away. Prompt relief and quick cure for liver and stomach trouble. 25c at L. Taggart's drug store; guaranteed

Bargain in Books.

A complete set of Brittanica Encyclopaedia, consisting of thirty volumes and key. Are all new and in original packages. Will be sold at a bargain, Apply at PRESS office. 36tf

Latest Popular Music.

Miss May Gould, teacher of piano forte, has received a full line of the latest and most popular sheet music. All the popular airs. Popular and classical music. Prices reasonable. 44-tf.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Everybody reads the PRESS.

Lily Dew.

The most delightful preparation for ladies and gentlemen's toilet. It imports to the skin a delicious freshness that can be gained no other way. Positively removes tan and sunburn. Will not irritate the most sensitive skin and will not rub off or show like powder. Manufactured only by MRS. EVA TETER, Emporium, Pa. Rooms over post office. 39-tf.

Furious Fighting.

"For seven years," writes Geo. W. Hoffman, of Harper, Wash., "I had a bitter battle, with chronic stomach and liver trouble, but at last I won, and cured my diseases, by the use of Electric Bitters. I unhesitatingly recommend them to all, and don't intend in the future to be without them in the house. They are certainly a wonderful medicine, to have cured such a bad case as mine." Sold, under guarantee to do the same for you, by L. Taggart druggist, at 50c, a bottle. Try them to-day.

The Place to get the best "deal" is at

DIEHL'S

The Store at the West end.

You can buy your Xmas presents for all your friends and at the same time order your Christmas dinner from the Up-to-date Grocery, where prompt service and cheap prices are our motto.

Chickens, Canned Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, String Beans, Nuts of all kinds, Malaga Grapes, 18c a lb., Oranges, at 25c per dozen, Candies, Olives, any price to suit you, Cranberries, Raisins, Citron, Candied Orange Peel, Candied Cherries and Pineapple and many other things which we have not space to mention, will all go toward making you a dilicious Christmas dinner, and we deliver them at your door anywhere in town as soon as order is received. At the same time look over our line of

Christmas Gifts

AND HAVE THEMSENT TO YOUR HOME.

Lowney's Candy, in boxes from 5c to $3.00. Daggat's Candy in boxes from 5c to $3.50.

We cannot describe the immense line of candy, the must be seen so be appreciated and it is one of our special lines. Candy by the pound for only 10c; and up to 50c a pound. Perfumes in elegad boxes and Hallock's "best" from 10c to $2.50. Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Collars, Ribbons, Linen Towels, Linen Table Cloths and table cloths for only 35c per yard. Holly Ribbon in three widths, Holly Wreaths and Holly Sprays at 5c each. Now read about our leader, the greatest thing out and the only ones in town.

STOCKINGS ALL READY FILLED WITH ALL SANTA CLAUSE COULD THINK OF, 15c and 25c to $2.50

Dolls, Music Boxes and beautiful things that we haven't time to mention.

Call and see us if you do not want to buy, come and look, any way

CHAS. DIEHL.

Special Auction
for County Folks
Saturday Afternoon, at 2 P.M.

AT

Murry & Coppersmith's Store.

Our entire stock of Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, etc. will be disposed of regardless of cost. We must sell because the room goes into the carpenters hands. This is the greatest opportunity to save money. Goods are not in the least.

MURRY & COPPERSMITH CO.

EMPORIUM
MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.

Emporium, Pa., November 27, 1905.

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 35
Felt's Fancy, "	1 45
Pet Grove, "	1 45
Graham, "	70
Rye "	65
Buckwheat, "	70
Patent Meal, "	50
Coarse Meal, per 100,	1 25
Chop Feed, "	1 25
Middlings, Fancy "	1 35
Bran,	1 10
Chicken Wheat	1 55
Corn, per bushel,	70
White Oats, per bushel,	45
New Oats,	
Choice Clover Seed, Choice Timothy Seed, Choice Millet Seed, Fancy Kentucky Blue Grass,	At Market Prices.

R. C. DODSON,
—THE—
Druggist,
EMPORIUM, PA.

IS LOCATED IN THE CORNER STORE
At Fourth and Chestnut Sts..

R. C. DODSON.
Telephone, 19-2.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card or letter, personally.

Max Balcom spent Sunday at Howards, Pa.

Gregory Mohr, of Renovo News, was in town on Sunday.

Mrs. Bingeman who has been ill for some time is improving.

R. F. D. agent Wheaton, was a PRESS visitor on Saturday evening.

Messrs. Rentz and Strayer made a business trip to Williamsport on Tuesday.

Miss Jennie Evans and mother visited friends in Lock Haven the past week.

Mrs. Geo. Dodge, of Sizerville, was calling on friends in town last Saturday.

Capt. W. C. Kress, of Lock Haven, attended argument court, on Monday, at this place.

Chas. Logan and wife will spend Christmas with Mrs. Logan's mother at Binghamton, N. Y.

Ex-Congressman Arnold, of DuBois, registered at the New Warner on Monday, having business at court.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Edgar left on Tuesday to spend Christmas with the former's parents in Clinton county.

E. J. Smith and his esteemed family left this morning for Callery, Pa., where Mr. Smith is engaged in putting up a large fuse plant.

Ex-County Treasure Walter Yothers, of Driftwood, was a pleasant PRESS visitor on Monday, while in town looking in upon the gang on the hill.

Walter Morrison and wife left on Wednesday for Western New York to attend the funeral of Mrs. Morrison's grand-mother and will be absent until after Christmas.

The venerable Wm. McDonald, of Beechwood, was a welcome PRESS caller on Saturday, renewing for another year a copy of this journal to his brother in Maine.

Mrs. Alonzo L. Barr and Mrs. Della Lord, of Sterling Run, were shopping in Emporium on Saturday. While taking in the sights of our busy town they called on the PRESS being constant readers of this journal.

Geo. Nickerson's wife and children have returned from the west, arriving here last Monday. Mr. Nickerson will follow if he can secure work.

Augustus Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. W A. Miller, was taken down with typhoid fever at Kane, last week. His father brought him to his home, at this place, were he is under Dr. Falk's care. He is better as we go to press.

Frank Taylor an employee of the Climax Powder Co., met with a serious accident Tuesday. Some pipes containing acid becoming clogged, in cleaning them an explosion occurred seriously burning him and incapacitating him from work for some time.

George Hockley came home from Kansas City, Mo., Thursday evening, to spend the Holidays with his father and brother Chester. Both of the Hockley boys will go to Pittsburg Jan. 1st—the former to enter business college, while Chester, who is a mechanical engineer will enter the employ of Westinghouse Co., to take charge of their construction work.

Mr. John A. Gray and Miss Elizabeth Miller, of Cameron, were united in marriage at the Presbyterian parsonage, Dec. 4th, Rev. Robt. McCaslin officiating.

False Report.

Through some unfortunate mistake, an item has appeared in many of the papers of Pennsylvania during the last few days, stating that Wilson College is so burdened with debt that there is danger of its being compelled to close at the end of the current year.

This article does Wilson College a great injustice, as it has practically no debt and is in a most flourishing condition, having the largest number of students in its history. Wilson has been compelled during the past two years to increase its dining room space and to add to its dormitory rooms in order to provide for the ever growing demand upon it.

The faculty of the College is of unusual strength, containing representatives of the best Universities and Colleges of this country and, in its Music Department, graduates of the Conservatories of Europe. The number of students in every department of the institution is larger this year than ever before.

During the past year the College has increased its campus by the addition of some twenty acres and, by closing roads, has secured grounds which are not inferior in beauty and size to those of the best institutions for women in the country.

Chapter Officers Installed.

District Deputy High Priest Geo. W. Vernes, of Williamsport, installed the officers of Emporium Chapter, No. 227, H. R. A. C., in the presence of a goodly number. After the work had been completed at the lodge room, a banquet was served in the basement of the Presbyterian Church, only the big eaters being in attendance. The dainty eaters, ourselves for instance were compelled to forego the pleasure. However, it is reported a pleasant feed. Mr. Vernes was accompanied by Mr. Frank McComsey, of Renovo.

WANTED.—A girl for general house work. Apply to Mrs. W. H. Howard, Sixth street.

Warning.

All persons are hereby forbidden from trespassing upon the property of this Company without a permit from this office, or the Superintendant at the works.

KEYSTONE POWDER MFG. CO.
Emporium, Pa., August 1st, 1903.
24-tf.

Wyside School.

Honor Roll Wyside school, for fourth month, encing Dec. 11, 1905. Number pupils enrolled, male 13; female 17; total 30.

Those missing no days during the month were: Georgia Kephart, Myrtle Smith, Anna Chase, Ruth Losey, Mary Kephart, Emma Labell, Roy Walker, Corbett Huff, Willie Losey, Orley Walker, Arthur St. Clair, Lesper Snyder, Roy Shuman, Stephen Kephart, Homer Huff, DeWitt Barclay;

ETHEL BARR, Teacher.

The mission of "Early Risers" is to clear the way and give Nature full sway. These famous little pills rid the stomach and bowels of all putrid matter, thus removing the causes of headache, constipation, sallow complexion, etc. DeWitt's Little Early Risers never gripe or sicken. A safe, pleasant, perfect pill. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Reduced Rates to New Orleans.

On account of the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at New Orleans, La., December 29 to January 4, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to New Orleans from all stations on its lines at greatly reduced rates. Tickets will be sold and good going December 26, 27, and 28, and will be good for return passage until January 6, inclusive, when properly validated by Agent of terminal lines at New Orleans. A stop-over at Washingtan will be permitted in both directions within the transit limit on tickets reading through that city. For particulars concerning specific rates and other information, consult nearest Ticket Agent. 3707-44-4t.

California.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a special personally conducted tour through California, to leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington on January 25 by the "Golden Gate Special," composed exclusively of Parlor-smoking, dining, drawing-room sleeping, compartment, and observation cars, returning by February 23. This special train will be run over the entire route. The best hotels will be used where extended stops are made, but the train will be at the constant command of the party.

Round trip tickets covering all necessary expenses, $375 from all points on Pennsylvania Railroad except Pittsburgh, from which point the rate will be $370.

For itineraries and further information apply to ticket agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia. 3708-44-1t

Torture of a Preacher.

The story of the torture of Rev. O. D. Moore, pastor of the Baptist church, of Harpersville, N. Y., will interest you. He says: "I suffered agonies, because of a persistent cough, resulting from the grip. I had to sleep sitting up in bed. I tried many remedies, without relief, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which entirely cured my cough, and saved me from consumption." A grand cure for diseased conditions of Throat and Lungs At L. Taggart's drug store; price 50c and $1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

A. J. Turley, West Fifth Street.

Granulated sugar, a lb. 6c; red salmon 12c; dried beef 20c; Arbuckles coffee 15c; pork sausage 10c; pork lion 12½, crackers 3 lbs for 25c.

All goods delivered free of charge any where in the borough.

All other goods proportionately low

A Comedy That Pleases the Old and Young.

"Grimes' Cellar Door," headed by Hoyt's famous comedian, Mr James B. Mackie, in the character of "Grimesey Me Boy," will be repreduced at Emporium Opera House, on Saturday, Dec. 23.

Lost.

Willie Knight, a young lad, lost his reefer coat while returning home from Sunday school. It is hoped the finder will leave the same with Mrs. E. C. Knight, West Sixth street.

The Chinchilla.

Chinchilla is a beautiful soft gray fur. It is not the most durable of furs, and, because of the difficulty of getting the perfect skin, it cannot be said to be among the least expensive. A muff and stole of the real chinchilla cost easily $1,000 or so. The tiny chinchilla itself, not more than twelve inches long, with a plump little body on short, stout legs, thrives only in the tropics. The little beasts have to be killed with the utmost precaution not to injure their fur, that grows on a skin nearly as tender and soft as a web of silk. A perfect skin not larger than a small pocket handkerchief is a revelation in fur growth. The texture of every hair is finer than floss silk, the length of it nearly an inch and the coloring about that of the soft, undyed marabou feathers.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Magic Figures.

"The most remarkable arrangement of numbers that I know of," said a local business college man who takes a delight in solving curious problems and digging up mathematical oddities, "is the combination of the six figures 142,857. Multiply this number by 2, and the answer is 285,714; by 3, and the answer is 428,571; by 4, and the answer is 571,428; by 5, and the answer is 714,285; by 6, and the answer is 857,142. Each answer contains exactly the same digits as the original sum, and, to cap the climax, multiply the number by 7, and up comes the answer 999,999. Try it and see if it is not so."—Philadelphia Record.

A Rare Coin.

When Louisiana seceded, Jan. 26, 1861, the new government seized the United States mint at New Orleans and struck $254,820 in double eagles and $1,101,316.50 in silver half dollars, using the United States dies for 1861. The bullion was exhausted in May, 1861, when the coinage ceased and the United States dies were destroyed. A Confederate States die was then made, to be used for silver half dollars, but it was not fit for use in coining press, the relief being too high. Four half dollars were struck with it on a screw press, and these comprise the entire coinage of the Confederate States.

What Eddie Was Reading.

A New England father who believes that children should be nourished on good literature as well as on good food has always read the English classics aloud to his only son, Eddie, now six years old.

A friend of the family, knowing of this practice, recently asked Eddie what he was reading.

"A Wavering novel," was his reply.

Her Regret.

Marjorie had been given some hard peppermint candies, and after holding one in her mouth for a few minutes she ran to her mother and cried, "Oh, mother, I swallowed that candy!"

"Never mind," said her mother; "it will not hurt you."

"Yes, I know," said Marjorie, "but I lost the use of it."—Youth's Companion.

Plenty of Talk.

"You say that public official had nothing to say?" said the editor.

"Yes," answered the self confident reporter, "but he talked three-quarters of an hour before I discovered it."—Washington Star.

Meekness.

Meekness is imperfect if it be not both active and passive, leading us to subdue our own passions and resentments as well as to bear patiently the passions and resentments of others.—Foster.

Life is the jailer, death the angel sent to draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.—Lowell.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS 25 CTS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

The Great Headache Cure,
Bromo-Pepsin
"Note The Word Pepsin."
CURES Headache, Indigestion Insomnia, Nervousness
On the Spot.
No Opiates. Absolutely Harmless.
All Druggists', 10c, 25c, and 50c.
L. TAGGART, Emporium, Pa.
4-1y.

DAY'S
The Satisfactory Store.

HOLIDAY GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

All that's best in Groceries, Fruits, Vegetables—both fresh and in cans and jars—and the other good things that help to make the season enjoyable will be found here in abundance at reasonable prices with prompt and efficient service at your command.

Many things ready to serve, which will be appreciated at this busy time, by many.

Let This Store Help You

Phone in your order or ask our order clerk to call. All orders great or small will have the same careful attention—the Best. It's characteristic of this store.

Fish

Booth's famous Baltimore Oysters. Fresh caught Blue Pike and White Fish, Frozen Lake Trout in prime condition.

Soups

Burnham's Clam Buillon, Burnham's Clam Chowder, Scarboro Beach Clam Chowder Campbell's Assorted Flavors, Armour s Assorted Flavors, Doxses & Son's Little Neck Clams.

Vegetables

Hot House and others.

Celery, Lettuce, Radishes, Parsley, Cape Cod Cranberries, Hubbard Squash, Jersey Sweet Potatoes, Turnips, Beets, Carrots, Parsnips.

Plum Pudding

Libby's Peerless Plumb Pudding, one lb can 25c. Home-made one-half lb can 10c

Baked Goods

Received fresh from Ontario Bakery. Crackers and Wafers in bulk and packages.

Sweet goods in bulk, lb 10c to 20c.

Preserves

Bishop's and Heinz's are made from the finest materials obtainable at the height of the season. They are packed with the greatest care and skill and are unexcelled by any. The assortment includes Spiced Fruits, Preserves, Marmalades, Jams, Jellies, Orangeate, Grape Fruitate and Pickles.

Fruits

An assortment of foreign and American fruits, including Spanish Malaga Grapes, Florida Mandarins, Grape Fruit, Oranges, Northern Spy Apples, Fancy California Naval Oranges, Pears.

Candies

A fresh stock, comprising the popular varieties for the season at—not fancy, but modest prices.

Delicatessen

Purest Olive Oil, convenient sized bottles or gallon cans, Salad Dressings of finest qualty, ready to use, imported and domestic Sardines, Deviled Crabs, Shrimp, Lobsters, Anchovies, Smoked Halibut and many others.

Cheese

Our stock of fancy Cheese comprises many of the strictly high-garde varieties in the market, both imported and domestic.

Mince Meat

Brick's Nonpareil Mince Meat, finest quality, Dougherty's Mince Meat in packages.

Figs, Dates, Citron

New Layer Figs, fancy large stock, lb 20c
Lasalle Fancy Washed Figs basket 25c.
Fancy Halloween Dates, packages 10c.
Citron, Lemon, Orange Peel, lb. 25c
Glace Cherries, 60 c lb.

Nuts, Raisins

Hard shell Almonds, lb. 20c
Soft shell Almonds, lb 30c.
Jumbo Texas Pecans, lb 18c.
Sicilian Filberts, lb 15c.
English Walnuts, lb. 20c.
Mixed Nuts, lb 18c.
Cluster Table Raisins a lb. 20c and 25c.
Sultana Raisins, pkge 16c.
Seeded Raisins, pkge 12c to 15c.
Currants, cleaned, pkge 10c.

Special This Week, Friday and Saturday

⅛ Bbl Sack Gilt Edge Flour.	68C	Finest Creamery Butter, 1 lb Bricks	28C
50c Pail Fairbank's Cottolene	45C	New English Walnuts, lb.	18C
Sugar Cured Hams, lb. 10 to 12 lbs weight.	12C	Choice Malaga Grapes, lb.	18C
15c Mince Meat a lb	12C	Fancy California Navel Orangse a Dozen,	30C
New California Lima Beans a lb	8C	20c can Green Gage Plums. Extra Choice.	16C
Borden's Peerless Cream a can.	10C	20c can California Peaches, Standard Quality.	16C
Pure Corn Starch, 1lb cartons,	6C	25c Bottle Selec.ed Queen Olives,	20C
15c Package Force Food,	12C	Cape Cod Cranberries, a quart,	16C
25lb bag Sugar	$1.40	15c bottle Heinze's Chow Chowder	10C

Christmas China. LAMPS, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE.

Where is the woman who ever had enough china? It is always acceptable as a gift. Ou stock includes many articles of beauty and usefulness from France, Austria, Japan, Germanyr England, Russia and our own American makers.

Dainty Bread and Butter Plates, $1.10 to $7.50 a dozen; Sugar and Cream sets, 35c to $1.50; Nut Bowls, 50c to 95c; Salad Bowls, 25c to $1.50; Olive Dishes, 10c to 50c; Pickle Dishes, 25c to 50c; Chop Plates, $1.00 to $1.50; Cups and Saucers 10c to $1.00; Cake Plates, 25c to $1.50; Salt and Pepper Shakes, 10c to 25c; Berry Sets $1.00 to $1.90; Butter Dishes, 30c to $1.00 a dozen; Fruit Saucers, Fruit Plates; Oatmeal Dishes. Odd pieces in beautiful decorations. Japanese ware, 10c to $1.50.

Come and look them over whether you purchase or not. They are marked in plain figures at plain prices.

House Furnishing Goods FOR GIFTS.

Here again is an opportunity for gift makers at small cost. The stock includes many articles of helpfulness in the culinary department ranging in price from 5c up.

Universal Bread Maker No 5, $2.25, No. 8, $2.60; Universal Cake Maker, $1.90; Universal Food Chopper, No. 1, $1.25, No. 2 $1.50. Mrs. Pott's Sad Iron Set's Neckled, $1.00. Roll Top Kitchen Caddy with scoop. 50c; Children's Sad Irons, 25c; Bread Bokes 65c to $1.50. Flour Bens and Sifter $1.50 to $2.25; Crumb Trays and Scoop, 25c and up; Carving Sets 98c to $4.50; Nut Crackers and Picks 25c set; Children's Knife Fork and Spoon sets, 15c. Large assortment of Enamel ware. Fancy Market, Waste paper and Work Baskets, Willow Clothes Hampers and Baskets 65c to $2.25. Beautiful Fern Dishes and Jardiniers, 15c to $2.25; and many other articles which we cannot mention. Come and see for yourself.

Kindly get your orders in as early as possible and thus assist us in our efforts to give entire satisfaction at this busy time. Store will be open Monday Morning.

J. H. DAY.

OUR SERIAL.

STORIES OF THE SECRET SERVICE

BY

Capt. Patrick D. Tyrrell

STORY No. 1

THE LINCOLN TOMB ROBBERS

Being an Account of the Attempted Desecration of the Grave of the Martyr President at Springfield in 1876, and the Capture and Conviction of a Gang of Counterfeiters That Preceded It.

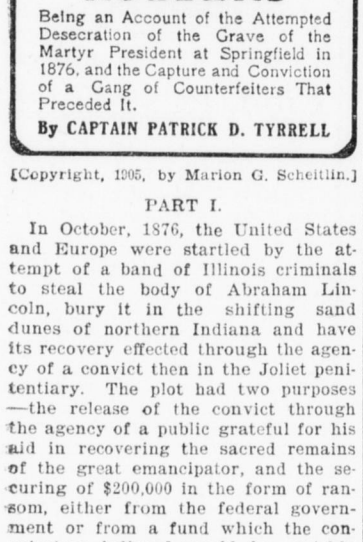
By CAPTAIN PATRICK D. TYRRELL

[Copyright, 1905, by Marion G. Scheitlin.]

PART I.

In October, 1876, the United States and Europe were startled by the attempt of a band of Illinois criminals to steal the body of Abraham Lincoln, bury it in the shifting sand dunes of northern Indiana and have its recovery effected through the agency of a convict then in the Joliet penitentiary. The plot had two purposes—the release of the convict through the agency of a public grateful for his aid in recovering the sacred remains of the great emancipator, and the securing of $200,000 in the form of ransom, either from the federal government or from a fund which the conspirators believed would be quickly raised to recover the body. This plot—the most ghoulish and daring of its kind in history—is but a faint memory to the present generation. To the men of those days the flashing over the world of the news that ghouls had marked the Lincoln tomb for desecration came as a shock, the memory of which will ever remain with them. North and south alike, as well as Europe, shared the deep indignation and heaped unspeakable anathemas on the members of the band that conceived and sought to carry the plot to its base end. But even at that time, while the country was at the white heat of indignation and details of the affair were eagerly sought by the public, the long and tangled chain of criminal events that had its culmination in the attempted "body-snatching" was comparatively unknown to the public at large.

In a general way it was known that a band of criminals had attempted to use the theft of the Lincoln body to secure the release of a "pal" and, incidentally, to make money. It was known that the plot had been frustrated and the body of the beloved Lincoln rendered secure from any future attempt of the same kind. This satisfied the public and the whirl of workaday life swept the incident from



CAPT. PATRICK D. TYRRELL.

popular attention. I now propose to tell, after nearly 30 years, the criminal operations, plots and counterplots that led to the great "Lincoln body-snatching case."

It was on the 5th day of February, 1875, that a quiet mannered man appeared at the Palmer house in Chicago and registered as "E. Washburn, Washington, D. C." While having a wide acquaintance in Chicago the guest, on this occasion, kept much to himself. Almost immediately on his arrival I received from him an urgent message to meet him at his hotel, and I promptly responded, as the call came from the chief of the United States secret service. No time was wasted by Chief Washburn in getting to the meat of what he had to say, and, after nearly a third of a century, I recollect his words as follows:

"Tyrrell, there are two men the government must get. They are Nelson Driggs and Ben Boyd by name, although between them they have dozens of aliases. Boyd is the most expert cutter of counterfeit plates in the United States and Driggs is the most extensive dealer in 'coney' money in the country. Benson of this department has spent $5,000 in trying to locate them, but has not succeeded so far. If you can get them dead to rights you will break the backbone of counterfeiting in the United States."

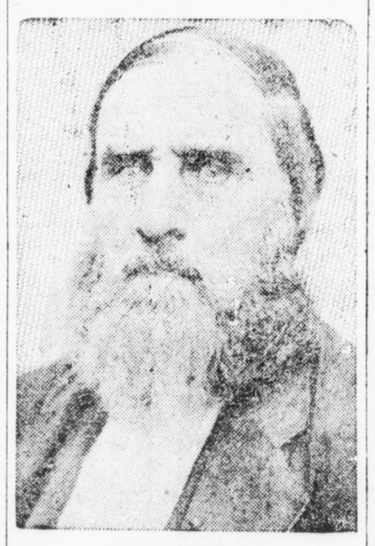
"Are they as important as that?" I asked.

"Yes," answered Chief Washburn, "they are the most important 'coney' men in existence to-day. We know nothing about them except that Boyd and Driggs are their right names. The rest is for you."

My chief gave me such information as had been gathered—practically nothing, as he himself had said—and returned to Washington. There may be men who still remember the flood of counterfeit money that had been poured over the west and middle west in the early '70s. In those days scrip in denominations of 10, 25 and 50 cents was in use extensively, and this scrip had been counterfeited till the owner of this fractional money never knew whether his money was good or bad. In addition to this a five-dollar note of the Traders' national bank of Chicago had been counterfeited most cleverly, and these notes were as thick in the middle west as falling leaves in autumn.

Further, to add to the troubles of the treasury department and the secret service, a treasury note of the denomination of $100 had been "shoved" a short time before. This bore the head of Abraham Lincoln, and was as nearly perfect a counterfeit as human skill and patience could have evolved. A $50 treasury note was also gaining circulation. From expert examination of these counterfeit scrip and notes we found that the work had been done by men of the highest skill. In detail, material and workmanship, the notes, from the viewpoint of the "coney" men, were masterpieces. The geometrical lathe work on the treasury notes was fully as perfect as on the original notes issued by the government. There was one conclusion, therefore, to be drawn—that the work was that of highly skilled men, working months and, perhaps, years on the plates by hand or with the crudest machinery.

In the engraving, or cutting, of plates for paper money the workmen



NELSON DRIGGS.

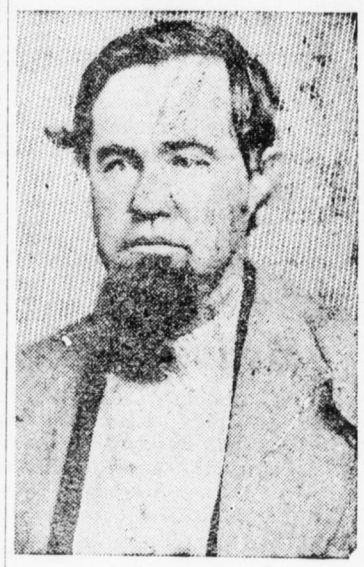
in the employ of the government employ the most elaborate and expensive machinery and other paraphernalia that the counterfeiter could not employ without laying himself open to innumerable chances of detection. Our quarry, then, undoubtedly consisted of men who had spent years under efficient tutors in the art of engraving. We also knew that but one of them was doing the actual engraving, this lesson having been learned from experience.

Before counterfeit money finds its way into the pockets of unsuspecting men and women three, and ofttimes four, groups of men, each with their specialty, have to do with it. The engraver of a counterfeit plate does the cutting and nothing else, making the plates, and sells them for a specified sum to the dealer. Here the cutter's connection with the business ends, and that of the dealer commences. The latter sometimes does his own printing, but oftener has it done by confederates, who do nothing else, turning the finished product over to the dealer, together with the plates. Then begins the work of the "shovers." In this part of the business two men always work as a team, one of them being the "shover" proper and the other the "boodle-carrier." In a town in which a team is working the two men are supposed to be strangers, and never allow themselves to be seen together.

One note at a time is given to the "shover," who makes a trifling purchase, gets his change in good money, meets the "boodle-carrier" secretly, gives him the good change and is given another bill. It is not my purpose, in this narrative, to deal with the methods of counterfeiters in plying their trade, but the foregoing digression into some of the "tricks of the trade" will be found to illuminate various points in the story to follow.

In the spring of 1875, then, after Chief Washburn had returned to Washington, I found myself confronted with the problem of running to earth two, and probably more, men of great cunning, with practically no clews to work on but the names of the suspects. My task was set and my future depended on my unravelling the problem. In addition to this job I was working on information concerning the operations of bands at Boscobel, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn., and with the three my hands were full.

I am free to say that for a time in the Boyd-Briggs case I was groping in the dark. A single crime confined to one spot, as a murder, always furnishes clews of some kind on which to work; the location of two men of vague description who are supposed to have been parties to the circulation of counterfeit money which has made its appearance in scores of places widely scattered at practically one time, is another matter. At that time John Peter McCartney, a particularly cunning and dangerous counterfeiter, was at large. McCartney was born in 1824 in Shelby county, Ill., and adopted the career of a counterfeiter early in life. In 1864 he had settled in Nauvoo, Ill., and while there engraved the plates from which were printed the counterfeit of the ten-dollar United States treasury note of the



BENJAMIN BOYD.

greenback variety, issue of March 10, 1862, which notes had had wide circulation, thanks to the energy of the men with whom McCartney was in league.

But this is another digression except as to the settlement of McCartney in Nauvoo, this act having resulted in the establisnment in Nauvoo of headquarters for a prolific gang of "coney" men and women. "Pete" McCartney in 1864 had married Martha Ann Ackerman, whom he had first met in Cincinnati several years before. She was the daughter of an old German counterfeiter whose widow with her two daughters had lived in Cincinnati for several years. Martha was pretty and extremely skillful in the printing of counterfeits, her father having employed her in that work when she was as young as 11 years of age.

The McCartney band at Nauvoo had gained gradually in numbers and the extent of their operations since "Pete" had settled there, and among his confederates was Dr. Milton Parker, who, at the time I was detailed to the Boyd-Driggs case, was in an eastern penitentiary for counterfeiting. But Mrs. Parker continued to live in Nauvoo and was a handsome and intelligent woman. There also lived at Nauvoo a counterfeiter named Louis Sleight and his partner, John Frisbie, known to the secret service as the leaders of the "Sleight and Frisbie" gang. Knowing full well that nearly all the western counterfeiters of note at one time or another visited Nauvoo, I determined, in the absence of better or more definite clews, to go to Nauvoo and look around. It did not take long to discover that Driggs had been making visits to Nauvoo, but, so far as could be learned, the magnet that had drawn him thither was the beauty and charm of Mrs. Parker rather than any business plans he might have been working out in connection with Sleight or the other members of the counterfeiting band that flourished in the historic Mormon settlement.

This was the first tangible clew that had been uncovered in weeks of search through three states, and I determined that it was from the residence of Mrs. Parker in Nauvoo that Driggs should be followed.

From further cautious inquiry at Nauvoo I found that Driggs had recently made a visit to Mrs. Parker and on leaving had gone ostensibly to Clinton, Ia. Familiar as I was with the manner in which such criminals as Driggs bought tickets for unintended destinations, doubled on their tracks and went to great pains otherwise to throw the secret service men off their trail, I decided to go to Clinton.

In the latter part of June, 1875, an elderly man and his wife, a good-looking woman many years younger than her husband, made their appearance in Clinton and rented two houses. The man gave the name of J. K. Watson and told the men with whom he negotiated for the houses that he was a retired cattle raiser. He was a Scotchman, dark-skinned, of rather heavy physical mold, and wore a full beard. He dressed as well as or slightly better than a man in his alleged vocation would be expected to dress. His general demeanor tended toward the sanctimonious. He often attended church and was fluent at prayer and in religious discourse. Funds he had in plenty, and he gave substantial evidence of his business solidity by depositing $23,000 in the Clinton bank.

[To Be Continued.]

Married Life.

Nordy—Hello, old man, you look sad.

Butts—Yes; my wife's away for the summer.

Nordy—Lucky dog! Mine isn't.—Journal.

GLUTTONOUS SIOUX.

INDIANS SAID TO BE EATING THEMSELVES TO DEATH.

The Once Great Tribe Reduced to a Remnant and Very Largely Through Inordinate Appetite.

If Thomas A. Edison referred to the American Indians when he said that people were eating themselves to death, he could find plenty of corroboration of his theory on the reservations. Overeating is doing more to bring about the extinction of the Sioux and Yankton Indians than race suicide, fire water and all the diseases which haunt the wigwam of the red man.

The great tribe of Sioux Indians is disappearing. The members, it is declared, are literally eating themselves to death on account of the plenty about them.

With the new railroad being built through the White river valley the Indians will be enabled to secure supplies with greater ease. They are likely to become greater feeders than they are now, and thus to hasten the time of their disappearance from the reservations in South Dakota.

If corroborative evidence was not easily obtained, it would scarcely be accepted as true that in the course of a night of feasting, dancing and story telling the average Indian will consume from 10 to 15 pounds of meat, and if he has an abundance of food and can make his own selection of the parts to be eaten, he will swallow without inconvenience not less than 20 pounds of meat in a single night.

Carloads of canned meats are consumed by the overfed Sioux Indians, and some canned goods have become almost as sacred a dish with the red men as the fat dog stew of old, for which the Sioux tribe is famous. Among the varieties of canned goods eaten to excess, the oyster holds first place. A hungry Indian will eat half a dozen cans and drink the liquor.

Besides the harm done by eating excessive amounts of food, the fact that it is not properly prepared makes it the more injurious. There is no variety or style about Sioux Indian cookery, no French methods, no necessity for titillating appetites already over keen.

A pot full of meat and water is put on the fire by the squaw and allowed to heat, but there is no definite time for the meal to cook and no point in the cooking process when it is done. The dinner is ready whenever her lord comes in and grunts about being hungry.

If the Indian is especially hungry he may begin on the contents of the kettle by the time the meat is fairly warm. There is never any fault-finding about the way in which the food is prepared, and whether it is half-raw or done to rags, no objection is made by the head of the family.

The Indians know the choicest tidbits of every animal, and how to cook them. The hunt at this time of the year gives the Sioux Indian the fullest enjoyment of his appetite, and during the next three months the average buck will devour enough meat to satisfy four ordinary men.

Condiments are in great demand by the Indians, and the Sioux Indians probably consume more black and red pepper per capita than any other people in the United States. Their former favorite condiment was the gall of an elk.

The Sioux Indians are responsible for the reputation which nearly all tribes have of eating dog meat, but there are few other tribes which ever served dog meat, even at the feast of important ceremonies. The Cheyennes, Shoshones and Arapahoes never touch dog meat.

Black Hair Strongest.

Black hair is stronger than golden tresses, and will sustain almost double the weight. Recently a German scientist has been experimenting, and has found that it is possible to suspend a weight of four ounces by a single hair, provided the hair be black. Blond hair will give way at varying weights dependent upon the exact tint. A yellow hair will scarcely support two ounces, a brown will hold up three without breaking, while a very dark brown will sustain an additional half ounce. The greater vitality of the black hair is declared to be the reason for the preponderance of blond bald heads, and according to this experimenter, a person with jet black hair will still enjoy a full growth, while the blond will have been bald for seven and a half years.

From Nebraska Epicure.

The bosom of the mallard duck, stewed down until there are no juices going to waste, a baked potato about the size of a goose egg, two slices of Boston brown bread, right out of the oven, and spread with butter that has no athletic reputation, a spoonful of raspberry jelly, a cup of Young Hyson, of moderate strength, a piece of pumpkin pie, man's size, and you have a dinner that ought to keep you in a good humor until curfew rings.—Nebraska State Journal.

Mountains Lowered.

All the mountains in Switzerland have suddenly been reduced in height by about ten feet! In 1820 the tip of a certain rock in the Lake of Geneva was calculated to be 376.86 meters above ocean level, and on this basis all the summits in the country were calculated. Recently the discovery was made that an error had been made in fixing the height of that rock, and that it is 3.50 meters lower than it was marked.

Balcom & Lloyd.

WE have the best stocked general store in the county and if you are looking for reliable goods at reasonable prices, we are ready to serve you with the best to be found. Our reputation for trustworthy goods and fair dealing is too well known to sell any but high grade goods.

Our stock of Queensware and Chinaware is selected with great care and we have some of the most handsome dishes ever shown in this section, both in imported and domestic makes. We invite you to visit us and look our goods over.

Balcom & Lloyd.

LOOK ELSEWHERE BUT DON'T FORGET THESE PRICES AND FACTS AT

LaBAR'S

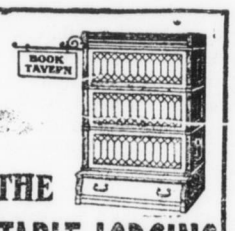
We carry in stock the largest line of Carpets, Linoleums and Mattings of all kinds ever brought to this town. Also a big line of samples.

A very large line of Lace Curtains that cannot be matched anywhere for the price.

Art Squares and Rugs of all sizes and kind, from the cheapest to the best.

Dining Chairs, Rockers and High Chairs.

A large and elegant line of Tufted and Drop-head Couches. Beauties and at bargain prices.



FOR THE COMFORTABLE LODGING

of fine books in a choice library select the Ideal pattern of Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase. Furnished with bevel French plate or leaded glass doors.

FOR SALE BY

GEO. J. LaBAR,

Sole Agent for Cameron County.

$30 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at.....	$25	$40 Sideboard, quartered oak.....	$30
$28 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at.....	$21	$32 Sideboard, quartered oak.....	$25
$25 Bed room Suits, solid oak at.....	$20	$22 Sideboard, quartered oak,.....	$16
A large line of Dressers from $8 up.		Chiffoniers of all kinds and all prices.	

The finest line of Sewing Machines on the market, the "DOMESTIC" and "ELDRIDGE." All drop-heads and warranted.

A fine line of Dishes, common grade and China, in sets and by the piece.

As I keep a full line of everything that goes to make up a good Furniture store, it is useless to enumerate them all.

Please call and see for yourself that I am telling you the truth, and if you don't buy, there is no harm done, as it is no trouble to show goods.

GEO. J .LaBAR.

UNDERTAKING.

AMONG THE LITERATI.

One thousand four hundred and twenty-five characters are described in the 24 books written by Charles Dickens.

The rule followed by editors of both the Oxford and Cambridge Chronicles in the position of the letters A. M. and M. A., for the title master of arts, is that where the context is in Latin the form is A. M., and where it is English, M. A.

The real name of Gabrielle d'Annunzio, the Italian novelist, is Rapagnetta. His father-in-law was Duc De Gallese, a Frenchman who received permission to take that title on marrying the widow of a former duke. The author is now trying to obtain a divorce.

Once a year or so William Dean Howells, the distinguished novelist, drops into the office of the Ashtabula (O.) Sentinel, rolls up his sleeves and sets type for half an hour. Mr. Howells began his career as a printer's apprentice in the Sentinel office, which was then owned by his father. His knowledge of typesetting has been of immense value to him in his literary career.

John Kendrick Bangs, the author, who for some years has been dividing his time between Yonkers and New York, is soon to become a countryman again. "I have blue-penciled city life," he said, recently. "My eye is on a farm in New England, where I hope before long to be able to provide an appreciative public with limited editions of squab-chickens, large paper turkeys and deckle-edged eggs. And," he added, slyly, "no item in either class will go out without my signature."

Miss Alice French chose her pen name of Octave Thanet in curious fashion. Octave was the name of one of her schoolmates and was selected because it gives no hint as to whether the person who bears it is a man or a woman. Thanet was adopted from a passing railroad car that Miss French chanced to see and is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable. Born and educated in New England, the writer has lived most of her mature life in the west and in the south, which has made her familiar with widely varying phases of American civilization. Her first magazine story was written and accepted in 1878.

TICKLESOME TALES.

"Now, boys." said a Sunday-school teacher, addressing the juvenile class, "can either of you tell me anything about Good Friday?" "Yes, ma'am, I can," replied the boy at the foot of the class; "he was the fellow that done the housework for Robinson Crusoe."

A critic relates that he was once present in the cottage at Ecclefechan where Carlyle first saw the light, when an enthusiastic pilgrim asked in awe-struck tones: "And is this really the room in which Carlyle was born?" and received from the gude wife the answer: "Aye, an' oor Maggie was born here, too."

Gilbert, the British comic opera librettist, was lunching at a country club when he found himself surrounded by six or seven clergymen who had been on a motor tour of the country thereabouts. Pretty soon the author of the "Mikado" was drawn into conversation. When his identity was known, one of the clergymen asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such grave and reverend company." "Like a lion in a den of Daniels," was the reply.

Dinner was a little late. A guest asked the hostess to play something. Seating herself at the piano she executed a Chopin nocturne. There was still an interval of waiting to be bridged. In the grim silence she turned to an old gentleman on her right and said: "Would you like a sonata before dinner?" He gave a start of surprise and pleasure. "Why, yes, thanks!" he said. "I had a couple on my way here, but I think I could stand another."

Emperor William has ordered that all his chauffeurs must be total abstainers.

A BRAIN WORKER.

Must Have the Kind of Food That Nourishes Brain.

"I am a literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extravagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgment of the debt that I owe to Grape-Nuts food.

"I discovered long ago that the very bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not calculated to give one a clear head, the power of sustained, accurate thinking. I always felt heavy and sluggish in mind as well as body after eating the ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive apparatus.

"I tried foods easy of digestion, but found them usually deficient in nutriment. I experimented with many breakfast foods and they, too, proved unsatisfactory, till I reached Grape-Nuts. And then the problem was solved.

"Grape-Nuts agreed with me perfectly from the beginning, satisfying my hunger and supplying the nutriment that so many other prepared foods lack.

"I had not been using it very long before I found that I was turning out an unusual quantity and quality of work. Continued use has demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that Grape-Nuts food contains all the elements needed by the brain and nervous system of the hard working public writer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

CONCERNING CHURCHMEN.

Dr. Glennon, of St. Louis, now traveling in England, is the youngest archbishop in the world, being only 42 years old.

Dr. William M. Zaring, an Indianapolis clergyman, has completed 52 years of active service, in which period he has been out of his pulpit on account of illness but six times.

Rev. H. Olin Cady, now of Evanston, Ill., who has been connected with Methodist missions in West China for the last 19 years, has been retired with a pension by the board of managers of the missionary society.

Rev. G. G. Richards, vicar of St. Peter and Paul's, Teddington, England, has issued a general invitation to the men of his parish to call at the vicarage on Monday evenings throughout the winter for a "friendly pipe and a chat."

Last winter Rev. Dr. Halsey, of the Presbyterian foreign mission board, visited the missions in West Africa. Since his return he is denouncing Leopold of Belgium and the Congo Free State as "the most iniquitous monarch that ever sat on a throne."

Prof. Orr, of the United Free Church college, Glasgow, has obtained the Bross prize of $6,000 for the best theological book entered in competition. The prize is awarded by the trustees of Lake Forest university. Dr. Orr's book deals with the Old Testament problem.

During his visit to the West of England, Dr. Torrey, the evangelist, has learned that Capt. William Torrey, from whom he is descended, left Combe St. Nicholas, near Chard, Somersetshire, for America in the seventeenth century, and founded Weymouth, Mass.

Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky., has purchased the Thomas Moberly homestead at Richmond, Ky., for the purpose of establishing a home for the band of missionaries connected with the Covington diocese. The house is a magnificent old colonial mansion, surrounded by 14 acres of blue grass farm land, and is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was secured.

NUGGETS OF NONSENSE.

Marie—"Well, I shall make one man's life happy, anyway." Marianne—"Oh, I see! You are not going to get married."

Patience—"What reason had she for marrying him?" Patrice—"Why, he had money." Patience—"That is not a reason; that is an excuse."

"So that great inventor is dead and his wonderful secret is lost—" "Not at all. He told it to his wife just before he died." "Yes, that's what I mean."

"Why do you call young Featherbone 'Cholly?' His first name is 'Noah.'" "Yes, but that's so inappropriate. Noah had sense enough to get in out of the rain."

Visitor—"Have you nothing better to do than sit on the fence and watch the train go by?" Native—"Wal, stranger, it's better'n to sit on the train and watch the fence go by."

"How's times drumming life insurance?" "Tough. But my brother writes me that he has an even harder job." "How can that be?" "He's trying to sell suede gloves in Norway."

The irritable employer turned to his typewriter with a sudden snarl. "Why don't you write it just as I say it?" he demanded. "Because my typewriter hasn't the catarrh," she quietly responded.

"I'm surprised that you should be so interested in watching those silly dudes." "Force of habit, I guess. I'm president of a real estate improvement company." "Well?" "Well, they're a vacant lot."

AMUSING ADVERTISEMENTS.

An advertiser in a British magazine says: "Old artificial teeth bought. Call, or if forwarded by post, utmost value per return. Messrs. Smith, manufacturing dentists, Oxford street, London. Established 100 years."

From the London Morning Post: "Irish lady, much reduced income, would be most grateful to lady (young, medium size), who would give her left-off clothes to help her maintain social position; references. Address ——."

A notification appears in a Surrey (Eng.) newspaper from a Guildford chimney sweep to the effect that, owing to the increase in his business as a sweep, he is "unable to accept musical engagements for public concerts, etc."

A tailor in Boston, Lincolnshire, England, has hit upon a novel advertisement. He has painted a letter of his name on the back of each of ten tortoises and has placed the ten in the window of his shop. He offers a prize of ten dollars to the first person who sees the tortoises in a line, so arranged that the letters are in the order in which they appear in his name.

Of eccentric advertisements the London Chronicle remarks: "Probably to the end of time respectable women will 'want washing,' though it is hard to reconcile their respectability with their lack of personal cleanliness. Butchers, too, who are prepared to 'kill anything' when in search of employment, are well matched by the dealer who, wanting a salesman, predicates that he must be 'alive when wanted.'"

DETRIMENTAL.

To half do things.

To be lax, indolent, indifferent.

To live a half life when a whole life is possible.

Not to be scrupulously clean in person and surroundings.

To acknowledge a fault and make no effort to overcome it.

To be ungrateful to friends and to those who have helped us.

FROM FOREIGN FIELDS.

The River Moldau is to be made navigable up to the city of Prague, at a cost of over $3,000,000.

The British Peace society is protesting against the formation of rifle clubs, as "inciting the spirit of militarism."

In the City of London Court a creditor described whisky as a luxury. "I thought it was a medicine," said Judge Lumley Smith.

There were 1,800 guests at a marriage feast at Sevignac, near Morlaix, Brittany, and 200 servants waited on them in an open field.

A balloon is on its way, by steamship, from England to Calcutta, for the use of the prince of Wales, who expects to use it for observation purposes during his Indian tour.

A soldier in charge of the canteen at the barracks at Chester, England, is under arrest. Fifteen barrels in his charge that should have contained beer were found to be full of water.

Dr. Eiger, of Warsaw, a Jewish doctor in the Russian army, who is at present a prisoner of war in Japan, has been elected an honorary member of a scientific section of the University of Tokio.

The taxpayers of eastern London are complaining bitterly of the rigor of their assessment. The case is cited of a man who had his assessment raised because he erected a cucumber frame in his back garden.

The inhabitants of the village of Castlemartyr, in County Cork, have bought the fee-simple interest in their dwellings and premises from the earl of Shannon on favorable terms. The population of Castlemartyr is about 600.

The new Italian postage stamps will not bear the monarch's head, but a variety of different designs, such as the sea under the rising sun, an Alpine landscape, a ship at sea, a railway train, the Italian arms and a wireless telegraph station.

When a battalion of infantry was leaving England the other day for South Africa, a baboon, the regimental mascot, showed an amount of joy that was in striking contrast with the demeanor of most of his military friends. "He knows he's going back home," said a sergeant.

OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

In the England of Elizabeth traces of the middle ages lingered everywhere. Only 50 years before the date of Shakespeare's marriage an Italian occupied the see of Worcester. Vicars general meted out punishment for "sowing discord betwixt neighbors, working on festival days, playing 'foteball' in prayer time, and playing the fiddle on Low Sunday;" and a man might be excommunicated for marrying in Advent.

Historically, the most attractive city of Mexico to the American student is Zacatecas, the Place of Grass. Here were the first bonanza mines in the new world, and here sprung up the first American millionaires. Not only that, but here was coined the money which permanently colonized the first corner of what is now the United States. In 1546 Joannes de Tolosa discovered the valley. Two years later he and his friends founded the city, and its charter was signed by Philip II. at San Lorenzo, July 20, 1588.

It was the great eclipse of August 21, 1560, that turned Tycho Brahe into an astronomer. He was in his fourteenth year at the time, a Danish boy of noble origin, and had been destined first for the army and then for the law. But the accuracy with which the eclipse was predicted impressed him with the belief that astronomy was a divine thing, and thenceforward he devoted his life to it. The debt of astronomy to Tycho Brahe, not only for his own work but as the man who shaped the genius of Kepler, can scarcely be overestimated.

On March 11, 1702, 203 years ago, was published the first British daily paper. It was called the Daily Courant and was devoted entirely to foreign news, the editor announcing that he should not presume to air his own views, supposing other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves. The office, "against the Ditch by Fleet Bridge," was probably close to Printing House square. Soon after its appearance it passed into the hands of Samuel Buckley, who became the printer of the Spectator. In 1735 the Daily Courant was absorbed in the Daily Gazetteer.

TALES OF THE TOTS.

"One of you boys has been stealing raisins again; I have found the seeds on the floor. Which one of you was it?" Tommy—"It wasn't me. No, sir! I swallowed the seeds in mine."

"Johnny, you're lazy!" "Aw, ma, I ain't neither." "Yes, you are. Do you know who it is that 'finds things for idle hands to do?'" "Yes'm. You do."

"Oh, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "you mustn't take money from the plate. Why did you try to do such a thing?" "I thought you said it was fer the heathen, and maw says I'm one."

"The race is not always to the swift," said the Sunday school teacher impressively. "Can anyone tell me why?" "Because sometimes their gasoline tank explodes," promptly replied the up-to-date little boy.

A lady recently engaged to a widower asked his son, a little fellow of seven years: "How would you like me for your stepmother?" "First rate, as far as I'm concerned," he replied. "You'll have to speak to papa about it, though."

Small Ethel was spending a week in the country with her grandparents. "Why can't chickens swim, grandpa?" she asked, as she was feeding the poultry. "Because they don't know how, I suppose," replied the old gentleman. "Well," continued Ethel, "why don't they get the ducks to teach 'em?"

DREAMER WAS A RIPPER.

Drygoods Salesman Tore Off Goods for Customers in His Sleep.

When my uncle first started in business as a general merchant in a country town, it was in partnership with a young fellow of about his own age, relates a writer in Lippincott's.

Both boys were very enthusiastic about their work, and after long days behind the counter they would go to their room above the store and continue to "talk shop" far into the night.

My uncle's partner was particularly engrossed in his work, and often his sleep was disturbed by dreams of customers and big sales.

One night his nightmare reached the climax. Evidently the dreamer was just in the act of selling some cotton goods, for my uncle felt his nightshirt go "r-i-i-i-p," straight up the back, while his partner was calmly saying:

"Two yards, madam?"

Tennessee Praise.

Dayton, Tenn., Dec. 11th (special).—Among many prominent residents to praise Dodd's Kidney Pills is Mr. N. R. Roberts, of this place. He tells of what they have done for him, and his words will go deep into the hearts of all who are suffering in the same way. He says: "I was a martyr to Kidney Trouble, but Dodd's Kidney Pills completely cured me. I shall always keep them on hand in case there should be any return of the old trouble, but I am thankful to say they did their work so well there has not been the slightest sign of my old complaint coming back. The pain in my back used to be terrible. If I got down I had a hard job to get straight again. But my back is like a new one now and I can stoop as much as I please. I don't believe there ever was any medicine half so good as Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Wanted to Get Even.

"I'd like that tooth, please," said the small boy after the dentist had extracted the torment.

"Certainly, my little man, but why do you want it?" queried the dentist, handing it over.

"Well, sir," responded the gratified boy. "I'm going to take it home and I'm going to stuff it full of sugar. Then I'm going to put it on a plate, and," with a triumphant grin, "watch it ache."—N. Y. World.

BALD HEADS COVERED

With Luxuriant Hair and Scaly Scalps Cleansed and Purified by Cuticura Soap,

Assisted by dressings of Cuticura, the great skin cure. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales and dandruff, destroys hair parasites, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, loosens the scalp skin, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp, when all else fails. Complete external and internal treatment for every humor, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, consisting of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, price $1.00. A single set is often sufficient to cure.

Marriages must be arranged in heaven, but the grocer and butcher bills that follow have to be attended to on earth.

How to Cure Sore Throat, Larynchitis or Tonsilitis. Apply Dr. Bayer's Penetrating Oil on a cloth around the neck. 25c a bottle.

As there are moer ways than one of losing money, so, too, money can be lost in more ways than won.—N. Y. Times.

You will never tire of Mrs. Austin's pancakes. A fresh supply now on hand at your grocers.

The way to grow a statesman is to plant a politician. Then wait ten years.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Genius is merely another name for unrecognized talent.—Chicago Daily News.

CRISIS OF GIRLHOOD

A TIME OF PAIN AND PERIL

Miss Emma Cole Says that Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has Saved Her Life and Made Her Well

How many lives of beautiful young girls have been sacrificed just as they were ripening into womanhood! How many irregularities or displacements have been developed at this important period, resulting in years of suffering!

Girls' modesty and oversensitiveness often puzzle their mothers and baffle physicians, because they withhold their confidence at this critical period.

A mother should come to her child's aid and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will at this time prepare the system for the coming change and start the menstrual period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities.

Miss Emma Cole of Tullahoma, Tenn., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I want to tell you that I am enjoying better health than I have for years, and I owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"When fourteen years of age I suffered almost constant pain, and for two or three years I had soreness and pain in my side, headaches and was dizzy and nervous, and doctors all failed to help me.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking it my health began to improve rapidly, and I think it saved my life. I sincerely hope my experience will be a help to other girls who are passing from girlhood to womanhood, for I know your Compound will do as much for them."

If you know of any young girl who is sick and needs motherly advice ask her to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will receive free advice which will put her on the right road to a strong, healthy and happy womanhood.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

To the Great Northwest

From the Great Lakes to the Pacific ocean and between all the important centers of the Northwest, the Northern Pacific has direct routes. "Northern Pacific" means comfortable trains, quick transit, conveniences and attentions en route. Ask for time card before making your next trip into Northern Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, or British Columbia.

A request will bring information concerning rates, service and time. You have only to ask.

"Wonderland 1905" will help you arrange next summer's vacation trip. Send six cents in stamps.

Northern Pacific Railway

A. M. CLELAND
General Passenger Agent
St. Paul, Minn.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

WHOOPING COUGH

DUNHAM'S SPECIFIC Shortens and Lightens the Disease. Warranted to Cure. Used in the Cleveland Orphan Asylums. Endorsed by Physicians. Sold by druggists or mailed. 8 oz. bottle 50c., 13 oz. bottle $1. Lickes Drug Co., Mfrs., CLEVELAND, O.

PRICE, 25 Cts.

ANTI-GRIPINE

IS GUARANTEED TO CURE
GRIP, BAD COLD, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.

I won't sell Anti-Gripine to a dealer who won't Guarantee it. Call for your MONEY BACK IF IT DON'T CURE.
F. W. Diemer, M. D., Manufacturer, Springfield, Mo.

HIGH CLASS DRUGGISTS AND — OTHERS.

The better class of druggists, everywhere, are men of scientific attainments and high integrity, who devote their lives to the welfare of their fellow men in supplying the best of remedies and purest medicinal agents of known value, in accordance with physicians' prescriptions and scientific formula. Druggists of the better class manufacture many excellent remedies, but always under original or officinal names and they never sell false brands, or imitation medicines. They are the men to deal with when in need of anything in their line, which usually includes all standard remedies and corresponding adjuncts of a first-class pharmacy and the finest and best of toilet articles and preparations and many useful accessories and remedial appliances. The earning of a fair living, with the satisfaction which arises from a knowledge of the benefits conferred upon their patrons and assistance to the medical profession, is usually their greatest reward for long years of study and many hours of daily toil. They all know that Syrup of Figs is an excellent laxative remedy and that it gives universal satisfaction, and therefore they are selling many millions of bottles annually to the well informed purchasers of the choicest remedies, and they always take pleasure in handing out the genuine article bearing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package. They know that in cases of colds and headaches attended by biliousness and constipation and of weakness or torpidity of the liver and bowels, arising from irregular habits, indigestion, or over-eating, that there is no other remedy so pleasant, prompt and beneficial in its effects as Syrup of Figs, and they are glad to sell it because it gives universal satisfaction.

Owing to the excellence of Syrup of Figs, the universal satisfaction which it gives and the immense demand for it, imitations have been made, tried and condemned, but there are individual druggists to be found, here and there, who do not maintain the dignity and principles of the profession and whose greed gets the better of their judgment, and who do not hesitate to recommend and try to sell the imitations in order to make a larger profit. Such preparations sometimes have the name—"Syrup of Figs"—or "Fig Syrup" and of some piratical concern, or fictitious fig syrup company, printed on the package, but they never have the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of the package. The imitations should be rejected because they are injurious to the system. In order to sell the imitations they find it necessary to resort to misrepresentation or deception, and whenever a dealer passes off on a customer a preparation under the name of "Syrup of Figs" or "Fig Syrup," which does not bear the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. printed on the front of the package, he is attempting to deceive and mislead the patron who has been so unfortunate as to enter his establishment, whether it be large or small, for if the dealer resorts to misrepresentation and and deception in one case he will do so with other medicinal agents, and in the filling of physicians' prescriptions, and should be avoided by every one who values health and happiness. Knowing that the great majority of druggists are reliable, we supply the immense demand for our excellent remedy entirely through the druggists, of whom it may be purchased everywhere, in original packages only, at the regular price of fifty cents per bottle, but as exceptions exist it is necessary to inform the public of the facts, in order that all may decline or return any imitation which may be sold to them. If it does not bear the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, do not hesitate to return the article and to demand the return of your money, and in future go to one of the better class of druggists who will sell you what you wish and the best of everything in his line at reasonable prices.

CHRISTMAS IN THE VAL DI ROSE

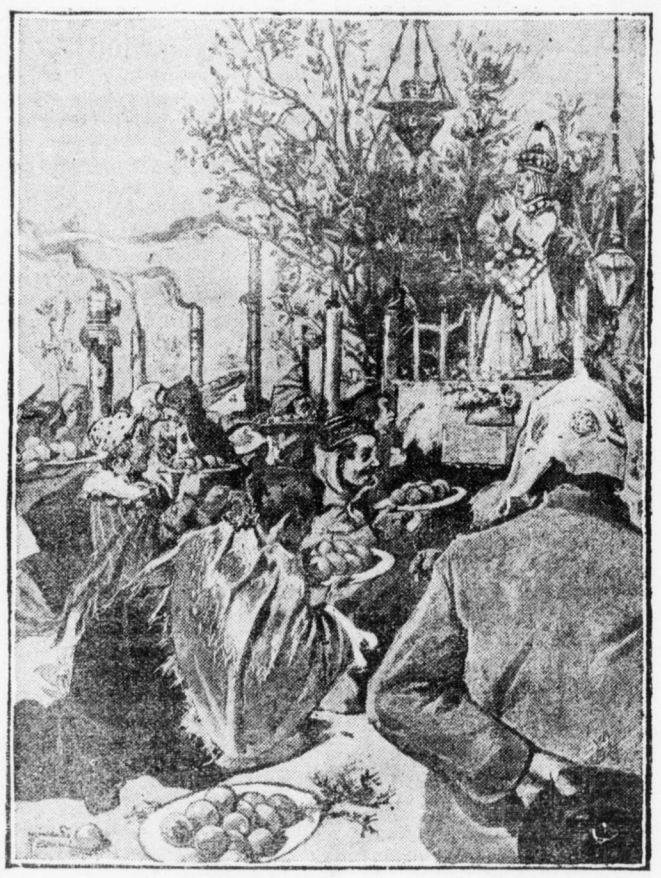
By WALTON WILLIAMS

IN mediæval times, when learning was rare and confined mostly to the regular clergy living in monastic communities, it became the fashion to illustrate the gospel narratives by means of more or less realistic dramatic representation. This method of instructing the unlettered was borrowed from the old heathen mysteries, and the monks and nuns who devised the pious scheme made every effort to impart a reverential understanding of the subject illustrated. This is the origin of the mystery or miracle plays and also of the sacred tableaux vivants which in time were enacted in the rural churches. These living pictures always illustrated some Biblical subject and were probably of great spiritual benefit to those who could not read.

It was thus that the great features of the Christian religion were made intelligible to the public. The practice began early in the tenth century and grew in favor for at least 200 years. In the thirteenth century, however, the custom had become so subject to abuse that the clergy began to frown upon it, and finally they prohibited all forms of Biblical representation in the churches.

In time most of the Easter mystery pictures disappeared from the churches, but many of the Christmas illustrations had acquired such a firm hold upon the popular heart that they remained and have been brought down to the present day in a somewhat modified form. Such is the "Bambino," which is seen today in all parts of the Christian world and which has come to possess almost a ritualistic significance.

Another Christmas mystery which still survives, although its perpetuation is confined to a limited region, is the quaint and decidedly impressive Christmas ceremonial known as "the offering." This custom has been repeated for centuries on Christmas day in the churches of the Italian highlands. It is illustrative of the visit of the magi to the infant Jesus at Bethlehem. A little boy is chosen to represent the Saviour. Dressed in a white robe, wearing a gilded crown and holding a globe in his hands, he stands upon an altar surrounded by olive branches and a multitude of lighted candles. Votive lamps hang above him, and abundant offerings of fruit and flowers are at his feet. A crowd of peasants, both men and women, clad in festival attire and wearing the picturesque head coverings of the Tuscan mountaineers, bring oranges and pomegranates from their tiny gardens and offer them devoutly to the weary little representative of the Lord of the harvest.



THE OFFERING IN THE VAL DI ROSE.

O MISTLETOE

By NINA PICTON

Copyright, 1905, by American Press Association

What could I do?

THREE times she passed beneath the mistletoe,
With face so arch and eye of blue,
And I, distraught, what could I do?
Rank coward—I turned round and let her go.
O mistletoe!

From every nook and corner blazed the light;
Eyes gleamed like stars in matchless ray,
Yet ne'er an eye of black or gray
Shone full and soft as hers that old year night.
O wondrous light!

Each one waxed bold as forth she came again,
And o'er her golden hair the bough
Of witchery hung. My hour came now.
I caught and kissed her like a man insane.
O happy swain!

She neither screamed nor smiled nor chid me then,
But brushed her cheek like thistledown,
And then a tiny, childish frown
Came 'twixt her brows. "At last!" cried she. "Oh, Ben,
Slowest of men!"

No ear but mine heard that imperious blame.
The crowd had passed. We twain stood there
In perfect bliss, without a care,
And o'er and o'er I breathed her perfumed name—
O Rose aflame!

The joy bells rang. The old year crept away.
Lusty and young the new year stood,
Aglow with promise, life and blood.
Ah, never was such night or holiday—
For all they say!

I caught and kissed her.

A Lack of Competition.

The old squire was narrating his experiences with county fairs. "You never had much to do with managing them, perhaps," he said. "Well, I have had a great deal. It takes a lot of head work, I can tell you, to think up popular features outside of the big steers, the fat hogs, the mammoth squashes, the poultry, the preserves, the lace tidies and the agricultural horse trots to draw the crowd.

"I remember one year," he proceeded, "when we got everybody's interest excited by announcing a prize of a gold headed cane for the homeliest man in the county and a silk dress pattern for the homeliest woman. After a spirited competition the cane was awarded to Colonel Van Jessup, the landlord of the Van Jessup hotel."

"Yes, I know him," interrupted one of the listeners, "and I've seen the cane. Who got the silk dress for being the homeliest woman?"

"Nobody. There weren't any entries."

Salt Water Falls.

There are a good many salt cataracts in existence. They may be found in Norway, southern Chile and British Columbia, where narrow fiords, or arms of the sea, are obstructed by barriers of rock. The rising tide flows over and filters through such reefs into the great natural reservoirs beyond, but the water is held back at the ebb until it breaks over the obstruction in an irresistible torrent. Most curious of all is the waterfall at Canoe passage, where the island of Vancouver approaches the British Columbia mainland. Here the flood tide from the gulf of Georgia, to the southward, is dammed back at a narrow cleft between two islands until it pours over in a boiling cascade eighteen feet high, with perhaps double the volume of the Rhine. At the turn of the tide, however, the waters from the north rush back into the gulf, producing a cascade of equal height and volume. This salt water fall actually flows both ways.

The Cattle Shooting Habit.

The irate farmer who orders the city sportsman off his "lands" is always incomprehensible to the man with the gun. His stories of damage to his cattle are unbelieved, but there seems to be some reason for the rural objection to city gunners. "To know how widespread the cattle shooting habit is," said a government meat inspector, "one should take up a position beside an inspector at a packing house and note how many cattle are flayed revealing a charge of bird shot in their bodies. Some are peppered on one side only, others on both sides. I don't know whether the cases are all accidental or whether the hunters shoot the cattle full of bird shot just for fun, but mighty few, either native or range cattle, reach the packing houses without carrying souvenirs of some glorious hunting trip."

A Malicious Will.

Persons wishing to register in their last wills and testaments their feelings regarding their natural heirs may take as a model the following crisp effort of an Englishman, William Hall: "I give to that vile wretch, Samuel Hall, who I admitted of the temple many years since, but he sold his gown, and in seven years I could never get him to church but once, and twice he assaulted me, and at the time he had certainly killed me if by God's providence I had not by a maidservant been thrown against a great fire, the sum of 10 shillings, to be paid him every Monday upon request, and I wish that the first food he takes after my death will choke him."

Lincoln's Integrity.

No man ever believed in his calling more thoroughly than Lincoln, and he had no patience with the much mouthed charge that honesty was not compatible with its practice.

"Let no young man choosing the law for a calling yield to that popular belief," he wrote. "Resolve to be honest, at all events. If, in your judgment, you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave."—Frederick Trevor Hill in Century.

Penciling on Zinc.

An ordinary pencil mark on zinc is in a measure indelible. The writer saw recently a zinc label on which a name had been written with an ordinary lead pencil thirty years ago, and after a little of the oxide had been rubbed off the name was as legible as if it was just written. For permanency, where no illegibility is desired, nothing can be more durable.—Exchange.

Logically Demonstrated.

She—I can prove logically and mathematically that women are worth more than men. He—I'd like to see you do it, my dear. She—Isn't a miss as good as a mile? He—So they say. She—And doesn't it take a whole lot of men to make a league?—Baltimore American.

Little Difference.

"Really," said the X ray operator to the surgeon, "there is only a grammatical distinction between our professions."

"Do you think so?" said the surgeon.

"Certainly. I see bones, and you saw bones."—Bystander.

The Modern Way.

Villain—If I should kiss you, I suppose you'd go and tell your mother. Modern Shepherdess—No; I should go and tell my lawyer.—New Yorker.

Prescription by a Rival.

Florence—I should like to do something that would make him miserable for life. Mabel—Then why don't you marry him?

Lucas Paints

For inside and out

Better for every use. *Lucas Paints* spread easier and go farther. They look better and wear longer.

For these reasons they are more economical and far more satisfactory than any other paint you can buy.

Ask your dealer.

John Lucas & Co
Philadelphia

SPECIAL CASH PRICES

—AT—

O. B. Barnes'

POPULAR FAMILY GROCERY STORE.

(One day only or until stock is sold.)

FRIDAY, DEC. 8, '05

20 cases Daisy Telephone Peas 3 for 25c
5 cases Mothers' Oats 3 for 25c
5 cases Arbuckles Coffee 14c lb

Special prices on our Bargain Day in all departments. Choice line of goods to select from

WE KEEP ONLY THE BEST

O. B. BARNES,
Allegany Avenue,
'Phone 81.

SIZERVILLE.

Almost the entire town was at Emporium shopping on Saturday:

Sizerville will not go dry next year. We understand this will cause the loss of some of our neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. Will McDowell left for Sterling Run Monday.

Camelia Ridgway was in Emporium on Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. Archie Freeman had the misfortune to severely injure his left foot last Friday. His team ran away causing a trail of logs to smash his foot. He is around again but swings himself between a pair of crutches.

Mrs. Angelo Aglirado spent Wednesday in Olean shopping.

Robert McDowell is now ready to receive laundry of all kinds, having started a patent washing machine.

A. Market and wife visited in Port Allegany on Monday.

Mrs. James Matall, of Brookville, was visiting in town the first of this week.

SENATOR.

SINNAMAHONING.

Mrs. Wm. Piper, of Galeton, is visiting her parents and friends here this week.

Mrs. T. E. Fulton is visiting friends at Sterling Run.

Mrs. C. F. Snyder was down to Renovo Tuesday.

J. D. Council went to Lock Haven on Tuesday on business.

Jas. Mead attended court at Lock Haven this week.

Barclay Bros. mill has shut down for the season.

J. V. Hanscom left for his home at Lock Haven on Tuesday.

The remains of Joseph Fink, of Punxsutawney, formerly of this place, was brought here for burial on Saturday. He was buried under the Masonic rites, Mr. Fink being a charter member of Drittwood Lodge, F. & A. M.

The Powder Co. is taking advantage of this excellent weather and have a large crew of men at work, perfecting their plant. Most of their large buildings are well under way, and are composed of tile and stone which makes them very substantial.

Barclay Bros. drew the water out of their log ponds leaving millions of young catfish stranded in the mud.

S. A. Nelson, of Round Island, was in town Monday of last week and reports killing a wildcat on the back of a doe, a few days ago, the deer having been driven in from the woods by the cat. He now thinks the bounty on a wildcat ought to be $5.00.

DEBSE.

HUNTLEY.

Mrs. Patrick Farrel is visiting her parents at Cameron this week.

Mr. B. J. Collins was a Driftwood visitor Sunday.

Mrs. John Carson and son George were Driftwood callers Saturday,

Frank Alger, while cutting logs for Wm. Nelson in Big Run, Saturday, got badly cut on the head with an axe—and though very weak from loss of blood he walked to the Station. Dr. Corbett dressed the wound.

Rex, the family dog owned by Wm. Wylie, died Wednesday at the age of 16 years. He was a very intelligent and valuable animal and will be missed very much.

Mrs. Augustus Nelson is on the sick list.

Miss Ruth Sullivan, of the East Side visited Miss Bertha Wylie, Saturday.

Dec. 19th, 1905.

J. F. S.

STERLING RUN ITEMS

James Furlong visited Renovo over Sunday.

Frank Verbeck went to Driftwood Friday on business.

Fred Mason, of Renovo, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Ed. Brooks, this week.

Miss Frances Summerson, who has been in Emporium the past few months, returned to her home in Sterling on Wednesday.

Mrs. Mitchell, of New York City, visited her grand-mother, Mrs. M. Herrick, last week.

Mrs. Haines and daughter, of St. Marys, were the guests of Jos. Kissel and family this week.

Miss Gladys O'Keefe, who is teaching on Grove Hill, visited her home over Sunday.

Miss Edna Summerson, teacher at Cameron, visited her mother Sunday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mason, who broke her shoulder some time ago, is slowly improving.

Miss Flora Eggersole, who is attending school at Buffalo, came home Saturday to spend Christmas with her parents.

Mrs. Jane Dowling, of this place, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Cail Swartz, at Emporium.

A number of our people attended the dance at Cameron Monday night.

The Emporium visitors on Saturday were: Mrs. Della Lord, Mrs. Lawn Barr, Mrs. Owen Wade, James Lynch, C. C. Craven, and Joseph Furlong.

J. F. S.

A Wonderful Saving.

The largest Methodist Church in Geogia, used 32 gallons of L. & M., mixed with 24 gallons of oil, thus making paint cost about $1.20 per gallon. They calculated to use 100 gallons of other paint. Saved about $80.00 and also get a big donation of L. & M. Dealers gladly sell L. & M., because their customers call for it and say they used it 12, 14 and even 30 years ago.

Don't pay $1.50 a gallon for linseed oil, which you do in ready-for use paints

Buy oil fresh from the barrel at 60 cents per gallon, and mix it with L. & M. Paint.

It makes paint cost about $1.20 per gallon. Sold by Harry S. Lloyd.

RICH VALLEY

Miss Gertie Lewis, of Elk Fork, visited Miss Hazel Lockwood on Sunday.

Delbert Rockwell, of Turtle Point, was seen on our streets Sunday.

Frank Sweesey and wife, visited Mr. and Mrs. Malcome McLeod, of Lewis Run, on Sunday.

Mrs. W. R. Carter had business at town Wednesday.

Mrs. Truman McCaslin visited Mrs. Randolph Lockwood, Tuesday.

Earl Riffle seriously injured his hand Tuesday, by taking a "header" from his wheel.

Mrs. Ella McLeod visited her sister Mrs. Frank Sweesey Wednesday.

A Christmas party is to be held at the Sweesey school house, Friday night.

M. A. P.

CAMERON.

Saturday was pay day at the mines.

J. W. Fauver moved his family to Johnsonburg, where he is employed at the paper mill.

J. M. Olsen was a business caller at Emporium Tuesday.

Born, Friday morning to Mr. and Mrs. Grant Haynes, a baby girl. Mother doing well,

A. F. Walker visited Emporium between trains Monday.

Thomas Gilmartin, who was injured some days ago, was very much worse Sunday. His children are all at his bedside.

Mrs. Dan Sullivan left on Erie mail Monday to visit her daughter Annie at Hornelsville, N. Y., over Christmas.

J. F. S.

Dec. 19, 1905.

The Season of Indigestion.

The season of indigestion is upon us, Kodal Dyspepsia Cure for Indigestion and Dyspepsia will do everything for the stomach that an over-loaded or overworked stomach can not do for itself.

Kodol Digests what you eat—gives the stomach a rest—relieves sour stomach, belching, heart burn, indigestion, etc. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Between THREE per cent. and FOUR per cent. there is a difference of $1.00 on every hundred dollars invested—proportionate on other amounts.

WHO GETS IT?

You should receive for your funds the highest interest return consistent with absolute safety. No question about that. This bank, founded in 1862, has continuously paid interest on Savings and Time Deposits and Certificates of Deposit

FOUR PER CENT.,

and interest is compounded twice yearly. Its Careful, Capable, Conservative management combined with its great financial strength, having

Assets $15,000,000.00,

guarantees security. Non-residents of Pittsburgh can transact their business with convenience and safety by means of its system of

BANKING BY MAIL

fully explained in Booklet C. P., mailed free to those desiring a safe and profitable investment for savings or surplus funds. Write for a copy today.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS
OF PITTSBURGH, PA.

MRS. M. A. ROCKWELL'S DRUG STORE.

My Lable is a personal guarantee of the quality of my goods and my twenty years in this profession has taught me your wants.

Be sure to call at the up-to-date DRUG STORE for

TOILET ARTICLES
PERFUMES and
STATIONERY

Perscriptions a speciality.

MRS. M. A. ROCKWELL
The Druggist.

FIRE SALE!

Sweeping Reduction

$10,000 worth of Hardware of all kinds must be sold during the next Ten Days, regardless of cost in order to allow repairs to be made on building.

Bargains For All.

MURRY & COPPERSMITH CO.

The Christmas Tree

How It Originated, How It Is Secured For the Market, and Some Interesting Legends of the Dim Past

By WALTON WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1904, by American Press Association

THE Christmas tree goes so far back into the night of time that it is quite impossible to tell where or by whom it was first introduced. Almost every country has its legend claiming for its own the tree which bears such generous fruit. In Scandinavia it is said to have sprung from the "service tree," which germinated from soil soaked by the blood of two unfortunate lovers, a claim substantiated by the statement that at Christmastide inextinguishable lights gleamed from its green branches. In a French romance of the thirteenth century a great tree is described whose branches are covered with burning candles and on whose top is the vision of a child with a halo round its head, the tree and candles representing mankind and the child the infant Saviour.

A beautiful German story credits St. Winfred with giving the Christmas tree to the world. The story is illustrative of the gospel supplanting paganism. Before a group of converts St. Winfred felled a great oak which had been an object of the worship to the Druids. A fine young fir tree immediately appeared in its place, on seeing which St. Winfred said: "This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are ever green. See how it points upward to heaven. Let it be called the tree of the Christ Child. Gather about it, not in the wildwood, but in your homes. There it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts."

TAKING HOME THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Many Germans hold that Martin Luther first conceived the Christmas tree. One of the most popular of German engravings represents him sitting in the bosom of his family, with a lighted Christmas tree on the table before him. Luther was traveling alone one Christmas eve. The snow covered country and the trees gleaming at every point with the reflected light of the winter moon made upon the great reformer the deepest impression. Going home, he went into the garden and, cutting a little fir tree, brought it into the nursery, put some candles on its branches and lighted them to reproduce the effect of the beautiful moonlit trees in the forest.

Antiquarians connect the Christmas tree with the great tree Yggdrasil of Norse mythology or with the pine trees of the Roman saturnalia, the pagan forerunner of our Christmas. Others look to the ancient Egyptians as originators of the idea. These men were wont to decorate their houses at the time of the winter solstice with branches of the date palm, emblems of immortality and of the starlit firmament. In mediaeval times there was a tradition that holiness invested an illuminated tree. Candles were used by the Jews in their Feast of Lights, which was celebrated at this season. The Greeks also call Christmas the Feast of Lights.

The Romans in their saturnalia decorated trees with images of Roman gods as well as with candles and burned Yule logs in honor of these gods. The early Christians, however, frowned upon all such pagan adjuncts to the Christmas celebration. With them the Feast of the Nativity was the extreme of solemnity, and they were as much opposed to Christmas trees and lights, music and laughter, as were the Puritans.

The first authentic account of the Christmas tree is not recorded until the sixteenth century. It appears in a German manuscript, and, as the Germans responded least to Latin influences of all the nations which fell heir to the Roman empire's lands, to them rather than to the Romans must be ascribed the honor of introducing it. It was the marriage of Queen Victoria to a German prince which brought the modern Christmas tree to England, and a German immigrant started the custom in America. The first Christmas tree in France was lighted in the Tuileries in 1840 by the Duchess Helena.

To view the great heaps of Christmas trees which line the market streets of our big cities just before the holidays one would fancy that scarcely a tree could be left standing of the murmuring hemlocks which constituted Longfellow's forest primeval. Every hard timber state in the Union is called upon by Santa Claus for its tribute of redolent balsam that he may have plenty of places on which to hang his presents.

There is only one true Christmas tree—the balsam fir. The hemlock proper has branches too drooping and flexible to hold a great weight of Christmas gifts, and the spruce, while otherwise suitable, lacks the spicy odor of the balsam. This is fortunate, for the tree most prized for Christmas purposes is utterly despised by the lumbermen. Before the Christmas tree industry began the fir lands of Maine were actually exempted from taxation as worthless. Now they are worth from $10 to $15 an acre.

The Christmas tree cutters begin work early, usually about the middle of October. While some of the men are cutting others follow them and drag the trees to the nearest open space where they are bunched and tied so that they will not come apart in shipping. At the nearest depot they are loaded on cars, 2,500 trees to the car. The men receive $1.50 a day and board. It takes seven men working five weeks to get out three carloads.

The Christmas tree output depends a good deal on the weather. With an open fall, when the trees are easy to get at, the crop will be much larger than when the snow falls early and heavily. If the snow melts and then freezes on the branches it makes them brittle and they break in transit.

A Doll's Christmas

A Quaint Tale of Life In the Nursery When Little Boys and Girls Are All Sound Asleep

.....By LAWTON JOHNSON

Copyright, 1904, by C. N. Lurie

ONE Christmas eve a wax doll sat on a chair in a pretty room in which a number of children were in bed. A fire was burning on the hearth. Stockings were hanging to the mantel to be filled with toys for the children who were sleeping soundly, doubtless dreaming of what they were to receive in the morning. The face of one of them, a delicate, fair haired boy, was turned toward the doll, and she did not tire looking at it, for the face, though pale and thin, was very delicately molded.

On the mantel were two figures in porcelain. One was a boy in an old fashioned coat and knee breeches, with a sash around his waist and a cocked hat and feather. His right hand was thrust into his coat in front, and he looked like a figure of Napoleon. The other was a girl, with a short dress and a sailor hat. Her head was poised one side, and she looked very well satisfied with herself. Indeed, she was very pretty.

"How do you do?" said the girl image to the doll. "Don't you think this a pleasant room?"

"Indeed it is, but I've not see many. I was only born"— She paused to think again when she was born, but couldn't remember, so she said instead, "Isn't it a beautiful world?"

"Do you think so?" said the boy. "My sister and I have had a hard time getting into it. We were baked in a furnace, and it was so hot"—

"Well, don't tell me about it," interrupted the doll. "I'd rather hear about pleasant places."

The figures told her a great many things, but the girl was very vain of her beauty, and the boy was taken up with what he knew about the world, of which the doll knew nothing at all, so she didn't listen long, but fell asleep while they were talking.

Suddenly she awoke with a start. What was that noise in the chimney? She had scarcely time to think about it when out on the hearth popped a little figure in fur. He unstrapped a pack he carried and filled all the stockings with toys. Then he jumped back into the chimney and was gone in a twinkling. This set the doll to wondering more than ever.

Everything was again silent except the clock, which ticked very loud. There were the children asleep in bed, the little pale faced boy with his head resting on his arm, the girl image on the mantel with her head on one side thinking how pretty she was and the boy thinking how much he knew about the world. The doll soon went to sleep again.

In the morning she was awakened by a shouting. The children were running about in their night clothes, taking their toys from their stockings and chattering like monkeys. The fair haired boy sat up in bed and looked on, for he was too delicate to get up like the other children. The doll noticed that he had great blue eyes, which seemed ever so large as he looked wonderingly at all that was going on. Then there came a knocking on the wall, and the children knew that it was a signal for them to get back to bed and not take cold, and back they scrambled, laughing and tumbling over one another, and covered themselves up.

Presently the father and mother came in and distributed the toys. The doll was for one of the girls, but the boy insisted on having it himself. Then when all were loaded with presents they carried them down to the breakfast room.

What a day it was! The children were racing about, playing with their toys, and people were coming in continually to see the presents, and the sun shone brightly on the snow outside, and the fire shone brightly within on the brass andirons and fender, and after dinner stories were told the children till they were all astonished by the number of wonderful things that happen. The boy with the light hair and blue eyes lay in his mother's arms, hugging the doll with her breast pressed against his, so that she could hear his heart beat, and she wondered why there was no such beating in her own heart. This was the happiest moment she had ever known. She was only a day old, but something told her that nothing in the world could ever make her happier.

When the children went upstairs the boy insisted on keeping the doll by him till he got into bed, when his mother persuaded him to part with it till morning. She placed it on a chair before the fire where he could see it till he should go to sleep and the first thing on awakening in the morning.

When the children were all asleep the doll looked up from the chair at the images on the mantel. She was too happy to go to sleep.

"What a lovely day I have had," she said.

"Just wait," replied the boy image, "till you have been knocked about the world awhile and you'll see." He looked as wise as an owl.

"I think it very nice," said the girl image, "so long as you are young and pretty, but I don't like the idea of getting old and cracked, perhaps having my arms or legs broken off."

The wind was rising without, and suddenly the fire blazed with a cheerful warmth. It was very pleasant for awhile, but presently it seemed to be too hot. The doll thought she began to feel a softening in her feet. She didn't know what it meant, but it frightened her. It extended to her legs; then she felt it in her arms and at last in her face and neck. A log of wood fell down on the coals, and the fire blazed higher, hotter than ever. The doll felt herself melting away.

"You're going," said the boy figure on the mantel. "It's just as well; the world isn't all like this household."

"It's just as well," echoed the girl image. "Your beauty will not have to fade."

"I don't want to go," cried the doll mournfully. "I want to stay with my blue eyed boy. The world may be full of sadness, but there must be pleasure as well, for it is here."

There was something so plaintive in her voice that even the images refrained from any further remarks. The fire blazed hotter, and the wax, which had as yet only softened, began to melt. Something spattered on the floor. It was a drop of melted wax.

Oh, that her little boy would get up and move her back from the fire! But he slept on peacefully, and as she had no voice for real children she couldn't call to him.

So the doll felt that she was melting away. Drop by drop she fell on the floor. The room, with its rich hangings, the children sleeping, the firelight flickering, the shadows and, above all, the memory of her brief existence—for, after all, a doll can only exist—seemed to be gradually fading away. She sighed to think that she couldn't have been born with a soul, to be loved and go on loving forever; that she could not grow up like a real child to see the unfolding of all the wonderful things in the world, passing from one existence to another instead of going out altogether. Then she thought that she might never have been born at all, never have had the one glimpse of the happy household, the one Christmas the blue eyed boy and her single day of love. So she said: "I can't understand it. I will try not to murmur, but trust that it is all for the best."

* * * * * * * *

And then—and then she awoke! The horror of melting had only been a dream. She had fallen asleep before the hot fire, but some kind hand had drawn the chair back, and in a few moments she was again clasped in the fond arms of her blue eyed boy.

CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO.

How the Day Is Celebrated In the Land of Diaz.

In Mexico Christmas eve is observed, as in Spain, with the Noche Buena. The streets and plazas are thronged with people. Of all the shop windows so gay and brilliant in their holiday attire none is so bright as the confectioner's. Nowhere is the confectioner's art carried to a greater perfection. At midnight of the Noche Buena all Mexico forsakes its pleasures and repairs to the Misa del Gallo, or mass of the cock, a high mass of the most imposing character, which, in every one of the magnificent temples reared by the Catholic church in the City of Mexico, is celebrated exactly at midnight on Christmas eve or morning to commemorate the Saviour's birth. All the churches have an augmented choir and a large orchestra specially engaged for the occasion. The mass is celebrated with every concomitant that can heighten its effect and grandeur.

Christmas Day In Russia.

In certain parts of Russia the children at Christmas eve begin playing pranks that are as odd as they are amusing. Chief among their drolleries is that of disguising themselves as animals and in the assumed costume of wild beasts disporting themselves through the neighborhood. As many skins as possible are secured, and in these the leading boys are clad. Wolves, bears, ostriches even, are represented. All of the boys gather in one party, those who are not posing as brutes forming a train for the escort and display of the pseudo menagerie. Some act as keepers, holding their disguised companions in check, while others startle the quiet of the night by rude strains drawn from harsh and primitive musical instruments. Torches are borne, and in the fitful light, opposed by black shadows, the scene is at once grotesque and vivid.

A Thoughtful Husband.

What is more touching at the holiday season than to see an old man planning a pleasant surprise for his aged wife?

"I's tryin' ter raise money enough ter git my wife a new dress for Christmas, sah," said Uncle Ebony to Mr. Featherstone.

"Ah, I see. You want me to give you some chores to do, uncle, eh?"

"Well, no, sah. I t'ought perhaps you could git de old lady a job at washin', sah!"

Christmas Presents.

The giving of presents on Christmas day undoubtedly owes its origin to a general idea to carry into practice the biblical mandate, "Peace on earth; good will to men." At first the great lords made presents to their retainers, and the season was marked by universal charity. By degrees the practice of Christmas giving spread until now everybody gives his or her friends presents.

Why Tommy Is Doing Penance.

Grandma—Are you looking forward to your Christmas dinner, Tommy?

Tommy—Yep, grandma, but not so much as Johnny Jones.

Grandma—Why so, Thomas?

Tommy—His grandma died last week, and he'll get all her Crissmus turkey.

Changing Countenance.

He changed countenance rapidly.

Slipping on his face the Santa Claus mask, he made a triumphant entry into the parlor with the bundle of toys.

The Past Versus the Present.

Oh, Christmas time is coming fast,
So cheer up, girls; be pleasant
And shake the fellow with the past
For that one with the present.

CHRISTMAS AT SANDRINGHAM

How the Royal Family of Great Britain Celebrates.

The royal family of Great Britain keeps up Christmas at Sandringham in a right royal and old fashioned way.

Tasteful decorations with holly and mistletoe abound everywhere. Every one comes down to the dining room, where breakfast is taken en famille. Every one has presents for some one else. All the servants and tenants are remembered, so that there are many happy hearts on Christmas morning. Substantial joints, geese and turkeys, with other good things, have a delightful way of turning up at the very houses where they are most wanted.

After breakfast the royal family and guests and the ladies and gentlemen of the household go on a tour of inspection to view the decorations, and then, provided the weather is fine, they walk to church, which, of course, has been tastefully adorned in appropriate and approved Christmas fashion. On the entry of the king and queen the congregation rises—that is the only formality observed. The king's domestic chaplain takes the service—a bright choral service, with Christmas hymns and an anthem.

Then comes luncheon—which is the children's dinner—attended by the king and queen and other members of the family. The Christmas pudding is brought in, blazing up merrily, to the intense delight of the little princes and princesses.

The late afternoon is the most exciting time for the juniors. The doors of a certain room have been kept rigorously fastened since the previous evening, her majesty and other members of her family having duly dressed a large Christmas tree therein. The door is opened, and the whole party troops in, while the royal children evince the greatest delight at the Christmas tree ablaze with lights and weighed down with presents. Afterward all sorts of games are entered into with a heartiness and zest that must surely appeal to every one.

Dinner comes along at 8:45, to which all guests staying in the house and many of the household are invited by the king. The king and queen and guests assemble in the drawing room first, and then a procession is formed, led, of course, by their majesties, who are followed in order of precedence by the others. The tables are laid in the grand salon. The guests are seated at small oval tables, the king and queen sitting opposite each other at one, and are waited on by special footmen. Boar's head, baron of beef and plum pudding are the staple dishes of the royal Christmas dinner.

After dinner there may be a dance or a command performance in the state ballroom, the walls of which are decorated by gorgeous Indian trophies presented to his majesty when he visited that country.—Pictorial Magazine.

The Universal Desire.

She was superbly dressed in the pinnacle of fashion and would have been beautiful but for a certain stern, businesslike expression that rather marred the sweetness of her face.

First looking up and down, she darted swiftly into a narrow passageway and was soon knocking at a door emblazoned with the legend: "Signor Oleo Margerino. Clairvoyant. Future Foretold."

The door opened.

"Where is the signor?" she nervously demanded.

"In bed, mum."

"Horrors! What's the matter with him?"

"Nervous prostration, brought on by overwork."

"Overwork?"

"Yes, mum. Since September he's been busy peerin' into de future fer people wot wanted ter know de value uv Christmas presents dey wuz goin' to get so's they'd know how much ter spend on theirs."

Stifling a shriek of despair, she sped away on the hunt for some other clairvoyant.—New York Herald.

The Animals At Christmas

SAID Santa Claus, "'Tis Christmas eve
(The animals looked pleasant),
And each of you will now receive
His yearly Christmas present.
But I'd be glad if every guest
Would mention what he'd like the best."

The Tapir said: "That pleases me.
I'll state succinctly, therefore,
If I may be so bold and free—
The only thing I care for
Would be those matches on the shelf,
With which I'd like to light myself."

His wish was granted. Then up spake
A timid little Adder:
"Sir, but a trifle it will take
To make my Christmas gladder;
A slate and pencil, if you please,
Would let me do my sums with ease."

The Reindeer said: "You may believe
I'd be a happy fellow
If I were sure I would receive
A good sized umberrellow;
And also I'd like four golosh-
Es and a rubber mackintosh."

The Pig a fountain pen desired;
The Cow tin horns requested;
The Horse, for a new hat acquired,
His gratitude attested.
The Caterpillar said: "I am
Proud of my caterpillarasham."

So all of them were gay and glad,
And they were happy, very;
They liked the presents that they had
And waxed exceeding merry.
Dear humans, at your Christmas feasts,
Pray take a lesson from the beasts.

Carolyn Wells in Reader.

Local news on every page.

WRITING TO DEAR OLD SANTA CLAUS.

WHAT BOOKS TO READ

DO NOT DEPEND UPON ACCIDENT TO GET THEM.

The Luxury of a Library—Read Your Favorite Books Many Times—The Bible as a Literary Work—The Book Lover Per Se Cares Little for Bindings—If You Wish to Be Keen-Edged, Read the Newspapers—Newspapers Give Us Things to Talk About—They Make Our Boys and Girls Politically Intelligent.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Plenty of people never buy books. They would think it extravagant to do so. They buy mowing machines and patent reapers, steam yachts and automobiles, and their wives spend money for rugs and divans and new paper and paint, for satins and laces, gloves, fans and all the pomps and vanities, but for books.

They depend on accident. School premiums, and holiday presents, have fitted out many a home library. In a country house, rich in adornment, standing in the midst of gardens and parks, I have seen a meager stock of books, all belonging to the flotsam and jetsam of yesterday; not to an immortal yesterday, either, but the ephemeral and the useless, to the books that ought to be sent to the rubbish-heap.

"Where do you get your reading matter?" I asked the housemistress, wondering much at the strange and miscellaneous character of the accumulations.

"Oh, John buys a novel now and then on the railway, and visitors often leave books they are done with. We don't invest in books. They are heavy things if one moves, and hard to pack, and nobody ever reads a book the second time. You can't turn books into cash, as you can diamonds and horses."

There spoke the spirit of the toiler who had grown to wealth from poverty and to whom culture was unknown. You couldn't turn books into cash, and you wouldn't read them a second time. The ideal of utility did not make a library a desirable asset.

But one does read books the second time, and the third, and the fourth, if one is a book-lover. If one sets the right valuation on books, one would rather have them in the house than any other plenishing. Mahogany tables and chairs are very well if you can afford them, and fine china is very dear to the housekeeper's heart, but a pine board and a bench will answer for necessities, if the family prefer literature to other luxuries.

In the simplest of homes, where the yearly income to bring up a half-dozen boys and girls fell under a thousand dollars, there was plain fare on a plain table; there were bare floors, and in summer the children ran barefooted, but there was an abundance of material to read. New books were added every quarter to the volumes already on the shelves, and those volumes included history, poetry, biography and essays; travel, too, and scientific research. From that home the sons and daughters have gone to take high places in the world; one a professor, another an editor, another a lawyer, another a surgeon. Their trend for life was given in the sweet humanities of their home, and though poor, they were gently bred.

* * * * *

What Books to Choose.

If somebody gave me carte blanche to select his books, and he had none to begin with, I should revel in the enterprise. I take it for granted that at the basis of English culture is the English Bible. If you speak English, you know that the richest vocabulary, the finest treasury of style, and the highest system of ethics in the world are in that familiar book. No American home should be without it, and no American father and mother should venture to train children in ignorance of its profound and beautiful pages.

But what books shall you choose for daily reading outside the Bible? Do you like to read people's lives, to tread again in the footprints others have left in the sands of time? Then read the lives of Gen. Gordon, "Chinese Gordon;" of Havelock, of Lord Lawrence, of Sydney Smith, of Queen Elizabeth, of John Knox, of Mary, Queen of Scots; of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, Frances Willard, Edward Burne-Jones; of anybody who was heroic or sturdy or virtuous here, and who left a good example for imitation.

On your shelves have the works of George Eliot, of Robert Louis Stevenson, of Thomas Carlyle, of George Meredith, of Balzac, of Guizot, of Shakespeare, and of Sir Walter Scott. Put aside a little money every week and buy one book.

Regarded from the standpoint of dollars and cents, books are not dear. Two dollars buys an ordinary book; you can in no other way get so much lasting profit from two dollars. Of course if you want editions de luxe and sumptuous bindings and fine handmade paper, you will pay the price, but the booklover per se cares more for the reading part than for the dress. The meat in the nut is more to him than the polished shell.

* * * * *

Read the Newspaper.

Unless you are willing to become hopelessly a back number, to know nothing whatever about the current of events, to be rusty and dull-witted instead of keen-edged and clever, you will not neglect the newspaper.

It has become a potential force in our modern civilization. Wireless telegraphy, the latest forward stride in applied science, has brought the ends of the earth close and tied the ribbons in a bow-knot. We talk over Korea and Manchuria, the probable and the possible outcome of great wars, the course of diplomacy, the great struggles of Titanic nations at our breakfast tables.

Not to read the newspaper is to have no opinions, to be ill-informed, to be boorish. Men who are really broad-minded read several papers. They want to hear both sides. Complaint is often made that the newspapers tell too much; that they do not respect privacy; that they are unscrupulous in the search for news. But the news of the day interests every one, and the newspapers make us all one big family, with kindly feelings for our kith and kin. They flash a searchlight on crime; they awaken sympathy for distress; they give us things to talk about.

In choosing reading for the home, take in, as our British cousins say, as many good newspapers as you can. Our boys and girls have a first-hand privilege to be well-taught in politics. How shall they be politically intelligent, or decently patriotic, if they are forced to read borrowed newspapers, or go without that essential of mental culture?

Wear old hats and patched boots if you must, walk and save car fares, do without dessert after meals, but subscribe for good newspapers, read them thoroughly and discuss them in the family circle. So shall you lay foundation stones for wise building and future success.

CASUALTY ROLL OF PEACE.

The Modern Man's Chances of Injury or Death by Accident.

The ordinary citizen who works for his bread and has a family to support takes it for granted that, when his time arrives, he will die in his bed. Why not, indeed, when the accidents of existence have been reduced to a minimum by the expedients of a humane and ingenious civilization? People do not perish nowadays, or get hurt, by many of the chances which formerly threatened the safety, and even the survival, of the individual. Each person is safeguarded by the entire community, which is organized to defend its members against harm of every imaginable kind.

Nevertheless, and in spite of this flattering view of the advantages of our modern civilization, says Pearson's Magazine, a study of the facts in the case shows that the actual state of affairs is far less satisfactory. This, to begin with, is the mechanical age, and with modern improvements have arrived hundreds of hitherto-unknown contrivances for killing and maiming. The railroads of this country alone kill 3,200 employes every year, and seriously injure 40,000 more. Machinery claims more victims annually than fell in any battle of our civil war. The civilization of which we are so proud may be in some respects humane, but it is undeniably murderous.

How surprising it seems to learn that each year one man out of every seven meets with a disabling accident! Women are not nearly so much exposed to mischances, for obvious reasons, and not more than one out of every 12 persons of the gentler sex suffers a like misfortune in a twelvemonth. But it appears that, if you are an everyday citizen of voting age, you have only six chances out of seven of getting through the coming year without being disabled in one way or another. You have one chance in 2,200 of being killed during that period.

Nearly one-half of all disabling accidents happen incidentally in business occupations. Hence, it is well worth while to take this question into consideration when picking out a vocation. The safest of all employments, oddly enough, seems to be that of the commercial traveler—a fact proved by the circumstance that he is regarded by all insurance companies as the best possible risk, standing at the top of the "select" class. Indeed, from an insurance standpoint he is so far perferable to anybody else that he may be said almost to constitute a class by himself. He is twice as good a risk as a clergyman.

His Father Was an Athlete.

Dr. Dudley, of Abington, tells this story of his man David and his housekeeper, who had great confidence in all that David said and did.

One day David was in the barn, doing something which caused a visitor to say: "You're quite an athlete, aren't you?"

"Well, yes," replied David; whereupon the housekeeper, who stood near, said: "Why, I thought you told me that you was Scotch."

"Well," said David, "my mother was Scotch, but my father was athlete."—Boston Herald.

Invitation from Home.

This is a cordial invitation from the "home folks" in Georgia to the absent one in Texas:

"Dear William: This is to let you know what you are invited home to spend Thanksgivin' an' Christmas. We are mightily in debt an' have five or six mortgages to pay off, an' you are invited to come, an' bring all you can with you, and we'll give you a couple of good dinners."—Atlanta Constitution.

Deduction.

Lit'ry Lannigan (reading)—He was an intelligent an' hard-working man.

Downgrade Gleason—Gee! He must ha' had one o' dem dual personalities.—Puck.

A Christmas Genius

J. A. BOGGS, JR., the scion of an aristocratic house, stood on one leg, about which he twined the other. At same time he twisted his small body into graceful curves.

"Say, pop," he inquired, indifferently, while still in that attitude, "give me some Christmas money, will you? I got to have some, you know."

His father, the senior Boggs, looked at him severely. "How much d'ye want?" he inquired.

"'Bout ten dollars," responded the youth.

"What!" yelled the old man, "ten dollars? A boy like you? Never! Here, take this and run along. That's all you can have."

He handed out a silver dollar. Boggs, junior, bit it to see if it was good, expectorated upon it slightly for luck, and secreted it somewhere in his clothes. Then, with a vicious kick at the legs of the table he made his exit.

Five minutes later he stood in Cooper's Alley interviewing a bosom friend of his, whose euphonious name was Mickey Flynn.

Mickey Flynn was clothed in rags from head to foot, he was the real thing in the rag line. "Say, sport," began Mr. Boggs genially. "I'm doin' a turn, understand. I want yer clothes. How'll you trade?"

Mickey surveyed the clothes worn by the youthful Boggs with a critical air, and his face broadened into a smile.

"Gee! Quince!" he returned. "I'll trade. Yours is as good as new. Sure! Here goes!"

It was a cold, bleak day. Half an hour later a ragged, shivering urchin stood alone, with staring eyes and gaping mouth, drinking in all the glory of new sleds as they were effectively displayed in the windows of a department store.

"Gee, it's rotten cold!" exclaimed this youngster to himself. "Wonder how long I got to keep this up?"

Not long, for at that moment a carriage drawn by a pair of richly caparisoned horses drew up at the curb. At the window of the carriage appeared the face of a woman of wealth. The footman jumped down, and in response to her signal approached the boy. The boy, holding his rags together, followed the footman to the carriage. He looked with wistful, soulful eyes in the eyes of the woman.

"Gee!" he thought to himself as he looked at her. For he knew her. She was Mrs. John Y. Pierson, a friend of his mother's and a woman well known for her charitable deeds. But she did not know him. She was saying something about Santa Claus.

"Yes'm," he found himself replying, for he was a bit rattled; "yes'm, I've heard of him. In foreign countries," he added, as though quoting from a book, "he's called sometimes St. Nicholas and sometimes Kriss Kringle. He's the patron saint of children."

And then he stopped, for he had overreached himself. "Why—why," inquired the woman, "do you go to school?"

"Well, ma'am," he returned, curing his unfortunate slip, "I do when I have clothes to wear and—and when I've had something to eat. I don't know as I can now, though, fer the man wot owns our room is going to put us out—they's only my sister and myself," he added, to round the thing out. The woman looked at the angelic face and the ragged clothes, and then her heart overflowed—and her purse also, which is more to the purpose.

"I can't be bothered going around to his home—a dirty place, likely. I'll just give the money to the boy himself," she thought to herself. "I guess I can trust him." If she had said this aloud, Boggs Junior would have assured her that she could. As it was, he took the money, thrust it deep in his pocket, touched his hat, and strode, shivering, toward—home? Oh, no, merely toward a large shop around the corner. Once there, he examined the bill which the woman had given him. It was a ten-dollar one.

And so Boggs Junior went from store to store, always the same poor, shivering, angelic specimen of humanity, a perfect Christmas carol, an idyll in rags, so to speak. But there was one thing he was careful about. He kept a wary eye on the police.

Christmas morning at the Boggses All the family and several relatives congregated about a huge tree in the library.

"Where's Quincy?" they all asked. They were soon answered, for immediately there burst into the room a very small boy grappling with a huge pyramid of paper bundles, which he dropped upon the floor.

"Here, pop," he began, handing that gentleman one of the packages, "this is for you, and this for mom, and here's something for the cook, and here's—and so on, ad infinitum. In other words, he was the hero and benefactor of the occasion.

"Why, where did you get the money for all these things?" they gasped. Boggs Junior smiled. "Worked for it," he replied.

"You must have worked hard," they suggested. "Naw," he returned, "it wasn't hard work at all. And," he continued, "it'd have been all right if I'd had an overcoat somewheres in my insides. Gee, but it was cold for fair!" This was as near as the family ever got to an explanation.

FAMOUS TREE'S OFFSPRING

Third Generation of William Penn's Treaty Elm Still Standing in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia.—In the grounds of the Pennsylvania hospital, at Eighth and Pine streets, stands an old elm tree which towers high and spreads its branches far, yet which suggests the inevitable decay and passing away which is the fate of all mundane things. Great disapointment was felt recently when a slip planted from this tree languished and died, and attempts are to be made to grow another, because the tree has a history

THIRD GENERATION OF PENN'S TREATY ELM.

which is described on a brass plate fastened upon its trunk. This plate reads:

"THE TREATY ELM.

"This tree is a direct representative of the great elm of Kensington, under which, it is said, William Penn, the proprietor of Pennsylvania, made his perpetual treaty of amity with the Indians. When the treaty elm was destroyed by a storm, March 3, 1810, a scion was transplanted to these grounds, a cutting of which was planted at this spot in 1841 by Charles Roberts, a manager, and William Malin, steward."

From this it will be seen that the tree bearing the tablet is the third generation of the treaty elm. Historians are not now fully agreed as to just what the treaty itself was, but, while it may have been the conspicuous and sensational affair that early painters and writers have pictured it, there is still no doubt of its importance or that its fame caused much favorable comment throughout the world upon the honesty and faithfulness of the man who made it. The treaty, made in 1683, and the written text of which—if there were any—has never been discovered, is now believed to have been simply a purchase of land from the red men, accompanied by certain agreements, as to territory and friendly trade, which were never violated during Penn's life.

WILL VISIT AMERICA.

Ex-Queen Margherita of Italy to Tour Country from New York to San Francisco in an Auto.

Rome.—It is learned that Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy is going to America next year. She will travel incognito and make a tour in an automobile from New York to San Francisco, whence she will take a steamer for Japan.

Dowager Queen Margherita has been suffering from unassuageable grief since the death of King Humbert, five years ago. The queen in her youth

EX-QUEEN MARGHERITA.
(Widow of King Humbert of Italy, Who Is Coming to America.)

was considered the most beautiful princess in all Europe. She is the daughter of the late Prince Ferdinando of Savoy, duke of Genoa, and she was married to Humbert, then the prince of Piedmont, on April 22, 1868. During her reign she was idolized by the people of Italy.

The former queen knows French, German, English, Spanish, Italian, of course, and Latin thoroughly. She knows Greek well, and is familiar with the literature of all ages.

The queen rises early and retires late. She manages with six hours' sleep, and thrives on it. Her work of charities, patronage, organization and society keeps her constantly busy. She is not at all domestic. She likes driving and out-of-door life generally, but has not much opportunity for indulgence in these tastes. She likes Germany and the Germans, and is a warm friend of William and his wife.

Not Enough Meat for Army.

If Germany were to mobilize her army to-morrow, the Dusseldorf chamber of commerce states that there would not be a sufficient quantity of meat in the country to feed the army in the field.

THE GIANT FLED.

An Incident of the Civil War Which Created a Good Deal of Surprise and Amusement.

The old Second New York regiment was formed at a time when there was an urgent appeal made to save the city of Washington, writes an old soldier to the National Tribune. Well do I remember how I forsook my contract to drive the horses of a Shumung scow to enter the service and serve under the old flag, and how we left our beds on the scow to sleep on the bare floor of the old fair ground shed; how many of our boys thought good swine meat, bean soup and half a loaf of bakers' bread was a small meal; and afterwards how they would have rejoiced to have been furnished with the old fair ground ration. I was with the regiment about three months,

RAN LIKE A FRIGHTENED DEER.

when I was mustered out because I was too young. But I had the honor to be the first sentinel to go on post outside the works at Fortress Monroe, and I wore one shirt for three months, and was a pretty ragged looking soldier. I, too, well remember the poor show we made fighting the battle of Big Bethel. One of the men of Company A was a giant, nearly seven feet tall. He was a powerful fellow, and used to pick up us boys and swing us about and say he would smash the rebels right and left. But it was later proven that while his body was big his bravery was small. He seized a gate at the entrance to a lane and carried it as though it was but a feather. As the regiment entered a field through the lane there came a rebel shell which stunned him. Then there caem another, and the giant turned and ran away like a frightened deer, and I don't know that he was seen afterwards.

REACHED THE FLAG.

The Soldier Who Escaped from the Enemy's Lines Never Stopped Until He Grasped Old Glory.

"I heard," said the doctor to the Chicago Inter Ocean reporter, "a very simple, pathetic little story the other day about a soldier passing through the lines under fire. Comrade Bradish, who related the incident, said that one of the men of his regiment who had been captured escaped from the confederates directly in front and ran at full speed toward the lines of his own regiment. The confederates opened a furious fire on the escaping prisoner, and no one expected him to come out of such a rain of bullets alive. But he came on and on in spite of the bullets, and at last leaped over the works of his own company, to be received with cheers.

"He did not stop, however, as the men expected, but ran on to where the flag was placed, and, dropping exhausted, caught the edge of the flag in his hand and kissed it again and again. He was so wrought up by his tremendous experience that he could not speak, could not reason, but, as he said afterward, instinct led him to the flag, which never seemed to him so radiant and precious as when he fixed his eyes upon it as he raced with the enemy's bullets. He had no sense of comradeship in his distraughtness, but saw only the flag and went to it. Other soldiers, overwhelmed in battle, wounded and dazed, have felt, I know, the same wild desire to reach the flag."

Girl Soldiers.

A military company composed of the daughters of Boone county farmers has been organized, with headquarters at Englewood, 11 miles southeast of Columbia, Mo. The first public drill took place at a log-rolling at Englewood, where, in the presence of a crowd of curious visitors from all parts of the country, the girl soldiers gave a striking exhibition, going through the manual of arms like veterans.

Had Words Erased.

The London News calls attention to the fact that when the building that is now Wellington Barracks, Dublin, was a jail it had the words: "Cease to do Evil—Learn to do Well," chisled over the gateway. When it became a barracks the authorities, perhaps realizing the uselessness of such advice in some cases, had the words removed.

Where Firearms Are Made.

The Bosnian is as celebrated in Europe for the firearms, sabers and knives which he manufactures as the inhabitants of Spanish Toledo are for their fine-edged blades.

ABOUT BEING CAPTURED.

Two Thrilling Incidents of the War as Related by Eye Witnesses of Them.

My account of how I was made a prisoner (said a comrade) will be a brief one. The affair was exciting enough; but it began and ended so quickly that I have hardly got over the surprise of it yet. I was a captain on the staff of Gen. Emory, commanding the Nineteenth army corps. On the morning of the 19th of October, 1864, we were roused up before daylight by the heavy firing over on the left. Something was evidently wrong, and we had our horses saddled at once. We occupied, with Sheridan's staff, the stone-house—the "Hite House," I have since heard it called—in rear of our first division. I was dispatched over to the "pike" to see what the trouble was and report. I did not reach the "pike" immediately; there was a great deal between me and it to prevent, and as for "reporting," I never saw the Nineteenth corps again till the next spring.

The morning was foggy, and it was impossible to see a man at that hour more than a few rods off, but I could see the flashes of the muskets of some of the regiments of our corps, and I met fugitives from the Eighth in large numbers going to the rear. A great noise of shooting, and a yell that was never made by any but southern soldiers, was heard from the left, and I saw enough, besides what these fugitives told me, to be sure that there was an attack and a panic in the Eighth. It would have been well for me if I had been satisfied with what I had thus far discovered, and had gone back to headquarters with the report. I should certainly have found "headquarters in the saddle," and they were never so near to me again that morning. But I wanted to do my whole duty. I was anxious to see the whole trouble with my own eyes, that I might make a faithful report, and on I went.

To avoid the streams of fugitives, I bore well off to the left, intending to reach the pike rather below the line of their hasty retreat. I had not ridden half way to the pike when I came slap on four soldiers. The meeting was so sudden, in the obscurity of the fog, that they seemed to rise out of the ground. At a glance I saw that they wore gray, and that each of them had a musket.

I can see now that if I had acted with the greatest promptness I might have wheeled and galloped back uninjured before a fine aim could have been taken at me; and then again I might have been knocked dead off my horse trying it. I was not quick enough to take the risk. I pulled up, and their muskets quickly covered me.

They saluted me as a "Yank," ordering me to dismount, promising to "let daylight through" me if I did not, and conveying their wishes to me in other explicit language. They had the controversy all their own way, and I yielded without trying to argue the question. I got down, and was taken to the pike, and up it toward Fisher's hill, to a place where many union prisoners had already been collected. The number was swelled to 1,200 by night, and we were started up the valley on the long way to Richmond before Sheridan's cavalry could overtake us.

That (said another comrade) reminds me of what happened in plain sight of our picket line, off on the left, near Hatcher's Run, before that battle had been fought.

Our major was in command of that part of the line. He had come out from the reserve with a sergeant, and took the notion to go beyond the line and see what he could see. It would not have been a wise thing for a horseman to do. They were afoot, and it was positively foolish. But they went—full of big head, to tell the truth.

The country was clear in front, there being nothing but some scattering timber to break the view for perhaps 300 yards. I was one of the pickets, and I watched the major and sergeant as they strolled along out to the front, probably suspecting no danger. We had seen to a picket line, even in daylight, and their presence never be suspected.

What followed I got partly from my own observation and partly from the account of the major when he came in.

As he and the sergeant approached a low stone wall, being not more than 20 feet from it, three muskets were thrust over it at them and a voice shouted: "Surrender, Yanks, or we'll shoot!"

The sergeant at once threw down his gun. He was captured, of course, and sent to the Libby.

Not so the major.

I know the man pretty well, and I think I can tell what flashed through his mind on that stern hail, and the discovery of what was before him.

It probably occurred to him that he was where he had no business to be; that the months of weary captivity before him would be followed by an official inquiry as to what he was doing out there, and that some severe punishment, if not cashiering, awaited his exchange.

He resolved to run for it. He must have appreciated the fact that the chances were nine to one against him; but the reasons that I have stated made him desperate.

I saw him whirl and rush for our line. I heard the reports of three muskets together, and they were aimed so low that one of the balls plowed the dirt in front of me.

I saw the major's hat fall from his head. I supposed it was blown off by the wind, in his flight, but I learned better a few months later.

We opened fire, of course, to cover his retreat. The confederate scouts got off with the sergeant as a prisoner; we did not dare to leave our posts to pursue.

The major was a good deal flustered when he got in. "By mighty!" he said, "that was a close one."

I think it was. The ball that knocked off his hat had passed through his ear.—American Tribune.

HARVEST SONG.

Farther to the south the sun
  Droops his falling head,
Now the summer's course is run
  And her pride is dead;
Rich along the weeded roads
  Goldenrod stands tall,
And the purple thistle mist
  Plumes the summer's pall.

Now in drowsy autumn dreams
  Locked the landscape lies,
While a chastened glory streams
  From the azure skies;
Like the harmony of bloom
  On ripe fruit, the day's
Morning's blush and evening's dyes
  Blur in mist-blue haze.

Deep the mellow languor falls,
  On the silent noon;
No bird save the blue-jay calls,
  Woods and meadows swoon;
Ghostlier than on summer nights
  Winds sound from afar,
Weak the sun pales as the moon,
  Or the evening star.

So the tide of life endures,
  Waxes, wanes, and falls,
While earth's mystery immures
  Souls in mortal walls;
Still to joy my heart will cling,
  What though winter come,
I have heard the throstle sing
  And the brown bees hum.

Sweetest season of the mist,
  When the summer wanes,
Skies of tender amethyst,
  Fields of golden grains;
Blessed days of ripened joy,
  With the harvest crowned—
Nourisher of Nature's pains
  As roll the seasons round.
—Edward O. Jackson, in Boston Transcript.

FAVORED BY MISFORTUNE

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Jerry Brannon studied her delicate profile eagerly, through the medium of one of the dingy, narrow, mirror panels set in the car. Hitherto he had always considered these panels as a weak truckling to feminine vanity. He now perceived their intrinsic value and blessed the man who had conceived the idea.

It hurt him seriously to think that she would pass out of his life when they reached Louisville. He raged against the conventionalities which set a barrier between himself and the unknown.

A gray-haired, stately old gentleman, whom he correctly supposed to be her father, sat beside her, and was just strewing her lap with magazines bought from the train boy.

"No earthly chance of an introduction," groaned Brannon to himself. "Not a soul here who could possibly help me."

His eyes involuntarily turned with disgust on the other occupants of the little car.

It was a mixed train, running from far beyond Anchorage, and it carried half a dozen owners of small tobacco farms, on the way to attend the Louisville auction, and some equally bucolic females, several of whom were burdened with restless, sticky children.

The fair unknown shone the more by contrast. Brannon involuntarily compared her exquisite grooming with the frowzy condition of a middle-aged and solitary female who sat just across the aisle from him.

There was a huge basket on the seat beside her. Over its top was tied a white cloth, which occasionally bulged up fiercely in bumpy spots, while smothered sounds of inarticulate wrath issued from within.

The owner of the basket detected Brannon's glance. To his horror she nodded, smiled, arose, and, coming across, dumped herself down beside him, smoothing back her thin hair with a cotton-gloved hand.

"I seed you a-lookin' my way," she said, with great friendliness, "and I knowed you wuz jest spilin' to find out what's in that there basket."

"Pardon me," said Brannon, freezingly, "I had not thought of the basket. I would not have you put yourself to any trouble in explaining. I am not the conductor, you know."

"Good land!" chuckled his self-found friend. "Did ye think I took ye for the conductor? Why, he's dressed a sight smarter than you. Bright blue, and brass buttons on it, 'stid of gray. Not but what you look real nice," she amended, hastily. "That there suit fits you to a figger and sort of agrees with your style. I dunno but mebbe you look better in that than you would in his blue and brass."

"Thank you," said Brannon, with an irony totally lost.

Jerry was no snob; but the familiar manners of the owner of the basket made him rage lest the unknown, sitting several seats ahead, should regard her as belonging to him. He assumed a pose of quiet iciness, which was quite undetected by the friendly dame beside him.

His indifference as to the mystery of the basket had the usual stimulating effect. She lowered her voice to a confidential pitch, determined to interest him.

"Conductor, he knows there's poultry in that there basket," she said, in a half whisper, "but he don't know all."

Jerry remained silent.

"They ain't no common chickens. They are thoroughbred games. I'm a-takin' 'em in to a young feller in town. I'm afeared he's goin' to fight the cock, but husband he says 'taint none of our affair."

Jerry looked out of the window.

"That there cock," pursued she, "has got the wust temper in Kaintuck, an' the hens they ain't much better."

Jerry tried another tack.

"Then you had better stay by them and watch them," he suggested, artfully. "You shouldn't leave them alone. That cover looks loose."

"I reckon I shouldn't," agreed the dame. "An' yit I'm powerful thirsty. I been thinkin' 'bout that ice tank back there fer some time."

Jerry returned to his investigation of the window.

If the poultry owner had expected him to offer to bring her the desired water she was disappointed. She arose heavily.

"I'll go git some now," she announced. "This here train don't go fast enough to disconcert a body much."

But as she passed the basket Jerry's caution returned to her mind.

She turned back and seized the handle of the basket.

"Long as you done warned me about leavin' 'em alone," she said, at that cheerful pitch affected by those who have never heard of the "most excellent thing in woman," "I reckon I'll jest set 'em by you till I git back."

There was a resolute heave, a stagger, and the basket came down plump on the red velvet seat occupied by Jerry.

"Take good keer of 'em," said the dame, anxiously, much as if she were going on a serious journey, and then she went cautiously toward the tank.

Jerry cast a wrathful look at the basket, but worse was to come.

Swaying and clutching, the railroad's tin cup in one hand, the adventurous poultry owner found herself unable to turn the water on. The little spigot was rusty and would not move. She looked back despairingly at Jerry, and seeing only a resolute back and a sternly posed head, she lifted up her voice, instinct telling her that he had had more experience with such difficulties than any of the roughly-clad men.

"Young feller," she shrilled, "come down here an' help me. I kain't git a drop."

At the wailing accents, each person in the car turned his head, and Jerry, blushing scarlet, saw the amused smile that danced lightly on the lips of the lovely unknown.

But he rose to the occasion. Squeezing past the basket, not without an effort, he went quietly down the aisle. If he had seen the glance of admiration which a certain person gave his broad shoulders and finely-built form he might have felt compensated.

As it was, he saw only the flushed and thirsty dame, and for her he filled the tin cup courteously, wondering bitterly why fortune should place him at a disadvantage just when he most wanted to appear dignified.

Suddenly, as he waited for the poultry owner to drink that he might refill the cup for her, there arose on the hot air of the car an ear-splitting sound, a cross between a squawk and a battle-cry.

That effort of Brannon's to get past the basket had torn loose the cover, and never did prisoners more quickly avail themselves of liberty.

Wide-breasted, long of leg, arrogantly haughty of carriage, and powerful of wing, they shot out, all six of them, into the narrow precincts of the car, defiance in the hens' eyes, murder and sudden death in the cock's.

In an instant confusion reigned and a babel of tongues.

With whoops of joy and peals of rough laughter, the farmers arose en masse to help recapture the runaways; but they found it less amusing than they expected.

The conductor, hurrying in from the smoker, received a blow in the face from a resolute hen that hurled herself at the opening. Fortunately she merely sent the conductor staggering back against the door, closing it the quicker.

"What the hell!" began that outraged individual, forgetting his manners. But he got no further. The air was full of whirring wings, of wildly-scrambling forms, of shrieking women and screaming children.

The games darted forward, retreated overhead, clung now to lamps, and now beat against deceptive windows; they eluded, feinted, struck savagely, wheeled on angry, rapid wings, played havoc with hats and curls, and scratched manfully.

It was the cock who selected the pretty unknown for his special prey. He came whirring down on her, having just dazed a tobacco grower by a snapping whack with his spurs; but he was received in the arms of Jerry Brannon, who had thrown himself in front of the frightened girl.

Beak and spurs had no effect on Jerry. He was thoroughbred himself. The enraged game was reduced to ignominious submission, but not until he had left an ugly scratch across each of Brannon's hands.

By this time the hens had been captured, the children had crawled from under the seats, and the women were twisting up their disordered hair.

The poultry owner, much subdued, was sniffling faintly as Jerry helped to reimprison the cock. Turning away from her and the treacherous basket, he found the unknown was standing beside him.

Casting looks of regret at his somewhat bloody hands—"I came—to help—if I can," she said, blushing. "And here's my father, Mr. Coulter, who wants to thank you, Mister ——"

"Brannon," said Jerry, joyfully.

* * * * *

That evening the poultry raiser narrated her adventure at home.

"And I met a turrible nice young feller on the train," she said, complacently. "Him and me came to be real good friends. And after them chickens had flewed all around he acted jest like I'd done somethin' clever for him, while ever'body elset was grumblin' an' growlin'. Real Christian, I call him."

A Long Time.

"Pa, what kind of men is it that wear their hair long?"

"Single men, my son."—Houston Post.

A LESSON IN MANUAL TRAINING

PRACTICAL POINTS FOR BOYS WITH AMBITION AND GENIUS.

Final Lesson—A Tool Cabinet More Convenient and Accessible Than a Chest—Arrangement of Tools in Cabinet.

BY JAMES RITCHEY.

(Instructor in Woodworking and Pattern-Making, Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago.)

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

As a workman's tools need his constant care and attention, it is very necessary that he should have a place for them, and that each tool, except when

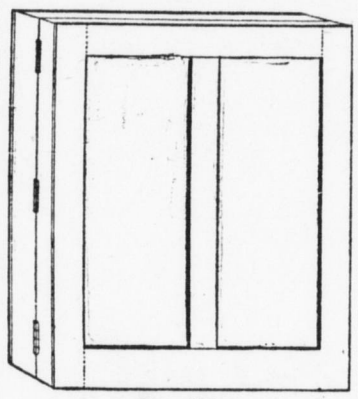


Fig. 183.

in actual use, be kept in its appointed place, so as to guard it from injury and to enable the owner to find it readily when he needs it.

It is still customary for the regular tradesman to have a tool chest for this purpose, but the beginner, or the amateur workman who has a workroom of his own, will find a tool cabinet, such as we illustrate in Fig. 183, more convenient and accessible than a chest.

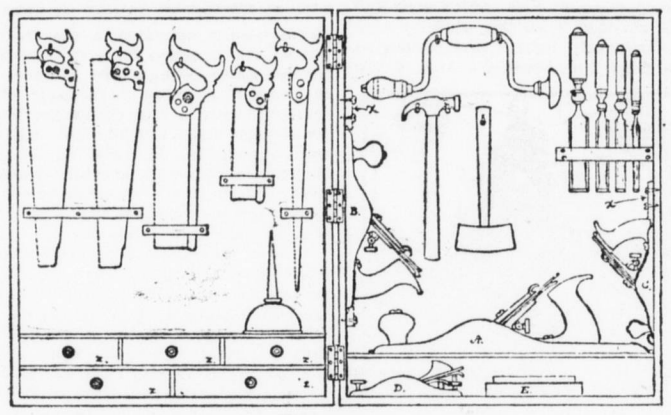


Fig. 184.

Such a cabinet may be hung on the wall directly over the work bench, or in any position where it will be easy of access, and where its contents will be within easy reach of the workman. It

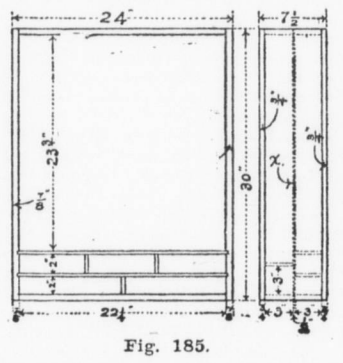


Fig. 185.

may be closed and locked when not in use with the same facility as a chest. The cabinet is shown open, with a few of the principal tools in place in Fig. 184.

The right-hand side, which contains the heavier tools, should be hung or screwed to the wall, while the left-hand half of the cabinet, with its lighter tools, is free to be swung open or shut as required.

A good size for such a cabinet is that given in the detail drawing, Fig. 185, and may be made of pine, yellow poplar or other light wood. It will, however, be more desirable if made of quarter-sawed oak, cherry or hard wood of some sort. The two sides and the top and bottom pieces should, because of the hinges and lock, be made out of seven-eighths-inch stock, while the front and back of the case need not be more than three-quarter-inch, as given in the detail drawing, 185.

Each half of the cabinet, when open, should not be less than three inches deep in the inside, but the cabinet is framed and glued up as one single case or box, without openings, which, after having all parts planed even and finished, is sawed in two as indicated by the dotted lines marked x in Fig. 185, and also in Fig. 187.

The front and back must be framed together, being mortised and tenoned as given in detail in Fig. 186, and in practice is made a little larger than the required size of the case. This is done by making the stiles (side pieces) and rails of the framing one-sixteenth to one-eighth-inch wider than the net sizes shown in the detail drawing.

This will afford room and stock sufficient to dress all parts even after the entire case has been glued together. The panels must be of such thickness as to be flush with the framing on the inside, so as to afford an even surface for the better arrangement of the tools. This is shown in the cross-section through AB in Fig. 186.

These panels are grooved three-eighths of an inch deep into the framing, all tenons being one inch long and one-quarter of an inch in thickness, with mortises one and one-eighth inches deep. In all paneled framing of this kind the panels should fit snugly in the grooves, but must not be glued, because they will check or split by the shrinking and swelling caused by the changing conditions of the atmosphere of the workroom. In all cabinet furniture work the tenons and mortises only are glued.

The top, bottom and side pieces of the case must each be made six and one-half inches wide, thus affording one-half inch of stock for sawing open and refitting the two halves of the case together preparatory to hinging. They may be framed together either by means of the plain dovetail shown at A, or as illustrated by the drawer front dovetail at B in Fig. 187. In either case the middle tenon of the dovetail must be made one-half inch wider than regular, as shown in the illustration, so as to afford sufficient wood for the sawing open and fitting together again of the two halves of the cabinet.

If preferred, a tenon one-quarter inch long and about one-eighth inch in thickness may be cut on each end of the top and bottom pieces, and fitted into a saw kerf groove in the sides, as shown at C in Fig. 187. Each joint, however, must be further strengthened by means of six one and three-quarter inch No. 10 wood screws, and where possible the oval head screw should be used. The head of this screw differs from the common flat head only in having its surface slightly rounding, and does not project so far above the surface of the work as the ordinary round head. This gives the work in which it is used a more finished appearance. This screw is shown at B in Fig. 188.

The front and back of the cabinet are simply glued and clamped to their position on the dovetailed frame, and in case there are not a sufficient number of hand screws for the purpose at the command of the workman, they may be fastened by using either flat or oval head wood screws—one and one-half inch, No. 10—using five screws on each end and six on the sides of the frames.

In the arrangement of the tools shown in Fig. 184, A, on the shelf, is a 22-inch jointer, and is kept in position by two small blocks, each screwed to the shelf. The No. 5 jackplane B, 14 inches long, and the No. 4 smooth plane C, which is nine inches long, each rests on a stout block screwed to the side of the case, and is held in position at the upper end by

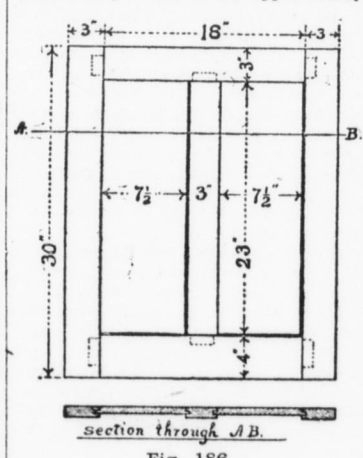


Fig. 186.

means of the sliding block shown at x and x.

The details for this block, with the screws and screw slots, are shown at C in Fig. 188. By sliding this block up on

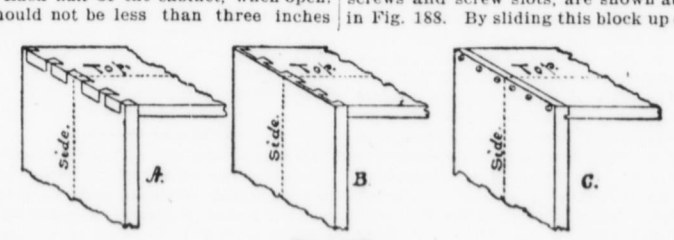


Fig. 187.

the two round head screws by which it is loosely fastened, the plane is released from its position. D is a No. 16 block plane, and the oil stone is shown at E.

Saws and many other tools may be hung on brass screw hooks such as shown at A in Fig. 188, but they must be further secured by means of a recessed strip of wood into which the lower end of the tool is slipped, as is shown in the drawing.

For chisels, gouges and other tools of this description, this strip must have a separate recess cut to the exact width of each tool, and must be fastened to the case by means of wood screws instead of nails or brads.

The five small two-inch openings shown in the detail drawing, Fig. 185, must be fitted with small boxes or drawers made of thin stock, one-quarter inch in thickness, and will be found convenient for boring bits, nail sets, bradawls, and other small tools. These small boxes or drawers are marked z in

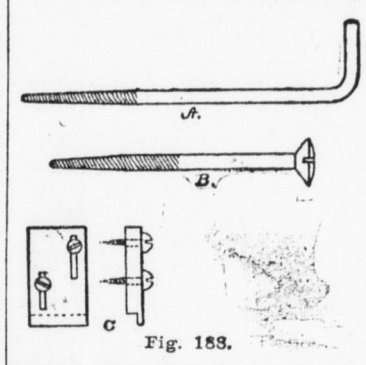


Fig. 188.

Fig. 184. The hinges used for this cabinet should be three inches wide, brass butts.

A common chest lock may be used, but a simple hasp and staple, with a good padlock, will be more easily applied.

The stock list for this tool cabinet, as illustrated in the drawings, will be as follows, all net sizes:

2 pieces 30x6½x⅞—case sides, plain dovetail.
2 pieces 24x6½x⅞—case top and bottom, plain dovetail.
4 pieces 30½x3 1-16x¾—sides for front and back, frames mortised.
2 pieces 20x3 1-16x¾—upper rails, tenons 1 inch long.
2 pieces 20x4 1-16x¾—lower rails, tenons 1 inch long.
2 pieces 25x3x⅜—middle upright rails, tenons 1 inch long.
4 pieces 23¾x8¼x9-16—panels, ⅜ inch into grooves all round.
3 pieces 22¾x8x¼—shelves, ⅛ inch into grooves.
6 pieces 24x2x¼—for boxes, marked Z.
3 pieces 24x3x¼—for boxes, bottoms and partitions.

DAUGHTER OF REGIMENT.

France Mustering Out Vivandiers and Germany About to Enlist Them.

In view of the present friction between France and Germany, it is curious to note the contrary steps those countries are taking with respect to women in the army. The French have recently mustered out of the military service over a thousand cantinieres and vivandieres, or "daughters of the regiment," while the German emperor is seriously considering compulsory military service for young German women. Their duty, says Youth's Companion, would never be upon the field of battle, but in the various military offices of the empire, thus releasing for field work thousands of men now detailed as clerks and employes. The emperor believes that such service would not only greatly augment his army, but would materially benefit German women, training them in punctuality, order, obedience, business procedure, and increasing their mental and phyical well-being.

Whatever her career, the German army girl will have none of the picturesque features which have pertained to the French "daughter of the regiment." This interesting character first appeared in the French revolution, and for over 100 years she has flitted over the French battlefields of Europe, tending the wounded, feeding the hungry, moistening the parched lips of the dying. The "daughters" were generally mature women, called "mother" by the officers and men; women able to rough it, mannish in attire and speech, but respectable, the confidante of her "children," courageous, merry, devoted, patriotic.

The ambulance system on the field renders the services of the cantinieres no longer essential; and the thousand on the rolls have been retired with a trifling pension. Heretofore she had been pensionless, although often more deserving than the male soldier with whom she marched.

Now the "daughter of the regiment," theme of novels and plays and verse, so picturesque in processions, so devoted to suffering humanity, so blindly indifferent to self, passes from the scene. Far better so, although men would be less keen about war were their part to watch and pray at home, while their mothers and sisters and daughters marched off to slaughter and be slain. How the German woman, as part of the military system, will affect the growing cause of peace remains to be tested; but her deeper knowledge of the details of war can hardly fail to add to her womanly horror of the battlefield.

Neck and Neck.

The lawyer for the plaintiff had finished his argument, and counsel for the defense stepped forward to speak, when the new judge interrupted him. His eyes were wide open, and filled with wonder and admiration for the plea of the plaintiff.

"Defendant need not speak," he said. "Plaintiff wins."

"But, your honor," said the attorney for the defendant, "at least let me present my case."

"Well, go ahead," said the judge, wearily.

The lawyer went ahead. When he had finished the judge gaped in even greater astonishment.

"Don't it beat all!" he exclaimed. "Now defendant wins."—Green Bag.

Sarcasm.

Foreigner—Are the earnings of your household servants large, as a rule?

American—No; not nearly so large as their pay.—Chicago Sun.

TO IMPROVE DEFENSE

PLANS TO STRENGTHEN FORT HAMILTON IN NEW YORK.

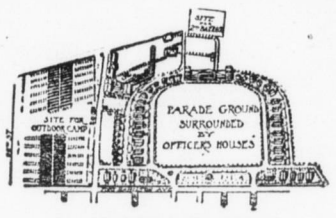
Has Long Been Regarded as Weak and in Need of Reconstruction—$5,000,000 Necessary to Carry Out Rebuilding Plan.

New York.—When Prince Louis of Battenberg commented during his recent visit to this country, upon the ease with which a hostile fleet of warships anchored in the North river could knock New York into smithereens, a chorus arose from military authorities declaring that no hostile fleet could ever gain access to the North river, because the fortifications of New York harbor were much too formidable for any fleet to get past. Well, are they? No exact statement of the strength of these forts can be obtained from the war department, for obvious reasons, but the weakness of at least one of them, Fort Hamilton, has been apparent to the military authorities, and because of this Col. G. G. Greenough, commander of the post, has prepared and submitted to the war department plans for its reconstruction and enlargement, at a cost of about $5,000,000. Secretary Taft is much interested in the project, and there is reason to believe that the needed appropriation will be granted by congress.

Col. Greenough points out that the fort in its present condition is in poor shape to withstand a concerted attack from land and sea. His remedy lies not only in the rebuilding of the entire post, but in the establishment and maintenance, upon a 45-acre tract adjoining it on the north, of a permanent sanitary camp site on which a large force of regulars could be moved at short notice and camped for an indefinite period, thus affording a support to the garrison and adequate protection against land attack in the rear.

Col. Greenough makes no attempt to mince matters in what he has to say about the condition of the fort which, because of its relation to New York city, should be, he declares, the strongest in the land.

"There should be no sentimentalism," says Col. Greenough in his report upon the needs of the post, "about the facts in the case. The old fort and redoubt do not adequately protect New York from land attack. The natural plan of attack of the fortifications of New York harbor would be a sea feint in support of a powerful landing party. A successful dash by the left flank of such a force would



PLANS FOR NEW FORT.
(How Fort Hamilton Will Look When Rebuilt.)

carry the works, now absolutely unprotected and open in the rear."

"The importance of this post as a strategic point in time of war cannot be overestimated," said Col. Greenough, recently. "One of the chief defenses at the main entrance to New York harbor, it is practically a part of the city itself, and should be so thoroughly manned and equipped as to render it the strongest point in the country."

Col. Greenough's plan contemplates laying the 45-acre camp site out with water and sewer mains, which, he estimates, can at small yearly expense be kept in such condition as to be instantly ready for use of a small body of men. The mains would be so laid out as to render sanitary every part of the camp they are intended to supply. Col. Greenough says that four regiments, or about 5,000 men, can be easily accommodated in such a camp as he proposes to establish.

In addition to the accommodations of this camp site, the reconstructed post for which Col. Greenough's plans call would provide accommodations for a garrison of 20 companies, or more than 2,000 men. The present garrison of Fort Hamilton is only 450 men, and this, says Col. Greenough, is all who can be accommodated under existing conditions.

The colonel's plan for the reconstructed fort calls for the wiping out of all the present buildings, most of which are about 40 years old, and the erection in place of them of modern, brick and stone structures, fireproof and perfectly sanitary throughout. According to the plan, these would be grouped in horseshoe form about a great parade ground fronting Fort Hamilton avenue. It is estimated that the land desired for the new camp site can be had for $300,000, and that the whole plan of rebuilding the fort can be carried out for about $5,000,000. The use of Dyker Meadow park for a drill ground by volunteer militia when necessary is also contemplated.

Grandson of Famous Poet.

Robert Burns Thompson, a grandson of the great Scottish poet, is a hale and hearty octogenarian, living in a suburb of Glasgow. His mother was a daughter of Robert Burns by Anne Hyslop, of the Globe Tavern, in Dumfries. In the days of his young manhood Thompson was the counterfeit presentment of him whose name he bears. Also he has the same pithy humor which was a distinguishing characteristic of his noted grandsire, combined with a taste for poetry and music and characteristic sense of manly independence.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL

Ball and Supper

You are respectfully invited to the Ball, to be given by Rescue Hook and Ladder Co., at Opera House, on New Year's night.

Master of Ceremonies—E. D. Mumford.

Floor Managers—E. D. Mumford, Jas. Cavanaugh, Jas. Farrell, Geo. Swartz, R. Kautz, Maurice Farrell, Ed. McCarthy.

Executive Committee—Jacob Troup, Frank Mundy Ed. Blinzler.

Dance Tickets, - - $1.00

"GET THE HABIT"

We are doing a splendid business. Our patrons seem to be so impressed with the deliciousness of our baked goods that many of them have "got the habit" of coming here regularly. We anticipate more of that "habit," because our bread and pastry is better than ever before. Get the habit—the health giving habit of eating the products of our sanitary shop.

Emporium Bakery

BREAD OF QUALITY

Next Door to Post Office, EMPORIUM, PA.

Holiday Specialties

164 Cigars, worth $2.25, a box $2.00; half box $1.00.
Buckingham Cigars worth $4.50, $4.00.
A full line of Heinz's goods.
Lutze & Schram Co., Apple Butter, 3lb crocks 30c; two, 55c
Heinz's Mustard, 20c per quart.
25lb bag best Granulated Sugar $1.40.
50c pails of Cottolene 45c.
25c can Peaches, 20c.
Golden Shield Corn Starch 5c per lb.
Home-Made Mince Meat, 15c lb.; 2lb for 25c.
Home-Made Sausage 10c per lb.; 3lbs 25c.
Bananas 25c per dozen.
Will have a fine line of Florida Oranges, 200 size, 30c doz.
Navel Oranges at the right prices,

DON'T FORGET OUR GUARANTEE

We Stand Behind Everything we Sell

Anything you get here that is not right will be made right.

With a $5.00 Cash Order you will get

50 Cents Worth of FREE GOODS.

Can you do any Better than this

Give us a call and you will find that we will give you good goods and at the right prices.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year, we are

Yours truly,

G. H. GROSS & CO.

Christmas on An Ocean Liner

Trees For Passengers and Crew, Presents, Toasts, Singing and Dancing Make It a Gala Day.

"THE man who spends his life on board a big passenger ship sees about as many different kinds of Christmases as anybody, I guess," said the captain of a North German Lloyd steamship as he sat in his cabin preparing for a holiday voyage to the Mediterranean.

"With a crowd of jolly passengers aboard who are off on a trip to enjoy themselves Christmas is a day to be remembered. Friends and relatives send gifts on ahead, so that they may be handed to passengers at the right time, and of course this personal remembrance from home makes more enjoyable the celebration which is always prepared on board the ship itself. The 24th of December passes about as do other days until dinner time arrives, and then the chefs and stewards outdo themselves in providing an elaborate menu and in table decorations.

"If the weather is fine, as it is likely to be, the passengers are in high spirits, for the Christmas feeling is infectious, no matter where you go. Toward the end of the dinner speeches are made, songs are rendered, stories are told and toasts are given, and when this is completed all go to the main saloon, and the Christmas tree is revealed, standing there in the middle, under the big skylight. It is a big tree, too, just as big as can be obtained and put in place, and on it are hung gifts from the ship for every passenger—not costly at all, but remembrances that are likely to be long preserved as souvenirs of a pleasant occasion. Then, if the sea is not high, the candles are lighted, and the tree bursts into beautiful illumination.

"After the distribution of gifts from the tree a concert is given if the weather is bad, but whenever Christmas eve is pleasant and the latitude is suitable the passengers go on deck, which they find to be shielded from the wind by canvas, brilliantly lighted and decorated with flags and bunting. And, I tell

GIFTS FROM THE SHIP FOR EVERY PASSENGER.

you, on a moonlight night, with a calm sea and soft, pleasant air, in the Mediterranean, for example, a Christmas eve aboard a great ship is something for most passengers to remember. I'm sure I can't imagine anything more charming.

"The band plays lively music, and the passengers dance on deck, but if they imagine they are the only ones aboard ship who are celebrating Christmas eve they are mistaken. If they were to look into the forecastle they would see another Christmas tree there, also covered with little decorations and gifts—the sailors' tree. For, you know, a German is only half a German without a tree on Christmas eve, and every German ship has one.

"Long before the ship sailed from her home port on the Christmas voyage friends and relatives of each sailor prepared some little presents, which they sent forward in care of some acquaintance in the crew so that their particular sailorman might have his surprise at the right time. Of course these gifts are inexpensive, for the sailor's family has little money to spare, but a pipe, warm stockings or some such article is received aboard the vessel and carefully kept until the proper time, when all are hung on the tree. The company gives the sailors a little wine or beer and Christmas cakes. This applies also to the firemen, who have a tree of their own in their room. So, as you will see, there are usually as many as three trees aboard the ship.

"The 25th of December we observe as a holiday on our ships, and all work is suspended aboard ship excepting that which it is absolutely necessary to perform. If there is a clergyman among the passengers he is requested to hold religious services for the tourists and also for the crew, and these are fully attended. On German vessels the captain does not officiate, as do English captains, at such ceremonies."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Reason Why.

Fred—I saw you let Tomkins kiss you under the mistletoe last night. Why did you refuse me permission?

Cousin May—Because, you silly boy, you asked.

Christmas Eve In Bethlehem

BETHLEHEM, the central spot of interest in the Holy Land at Christmastide, is a Christian town set in the heart of Mohammedanism, where once a year the Greek church grants the use of the grotto of the Nativity to the Latin church. The ceremonies begin on Dec. 24 by the image of the youthful Christ being carried from the basilica of St. Helena to the sacred grotto of the Nativity, where the traditional spot of Christ's birth is marked by a silver star set in the rocky pavement.

The service begins at 10 o'clock in the evening. It opens with the chanting of psalms without any musical accompaniment. The patriarch of Jeru-

TYPICAL BETHLEHEM FAMILY OF TODAY.

salem usually officiates in the grotto, but on this occasion he is represented by the Latin bishop. The interior of the church is most picturesque, for there are only a few chairs provided for foreign visitors, while the bulk of the congregation is made up of the Bethlemite women in their blue dresses with red frontlets, wearing peaked caps when married and flat caps covered by white veils when single.

As they enter the church they at first kneel down and then sit upon the ground in true oriental fashion. "In the dimly lighted church," says one who has seen the service, "these squatting varicolored figures, with their beautiful faces lit up by fits and starts by flashes of the candles, intent on devotion, seem like so many modern Madonnas come to celebrate the glory of the first Madonna."

Precisely at midnight the pontifical high mass is celebrated, the figure of Christ is brought in a basket and deposited upon the high altar, and the procession forms to accompany it to the crypt. As the long, chanting procession winds through the dimly lighted church there is something weirdly solemn about the ceremony, and as the sacred image passes various acts of worship are performed by the devout attendants. On the procession moves through the rough hewn, dimly lit passages from the Latin church to the grotto of the Nativity.

When the procession of richly robed ecclesiastics reaches the silver star set in the pavement the priests pause and stand in a group about the basket, which is deposited upon the star. Around this star is the inscription, "Hic de virgine natus est" ("Here he was born of a virgin"), for this is the spot upon which tradition places the actual birth of Jesus. There the impressive narrative of the birth of Jesus as found in the gospels is slowly recited, and when the passage (Luke ii, 7), "And she brought forth her firstborn Son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn," is read the figure is reverently picked up from the star and carried over to the opposite side of the grotto, where it is put into a rock cut manger. This concludes the service.—London Sphere.

Mistletoe Myths.

Many English girls believe that they will not be wedded inside of twelve months unless they have at least one kiss under the mistletoe. In many counties a berry is plucked from the mistletoe with each kiss, and when there are no berries no kisses are allowed. Mistletoe used to be considered a charm or amulet to ward off the baleful influence of witches. It was also considered that its influence was irresistible, that no one could possibly pass beneath it without yielding to its power, and hence both matron and maid must submit to the salutation which has since become customary.—Self Culture Magazine.

Christmas Candy.

To make chocolate caramels dissolve over a fire one cupful of molasses and two teacupfuls of sugar; add one-quarter of a pound of grated chocolate and a piece of butter the size of an egg; boil for fifteen or twenty minutes; pour into flat buttered dishes to the depth of a quarter of an inch and when cold cut into squares an inch in size.

Christmas In Cornwall.

In Cornwall Christmas eve is a special holiday with children, who are allowed to sit up till midnight and drink to the "mock," as the Yule log is called there.

SECOND TO NONE.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.

396-408 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE

Christmas STORE

YOU will make no mistake if you come direct to this store to do your Christmas shopping. Everything to be seen in the other stores will be found here in much greater variety, in better qualities and at lowest prices. Every convenience is at your disposal; a large parlor, ample checking facilities, a popular price restaurant, free delivery to depots, etc. The store is in the centre of the shopping district and nearly all suburban cars arrive and depart within 100 feet of its doors.

MAIL ORDERS.

To those who cannot come in person our Mail Order Department offers exceptional service. Trained experts do your shopping for you promptly and conscientiously.

MONEY BACK.

There is also the satisfaction which comes from the assurance that if you'r dissatisfied, or if you change your mind, the goods may be returned and you will receive your money back.

Dry Goods	Rugs
Linens	Umbrellas
Books	Smoking Jackets
Art Goods	Gloves
Hosiery	Toilets
Jewelry	Boys' Clothing
Cut Glass	Laces
Silverware	Handkerchiefs
Bric-a-brac	Men's Furnishings

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.

American Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES CONSTIPATION.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of Administration, on the estate of RICHARD J. LOYD having been grauted to the undsighed, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same without delay to

B. W. GREEN, Administrator.

Emporium, Pa., December 12th, 1905.—43-6t.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of GEORGE A. WALKER, late of Emporium, County of Cameron, Pa., Deceased.

LETTERS testamentary upon the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims against the same are hereby notified to present them without delay and those indebted thereto to make immediate payment to

WILLIAM S. WALKER, Executor.

Emporium, Pa., Nov. 11th, 1905.—39-6t.

WANTED by Chicago wholesale and mail order house, assistant manager (man or woman) for this county and adjoining territory. Salary $20 and expenses paid weekly; expense money advanced. Work pleasant; position permanent. No investment or experience required. Write at once for full particulars and enclose self-addressed envelope.

COOPER & CO., 42-10t. 132 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

Emporium, Pa., Dec. 6th, 1905.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 9th, 1906, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.

T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of ANNA B. McCONNELL, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of Anna B. McConnell, late of Emporium, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned to whom all persons indebted to said Estate must settle at once and those indebted make payment to

E. L. KLOCK,

Emporium, Pa., Dec. 12th, 1905.—43-4t

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of JAMES JOYCE.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the Estate of James Joyce late of Emporium, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate must settle and all claims be presented without delay, to

THOMAS JOYCE.

Emporium, Pa., Dec. 12th, 1905.—43-4t

Dissolution of Corporation.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 8th day of December, 1905, the Cowley Run Logging Company filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cameron County its petition praying for a decree of dissolution and that a hearing upon said application for dissolution has been fixed by said Court for January 3rd, 1906, at eleven o'clock, a. m., at the Court House in Emporium, Pa., when and where all parties interested may attend and show cause against the granting of the prayer of the said petitioner if they so desire,

JOHNSON & McNARNEY, Solicitors for Petitioner.

Emporium, Pa., December 8th, 1905.—43-3t.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS

Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write to

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. WASHINGTON, D. C.

C. B. HOWARD & COMPANY,

General Merchandise.

STORE ON THE RIALTO.

White Suitings,

We have our new line or White Shirtwaistings and Suitings for Spring and Summer. Do not fail to see them. Prices very reasonable.

Bate's Seersuckers.

We received lately 2000 yards of Bate's Seersuckers that we are selling at 12c a yard, and they are going fast. The patterns and color are much better this year than before.

McCall Patterns

The McCall Patterns are always up to date. Use McCall patterns and you will always have a good fit, and you will have no trouble in doing your spring sewing. Fashion sheets free.

Demorest Sewing Machines

We have a full line of Demorest Sewing Machines and all in good working order. The kind you need to do your spring sewing.

Any person contemplating the purchase of a new sewing machine will do well by calling on us.

Prices, $19.50 to $30.50

C. B. HOWARD & CO.

The Old Year And the New

THE clocks were on the stroke of twelve,
The moon was bright and high;
A footstep broke the frozen crust,
A shadow passed me by.
I saw a veteran, lame and old,
Whose march was almost done.
The battered knapsack on his back
Was empty, like his gun.

The silver chimes began to ring.
I heard a bugle blow.
A dashing soldier, young and fair,
Came riding o'er the snow.

THE NOTES OF "TAPS" HE BLEW.

The frost was on his cloak of blue
And on his yellow plume,
And on his sword he bore a rose—
A red, red rose—in bloom.

He halted where the aged man
Had fallen in the snows,
And icy winds had made for him
A bed of white repose.
He set the bugle to his lips,
The notes of "taps" he blew,
And then I knew that I beheld
The old year and the new.
—Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

Queer French Canadian Customs.

A French Canadian New Year's custom now nearly obsolete was that known as La Quete de l'Enfant Jesus—the collection for the infant Jesus. This collection was managed by the parish priest, who was driven round among his parishioners by the senior churchwarden or the beadle. The gifts that he thus gathered "for the love of the infant Jesus" on the festival of the circumcision were distributed among the poor. Intimately connected with this was another practice of collecting alms for the poor, known as La Guignolee or La Ignotee. The words signify both a custom and a song. On the eve of the new year bands of youthful masqueraders serenaded the various residents of the locality after nightfall with music and song, knocking at doors and windows and begging for offerings for the poor, generally eatables, with threats of revenge if gifts were refused. A piece of pork with the tail adhering, called La Chignee, was the traditional offering expected.

A Gala Day In France.

New Year's, not Christmas, is the French day of days. Cards, flowers and bonbons are exchanged in profusion, and visits are made. In the dining room on New Year's morning are assembled the gentlemen of the family to greet the ladies with courtly bow and gallantly to kiss their hands. The gay breakfast over, the children, the youth and those of the family in the prime of life make ready to pay visits. They start forth with pockets and hands filled with remembrances. The older ones, ensconced in easy chairs before the fire, wait for the younger relatives and friends who will come with light and merry talk to make good cheer.

The Children's Day In Russia.

In Russia New Year's is especially the children's day. Among the peasants the old time frolics and games are renewed. It is a practice among the boys to arm themselves with a supply of shelled wheat and dried peas and to go from house to house in the small hours of the morning. They present themselves unbidden in a neighbor's house, where the doors are always unlocked, and pelt him with wheat or peas till he offers cakes or fruit.

"First Footing."

"First footing" is an old, old custom which still lingers in Ireland. It is considered a lucky sign if the "first foot" is a fair man. A dark man, a woman, a red haired or squinting person is supposed to bring bad luck. In the north of England, however, a dark man is preferred as a "first foot."

First Pins New Year's Presents.

When pins were invented in Gloucester, England, in the sixteenth century, they were much used for New Year's presents. Later, when money was given to buy pins it was called "pin money," a term which for four centuries has designated the money devoted to feminine trifles.

How Indeed?

He wires me, "Happy New Year!"
But how does he expect
It to be so when he has sent
The telegram collect?

A Topsy Turvy Party.

A topsy turvy party is good fun at Christmas. Everything is done at this party "the other way around." For instance, a very small Christmas tree is fastened to the ceiling upside down. On the floor a number of packages should be laid. In the packages you must be sure to have the topsy turvy scheme. In all those intended for the girls you should put only such things as boys like or use, and the older the guest the simpler should the toys be. The next thing in this topsy turvy party after the distribution of the packages is to have some one enter the room dressed as Santa Claus with an empty basket on his back or in his hand, but instead of giving each person a present he must demand one from each person. Later on in the evening the guests play a game of forfeits, when they have a chance of getting back their gifts.

A Few Christmas Don'ts.

Don't fuss, don't hurry, don't worry, don't fret. Christmas has come and gone many times and will come and go again. Don't do one single thing, then, for at least two weeks that will jar you into forgetting that it was the birthday of peace and good will.—Philadelphia Record.

INDIGESTION'S RECORD

"The best remedy I can prescribe for your indigestion, madam, is Green's August Flower. I know of several other physicians who prescribe it regularly."

¶Indigestion is making an awful record as a cause of sudden deaths. It is beating heart-failure in its ghastly harvest.

¶You read in the papers daily of apparently healthy and even robust men being suddenly attacked with acute indigestion after enjoying a hearty meal, and of their dying in many cases before a physician could be called in.

¶This should be a warning to you who suffer with regular or periodical attacks of indigestion. If these unfortunate victims of acute indigestion had taken a small dose of Green's August Flower before or after their meals they would not have fallen a prey to such sudden seizures.

¶August Flower prevents indigestion by creating good digestion. It also regulates the liver, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system in a natural way. 7

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

R. C. DODSON.

December Sale of Millinery

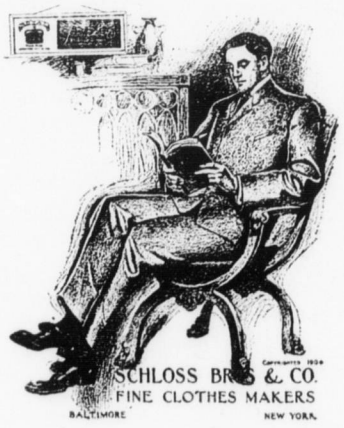
WE are closing out our stock of Winter Millinery at greatly reduced prices. ONE-THIRD off on all Trimmed Goods. All Street Hats at ONE-HALF PRICE. All Wings and Ostrich Feathers at ONE-THIRD and ONE-HALF off former price. - - -
We are showing for the Christmas trade, a fine line of HANDKERCHIEFS, STOCK and TURN OVER COLLARS, HOSIERY and JAPANESE DRAWN WORK.

LUDLAMS

Two Doors East of Post office, EMPORIUM, PA.

Begin Buying Now for Christmas

A Look in the Windows.



Will bring you in close connection with the beauties of this store and of the great variety of novelties we are showing for Christmas.

Don't forget our Merchant Tailoring Department, which is always well supplied with all the latest styles. Don't pay fancy prices for "city made" clothing when we can give you the best fit of stylish made clothing. Get our prices and compare goods.

Nothing has been forgotten—the good substantial sorts of things that men and boys wear, are here in abundance.

We want to impress this fact upon you, that whatever you do—whatever you buy, wherever you go—don't pass by seeing this stock this season.

The Early Buyer has an advantage, a great advantage, and one that must not be ignored if judicious buying is to be pursued

Right now is the very best time to shop; not only this but every store has ready the Christmas showing, complete. Styles, shades and assortments are at their very best now and now is the time to make selections.

We have prepared a little plan to put aside whatever you select for Christmas and keep it until you call. Pay when youget it. This will help those who are not prepared toto make early purchases.

You should make a trip through our store now and get acquainted with the new ideas for men and boys. Such things that can't well be described, but are designed to satisfy and please the most fastidious dresser.

We can't single out one department for praise above the other. Each show-case, each division in the shelves is a minature department complete. The showing of Christmas novelties this year, surpasses any heretofore attempt and will, we know, be enjoyed by all who come and see.

Cut This List Out and Put it in Your Hat:

For the Man.

Neckwear,	Suit Cases,
Muefflrs,	House Coats,
Gloves,	Bath Robes,
Umbrellas,	Night Robes,
Dress Shields,	Pajamas,
Scarf Pins,	Armlets,
Cuff Buttons,	Garters,
Suspenders,	Hats,
Hosiery,	Caps,
Underwear,	Suits,
Collars,	Overcoats,
Linen Handkerchiefs,	Rain Coats,
Silk Handkerchiefs,	Shirts,
Grips,	Sweaters,
Trunks, Valises,	Leggins,
Initial Handkerchiefs,	Toques.

R. SEGER & CO., NEXT TO FIRST NAT'L BANK, FOURTH STREET.

Industrial Corporations Have Reached Safety Line

By SAMUEL UNTERMYER,
Well-Known Corporation Lawyer.

We have reached the line of safety in corporate combinations. The working out of these great industrial combinations in the United States has clearly shown the professional financier what the extreme frontiers of his powers are in that direction. Corporations have become too vast, too clumsy, too remote from the original guiding hands and controlling brains for continued success in the competition with individual effort.

In my judgment the very big industrial corporations will gradually grow weaker, will fall into what might be called a state of senility. They contain the elements of their own destruction. That much, at least, is plain.

I refer to those in which the element of individuality is disappearing, which applies to most of them. There are some where the element of individual interest is retained. In those cases their power will increase, but they are few in number. I know of only three such cases in which combination has been a great benefit and has served merely to accentuate the great ability and resourcefulness of the guiding spirits.

So long as the men who created and shaped these original establishments—the men responsible for their success and familiar with their working—so long as these men retained the ownership by reason of their stock holdings, this centralization of business was on a sound and permanent basis.

But matters did not stop there. The bankers gradually began to be interested. They offered some of the new securities for sale and found them to be profitable. Presently the public began to take the securities in immense quantities. Then a fatal tendency developed. Manufacturers could not resist the temptation to sell their securities at handsome prices. They sold their holdings to the public. The public became the owners of the corporations. The men who had created the business withdrew.

This is, in a rough, round way, the real explanation of the weakness and temporary character of our great industrial stock companies. With the original personal force, personal incentive and personal experience eliminated from their various establishments they cannot compete with individual enterprise based upon real and not fictitious capitalization.

Stockholders want their dividends. The stockholders want to see the market values of their securities held up. If the president dares to follow what he knows to be a prudent, necessary course, if the dividends are cut or passed—even for the prupose of securing greater returns in the future; a movement of the stockholders may presently overthrow him from his place. This is one of the unfortunate conditions surrounding and often controlling the management of our overgrown industrial systems.

A Woman President a Possibility

By MRS. ALICE PARKER LESSER,
Lawyer.

If I had to answer categorically the question, "Would a woman make a good president?" I should be obliged to say No, with the qualification that the comparison is with the kind of men whom we have chosen for the office in this country. But why would not woman make a good president? That is the important corollary of the answer that she would not. It is because woman by nature is unfitted for great administrative and executive responsibility? Obviously not, since the world's history furnishes illustrious examples of the contrary.

A woman to-day would not make a good president for the identical reason that no man would make a good president who has been deprived, as woman has been and for as long as woman has been, of practically all participation in political life and all political responsibility.

Will there be women who will make good presidents? That is another question, and one to which I give the ready answer, Yes. Woman's political capacity may be denied at the present time, but her capability is undoubted. There are many administrative functions in political life which she would perform far better than man; there are none which, as president of the United States, she would not perform as well, given the experience and practice which men enjoy.

I do not mean by this that the time will come when there will be so many women fitted for the office of president as there are men, but I believe that the exceptional woman of the future will compare favorably with the exceptional man, and I believe that the average woman of the future will be as competent to exercise all the rights and duties of average citizenship as the average man.

There are certain executive duties which, it may be granted, will always be more appropriately performed by man, but there are other administrative duties for which I believe woman better fitted than man. Why not a man and a woman president?

Alice Parker Lesser

The Power of the Few

By BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS, D. D.

It has been claimed history is but the biography of great men. It is true with some qualifications. Great men are the representatives or incarnation of great principles. They give expression in voice and deed to the thoughts and ideas of a people, a race or an age.

The work of society is shaped and directed by the few. The kings of finance rule the money market. The captains of industry dictate to the commercial world. The wheel within the wheel of all the labor organizations has one hub and a few central spokes. To the two or three in every church is committed the conduct of its affairs. The little popes in ecclesiastical circles are frequently complained of, but if dethroned others soon take their place.

Mr. Spurgeon's famous saying has a world of truth in it: "In the meeting of every committee of three one member should be sick and another absent, and then something will be done."

The one-man power will always obtain. But with this delegation of authority goes a corresponding responsibility.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

By HENRY VAN DYKE.

IT IS a good thing to observe Christmas day. The mere marking of times and seasons when men agree to stop work and make merry together is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day, and that is, *keeping Christmas.*

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background and your duties in the middle distance and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? *Then you can keep Christmas.*

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? *Then you can keep Christmas.*

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world,—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death,—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? *Then you can keep Christmas.*

And if you keep it for a day, why not always?
But you can never keep it alone.

Youth's Companion.

BENEATH THE MISTLETOE.

Origin of One of the Happiest Customs of Christmas Day Is Traced Back to "Conqueror."

The origin of one of the happiest customs of Christmas, which has been allowed to lapse with the passing years—that of kissing under the mistletoe—is traced back to the "coming over of the conqueror." Washington Irving reminded us that the mistletoe is still hung up in farmhouses and kitchens all over England; "and the young men have the privilege of kissing the girls under it, plucking each time a berry from the bush. When the berries are all plucked the privilege ceases." At one time, it is said, the youth could claim a kiss for each berry he picked, but unless there were a great many berries and very few pretty maids such a liberty would have to be used with moderation. Nares says that the maiden who was not kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not be married during the coming year.

A strange superstition prevails in many English families in connection with the Christmas holly. Before midnight on New Year's eve every vestige of holly must be removed, or ill-luck will be sure to fall upon the house. The inference to be drawn from this is that the New Year must be entered upon in all seriousness, with nothing to recall the festivities.

According to the old-established rule, the holly should not be taken down until after the twelfth night.

REPENTANT.

Fugitive Turkey—"I'm tired of hiding out in the cold. I wonder if it's too late to go in for Christmas?"—Chicago Daily News.

Heaviest Trade Before Xmas.

Dealers in rare coins and stamps and other similar curios always do their heaviest trade of the year just before Christmas. This is because so many curios are sold by needy people to provide money for Christmas festivities.

Liked the Old Way Best.

"Pa, I've wrote Santy Claus a 'nother letter."

"What about, Georgie?"

"I tole him he mustn't come in a automobile; I want him to come in a sleigh."—Detroit Free Press.

That Costly Season.

"What makes your father look so blue to-night?"

"S—s—sh! Somebody thoughtlessly mentioned the fact that Christmas is coming."—Chicago Post.

CHRISTMAS OF PURITANS.

After Time of Queen Bess Birthday of Christ Was Made Occasion for Mad Revelry.

More and more after the time of Queen Bess was Christmas made an occasion for mad revelry instead of a joyous Christian celebration.

Finally that part of the English people called the Puritans, who had become disgusted with the growing foolishness of the Christmas celebration, got parliament to prohibit Christmas festivities of any sort. And for ten years the only way Christmas was celebrated was by a fast. Even for merely decorating their church with evergreens the trustees of St. Margaret's (Westminster) church, in London, were placed under arrest.

The Puritans went entirely too far, you see, in their sternness, and, naturally, the people rebelled. So they began celebrating Christmas secretly at home with all sorts of festivities. And, because they did it secretly, they felt as if they were very sinful. "When the church refused to use her pleasant nests Satan stole them and made them snares." So people said at that time; or, as other people put it: "Father Christmas was let in at the back door."

A little later, when the Puritans lost their political power in England and had to seek a refuge elsewhere, many of them, as you know, came to America. Bringing with them, as they did, their stern prejudice against festivals, they completely ignored Christmas for a long, long time.

Their children and great-grandchildren, however, did not inherit their prejudice so strongly, and then, too, they were influenced by the Dutch colonists in New Amsterdam (now New York), who always kept a very merry, but perfectly respectable, Christmas.

So, at last, Puritan New England "came around," and permitted Christmas to be celebrated once again in all her homes with "moderate festivities and rejoicing after attendance at the place where God is preached."

Small Wonder.

Aunt Emily (telling little Johnnie a story)—Now, early on Christmas morning this bad boy got out of bed and ran over to the mantel where he had hung up his stocking. He found it hanging just where he had left it; but it was empty. Can you tell me why it was empty, Johnnie—why that bad boy found not even a piece of candy in his stocking on Christmas morning?

Little Johnnie (who has had experience)—Because he had swiped everything in the night.—Brooklyn Life.

Careless of Santa Claus.

"Little Billy Billions is crying as if his heart will break," said one nurse maid.

"What's the matter?" asked the other.

"He's jealous of little Tommy Trillions next door. He thinks the railroad bonds Tommy got in his Christmas stocking will pay bigger dividends than the corporation stock that Santa Claus left him."—Washington Star.

Ancient Superstition.

There is a curious old superstition that nine holly-leaves tied in a handkerchief with nine knots, and placed under the pillow on Christmas night, will cause the sleeper to dream of his or her future wife or husband.

Small Gift Best.

Better a small gift where love is than a costly present for the sake of being in the swim.

"Plum' Full."

Plenty of Christmas pudding is likely to make one feel plum full.

A Christmas Souvenir

By FRANK H. SWEET

MRS. BIGELOW STEVENS was walking slowly on Ormond Beach, gazing listlessly at the white sand dunes or out across the sea, and occasionally pausing to pick up a shell, which she was almost sure to cast aside indifferently a moment later. She was stopping at the Ormond, and a carriage was now waiting her signal at a notch in the dunes which marked the road. On the sand ridge above the road was the Coquina hotel, isolated and lacking paint, but having a reputation for good viands and excellent table service. It was popular with those who desired quiet and bathing, and there were even now a number enjoying the surf just as though it were not the day before Christmas, and along the beach between them and the hotel were a dozen or more children, some playing in the water and some in the sand.

Mrs. Bigelow Stevens paused, and gazed at them with dimming eyes. She had lost her own little girl but a few months before, and for that reason she was here; not to forget, but to find new scenes to awaken her interest. Presently a child of five or six separated from her companions, and came racing up the beach in pursuit of a hat which was rolling merrily along before a gust of wind. Mrs. Stevens reached out her parasol and intercepted the runaway.

"Thank you!" gasped the little girl, out of breath, but looking up with a roguish smile on her bright face. "I shall whip it when I get home." Then, instead of returning to her companions, she grasped a finger of her new friend. "May I walk with you?" she asked, beginning to swing along as though the permission was granted.

She was silent for some minutes, her lips tremulous with recollections of the past, and during that time the little girl made excursions from her finger to investigate escaping crabs and curious shells, and even the last efforts of waves that sent long lines of shallow water curving up toward their feet. At length Mrs. Stevens' lips grew firmer, and she looked down.

"I suppose your mother is here," she said.

The child in her turn became grave. "I haven't any mamma," she answered; "and my papa doesn't walk with me like he used to." She hesitated a little, and then went on, with childish frankness: "He—he talks loud to me sometimes, and his face gets red, and—and he strikes me. I don't have anybody to play with now."

That evening Mr. Stevens was looking over some new curiosities he had purchased. He did not care much for such things, but this winter he was trying to cultivate an enthusiasm for them in hope of interesting his wife.

"There are some really fine Florida sketches in that studio in the new block," he said, presently, looking up from a nautilus shell he had been examining. "One of them will make a nice souvenir of Ormond. However, if you do not care for them, you may select anything else you like. This year I am going to give you two presents—my usual one and one of your own choosing as an Ormond souvenir." He turned back to his shell, only to raise his head again quickly. "By the way, I forgot to tell you about a man I met on the street to-day. You remember Seaton, the bookkeeper, who ran away with $2,000?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was he, but so changed I hardly recognized the man. In his case, crime has certainly proved its own punishment. Two years ago he was reckless, but was very scrupulous about his personal appearance; now he is only a slovenly, red-faced toper." Mr. Stevens paused, and ran his fingers through his hair in an irritable, disgusted sort of way. "It isn't the man I care for," he grumbled, "but a fellow of his stamp seems to drag so much good into the mire with him. Fortunately his wife is dead, but there is a child left."

"Did you have him arrested?" Mrs. Stevens asked.

"No; what was the use?" a little apologetically. "He has gone through the money—and through himself almost. When he saw me he was too scared to speak, and just stood there trembling. I asked a few questions and found that the money was all gone and that he owed a month's board at the Coquina. He even confessed that he was thinking of running away and leaving the child."

"How old is the child?" Mrs. Stevens asked, eagerly.

"Oh, five or six; and she is a very nice little girl."

Mrs. Stevens rose from her chair with an unwonted light in her eyes. "Yes, she is a nice little girl. Now may I hold you to your word, and take whatever I like for my present—my Christmas souvenir?"

"Why, certainly, dear," with glad tenderness, as he detected the new interest in her eyes and voice, "whatever you like."

"Then I will take the little girl to be our own."

He half rose in his astonishment, but the look on her face prevented even the appearance of expostulation. "Very well, dear," he said; "we will go for her in the morning."—Farm and Fireside.

A Christmas Angel

By DOROTHY DEAN

THE angel's name was Rosy. Most days she was just an ordinary little girl, but on Christmas eve she was to be an angel. Nate Downey brought her to the door, and then went on to his brother Tom's. He had some business to talk over. Tom's women folks would be at the church to-night; it would be a good chance. The church was all trimmed with wreaths of evergreen and festoons of cedar, with mottoes and silver stars. There was a mysterious green curtain across one end of the platform, and now and then a young lady peeped from behind it with a very important face.

Rosy was all wrapped up in a great fur cloak, but, oh! what a radiant white vision was hidden under that cloak! Because, as I said, Rosy was to be an angel, and it was Christmas eve.

The church was full of happy people. She nestled down quietly in a corner, her part would not come for a long time. By and by she fell to wondering about the Christmas angels—if they would come to-night across the fields. She had a great mind to go and see. She could slip out of the little door behind the curtain and nobody would know.

So she gathered her fur cloak around her and slipped out into the snow. It was so white and still out there; the stars shone down at her; she was not afraid. The fields stretched away before her in wide, white silence, and she went away through a little hollow and across a pasture field. It was growing cold and she shivered under her fur cloak, but she did so want to see if the angels came.

She wondered if there would be any little girl angels like her, and if she would hear them sing. She wondered which way they would come, and which was the star the wise men followed. Maybe if she knew she might follow it, too, and find the little Christ-child, for had not they told her that He was on earth still? That one great star in the east, could it be the one? It was so bright she would follow it and see. It must be nearly time for the angels to come.

Presently she began to wonder which way she had come. The fields were wide and white about her, rising winds lifted tiny whirls of snow and twisted them into garlands and then dropped them gently. She shivered with the cold. Somewhere lay home, and the warm, bright church, and she could not tell which way. She looked up at the stars, but they seemed so far away, and the Christmas angels did not come. She would sing; maybe they would hear, and tell her which way to go.

It was ten o'clock when Nate Downey started home across the fields. It was nearer that way; he would stop at the church for Rosy. Tom and he had quarreled that night, something about the river meadow, and he walked on moodily, forgetting all about the blessed Christmastide, and the baby Peace that came to earth on Christmas night so long ago.

All at once he stood still and listened. Somewhere out of the dim starlight a voice sang, faint and far.

"Peace on earth," it sang, "peace and good-will."

He remembered that it was Christmas eve.

"Peace and good-will," sang the voice, blown a little farther by the wind. It was Rosy's song; what did it mean? The father's lip trembled a little. Rosy must be singing her song now in the church; what did it mean that he should hear it here? Was anything wrong with the child—his little pet daughter? The wind blew the sound to him again faintly.

"Peace and good-will, good-will to men!" Might it not be a message to him? Perhaps after all he had been rash and hasty with Tom; Tom was a good man. He would see him again to-morrow.

The voice came again, a little nearer; surely it was a voice, a child's voice, and there was the sound of a sob in it—it was Rosy's voice!

Nate Downey hurried on. The wind tossed the snow in his face, clouds were drifting up from the west, and blotting out the stars.

He called finally across the field: "Rosy! Rosy!" the wind caught the name as it left his lips and tossed it away.

The little voice sang no more. Only the wind kept up its swift minor swell, and went on heaping little mounds in the corners. A great fear was in his heart. He called again. Oh there! whence came the little voice that cried sobbingly: "Papa, oh, papa!"

He sprang forward eagerly, calling again and again, and each time the little voice answered, till at last he had his own little daughter in his arms; the little Christmas angel who had come through the snow to him with her message of peace.

Nate Downey stopped a minute at the door of the church to let them know. Rosy was fast asleep in his arms; she stirred a little, half wakened by the lights and voices, and murmured drowsily the words of her Christmas song:

"Peace and good-will, good-will to men!"—Rural New Yorker

A ROMANTIC LOVER

The beggar maid had "so sweet a face, such angel grace," sang the poet in telling the story of King Cophetua. The present has the story repeated thus: A German count of exalted rank takes for his wife a peasant washerwoman. The girl, contrary to the type of modern beauty, is as good and hard-working as she is fair. The man has been disinherited, has lost the $1,000,000 a year that would have been his when he became reigning count. The name of our hero is Francis Erasmus Erbach.

Be it known that the family of Erbach is a "mediatized" family, the members enjoy equality of birth with all the royal families of Europe. Their rank has been held sacred by them, every male and female ancestor of the present count since back in the tenth century has been of noble birth. Mesalliances have occurred in the family history, but children of such unions have been debarred from the succession. Up to his eighteenth year the count who has just wedded a washerwoman, was kept in guarded seclusion, reared in full belief in the family greatness, had dinned into his ear the duties incumbent upon him as eldest son of the reigning count. He knew what happened to an Erbach that married a woman of low degree. At the age mentioned, the heir was sent to complete his education at the University of Bonn, and here learned that there were others in the world besides the Erbachs, was given a wider outlook on life, doubtless lost some reverence for Erbach traditions. One day whilst at home on a vacation and out for a ride on the family estate, he came upon a beautiful young peasant girl. He found her as intelligent and honest as she was fair; he fell hopelessly in love, persisted in courtship. The girl's father thrashed him—not dreaming the young man, too, was honest; his father thrashed him; family and associates boycotted him. The love outlasted years, outlasted persecution; the other day Count Francis and Anna Schultz ran away to England and were married by ring and book.

HENRIK IBSEN

It is hard to believe the wonderful, unconquerable personality could be conquered even by mortal illness itself, that the invincible old Norwegian, after such bitter, strenuous, immensely successful struggles, must at last be laid low by the reaper. But let us not speak of death, let us speak of life and force.

Back in 1866 Ibsen said: "I will and shall have a victory some day." And when the victory came, a victory beyond his dreams, he was humbly "grateful to be understood." Ibsen is named one of the greatest literary men of the time, great poet and dramatist.

He was born at Skien, Norway, 77 years ago, of German stock on his mother's side, some Danish blood from his father. In his youth he was clerk to an apothecary for awhile, and later began the study of medicine at the University of Christiania. He wrote when not at his studies, and the success of one of his productions led him to give up medicine for the drama. Appointed stage manager at Bergen, presently he won renown in Scandinavia by his series of national dramas. Five years he served as director of the Norwegian theater at Christiania, but his management brought the theater to bankruptcy. After this failure he petitioned the strothing for the poet's pension, which was finally granted him. Embittered by the failure, by the political situation in 1864, he exiled himself from Norway, lived abroad ten years.

In 1891 he returned to Christiania, that city became his home. In 1899 a bronze statue of Ibsen was placed before the National theater; on the occasion of his seventieth birthday he received presents and greetings from all over the world.

Ibsen's dramatic work at first was romantic, then historical, then we have the social satires, and the later pyschological work. When the work "Ibsenism" is used, reference is made to the last phase.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

President Loubet had repeatedly refused to be considered a candidate to succeed himself; it is obviously unnecessary to say that he had been repeatedly urged to succeed himself.

Sincere regret is voiced at his retirement, on the sudden death of his predecessor the national assembly elected him on the first ballot. As a president Loubet has not been exactly a Roosevelt, but France would scarcely know what to do with a Roosevel. He has conquered hatred and prejudice, closes his presidency with dignity and prestige.

Some newspaper man remarks that his term is ending in a blaze of glory. "Sovereigns have honored him, and the position of France, thanks to the friendly understanding with England, the greatly improved relations with Italy and Spain, and the apparently undiminished financial strength of her thrifty population, is better than in a generation." Under his administration the republic has been strengthened, the monarchists seem to have disappeared.

A GREAT NEWSPAPER MAN

An authority on things Russian, Dr. Dillon's name has been signed to numerous recent newspaper and magazine articles of wide publicity. Dr. Dillon has lived in Russia 25 years, is married to a Russian lady, is a personal friend of many Russians of note. He is a man of rare ability and rare opportunities, eminently fitted for his high place in journalism.

Dr. Dillon is an Irishman—It would seem that nowadays to be markedly successful one must be either Jew or Irish. His education was begun in Dublin; he continued studies at various European universities. Dr. Dillon is a scholar of renown, as well as a journalist; a friend says he is by nature scholar and philosopher. And when we add that the scholar is a man of unusual physical courage, a bold adventurer, we surely have a picture of a most interesting personality.

Let us speak of Dr. Dillon as war correspondent, of his noteworthy work in this field. He visited China after the Boxer insurrection, which visit led to some plain speaking in regard to the conduct of the troops of the allies; and American and European was called upon to squirm. He was in France during the Dreyfus agitation. Disguised as a monk he worked his way into Crete with the insuregents, at no inconsiderable risk. He was in Spain before and during the Spanish-American war, saw Weyler and his work. The sultan refused permission for him to go to Armenia in 1895, but he entered the country in disguise, traveled about as a Cossack officer, a native woman, a Kurd chief—observed first-hand the atrocities, gave relief where he could, sent forth reports that stirred the world. In Armenia he was poisoned once, several times barely escaped with his life.

BELOVED MARK TWAIN

Mark Twain was 70 years old the last day of November—Thanksgiving day this year. And he gave us a Thanksgiving sermon in the true Twain fashion, the three-score-and-ten arrival has not dimmed the luster of his wit or weakened the sureness of his aim. He hits as straight from the shoulder as ever, and with as hard a blow.

Mark Twain's new book, "Editorial Wild Oats," tells the story of his early wanderings from printing office to printing office; in mind's eye we see him at the case in Hannibal, at Keokuk, Muscatine, St. Louis. And then comes "Noo York." But the great city does not hold the wanderer, back again west he travels to the river his name is to immortalize. He plays pilot till the breaking out of the war; enters the confederate army, plays soldier for the short period of two weeks—in Twain fashion he explains the briefness of his service—he became overfatigued in constant retreating. Next he becomes private secretary for his brother, newly appointed secretary of the territorial government of Nevada, the private secretary having "nothing to do and no salary." But the impressions gathered here are later to bring him fame. Whilst idling in the far west, he acts as correspondent for the New York Tribune and Alta California, picks up a precarious living by means of his journalistic work.

In 1869 "Innocents Abroad" is published, and presently there is no further need for newspaper pot-boilers, the book bringing author and publisher each a goodly fortune. Then come those other classics—"Roughing It," "Tom Sawyer," "Huck' Finn"—everybody knows the list. Then comes the arduous round-the-world lecture trip to pay the debt of honor. Now is the unencumbered old age. Old age and Mark Twain! Banish the thought!

Leppy's Christmas Carol

By MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

IT was the voice of Leppy Sanders, errand boy for Hardman & Son, who was practicing a carol for the choirboys' Christmas festival at St. Luke's. Leppy had the sweetest of voices, the most restless of bodies, and the most freckled of faces. The first had won him a place in St. Luke's vested choir; the second had kept him from learning his carol until he was in danger of being discharged by the long-suffering choir master; and the third had won him the name of Leppy, which is the diminutive of "Leopard," and was given him by his friends because of the spots which he could not change—those enduring freckles.

As he opened the door of Hardman & Son's office, and sang, "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen," the sense of humor which sometimes accompanies freckles brought a whimsical look to his face, for the idea of calling Hardman & Son "merry gentlemen" was distinctly incongruous.

Hardman was rubbing his eyes and saying to himself: "To be blind—blind! To be shut in darkness, and one's life work not half done. I shall never get the courage to see an oculist and hear that doom pronounced."

Son, at his desk, was looking fixedly out of the window, and saying to himself: "To be dishonored! To have gotten the firm's affairs into such a muddle that there's no clear way out unless I throw myself on father's mercy, and I shall never get the courage to tell him."

"Let nothing you dismay," sang Leppy, stumbling on, boy fashion, toward the rear office.

Hardman suddenly looked up, and with unusual interest in his voice, said:

"Come back here, Leppy. Can you sing the whole of that?"

"Do'n' know if I can, Mr. Hardman, but I'm tryin' to get it, 'cause if I don't have it straight by to-night, I'll be discharged from the choir. It's the last rehearsal, you see. I don't want to get bounced, because I get a quarter a week, and that helps out."

"Well, I'll give you a quarter now, if you'll sing it through for me. I used to sing that thing myself when I was a kid, and—"

Hardman had stopped speaking, and seemed to have forgotten all about Leppy, who hardly knew what to do, until Son nodded to him, and said, kindly:

"Sing it, Lep, if you can."

Then Leppy began, and—marvel of marvels—he sang it perfectly from beginning to end. What would the choirmaster have said if he could have heard it? Leppy was much impressed with his achievement, and when he stopped, his look of mingled pride and astonishment would have been funny, if there had been anybody to see it.

Hardman partially roused himself and handed the boy a silver dollar, then turned back to his desk without a word.

"Shall—shall I get it changed, Mr. Hardman?"

There was no answer from Hardman, and Son, coming once more to the rescue, said:

"No, Leppy—it's all right. Run along."

"Gee!' exclaimed the boy. And then, without thinking to say "thank you," so appalled was he by this sudden affluence—he went out of the office, and soon his silvery tones could be heard echoing down the wide hall:

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

Son rose suddenly from his chair, and laid his hand on Hardman's shoulder. "Father," he said, "I have something to tell you."

"Son," said Hardman, unsteadily but bravely, "I have something to tell you."

It doesn't matter who began first, or how much each one hesitated and looked out of the window to hide the embarrassment of a man's confidence to a man. At last, both stories were told, somehow, and when Hardman and Son started out to lunch together, they looked several degrees more like "merry gentlemen" than they had two hours before.

Hardman was saying: "We'll straighten that out in a week's time, Son. You did right to tell me now. And in the meantime—"

"In the meantime, dad, we'll see that oculist together, and I know your sight can be saved."

And so it was—not only the physical sight, but that finer sense which makes us see the struggles of those we love, and understand and help them. At that moment there was only the hope of this in Hardman's eyes, but that was enough to make the world already brighter, and when they encountered Leppy near the street door, Hardman said: "Oh, by the way, Leppy, I forgot to give you that quarter—here it is," and to the boy's astonishment, another silver coin was slipped into his hand.

This time Leppy fairly choked with amazement; but as he scampered away, he found voice to trill out again, in a veritable paean of joy:

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

And nothing did dismay them!

RULES FOR CANDY-MAKING.

Mrs. Rorer's Receipts for Home-Made Christmas Confections—Lays Down Culinary Laws.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer tells how to make candies at home for Christmas in the Ladies' Home Journal, and gives the following rules, which insure the success of the work: "Never stir the sugar and water after the sugar has dissolved. Wipe down constantly the granules forming on the side of the saucepan. Do not shake nor move the saucepan while the sirup is boiling. As soon as the sugar begins to boil watch it carefully, having in your hand a bowl of ice water, so that you may try the sirup almost constantly. Have everything in readiness before beginning. If the sugar grains use it for old-fashioned cream candy or sugar taffy. It cannot be used for fondant. Use only the best granulated sugar for boiling, and confectioners' XXX for kneading. If your fondant grains without apparent cause you may have boiled it a little too long. A few drops of lemon juice or a little cream of tartar will prevent this. Fondant is the soft mixture which forms both the inside of the French candies and the material in which they are dipped, and it is to obtain this that the sugar is boiled.

"After the sugar has reached the 'soft ball,' a semi-hard condition, it must be poured carefully into a large meat-plate or on a marble slab. Do not scrape the saucepan or you will granulate the sirup. Make your fondant one day and make it up into candy the next. Never melt fondant by placing the saucepan immediately on the stove. Prevent the danger of scorching by standing the pan containing it in a basin of water. If the melted fondant is too thick add water most cautiously, a drop at a time. A half teaspoonful more than is necessary will ruin the whole. To cool candy place it in a cool, dry place. To keep candy put it between layers of waxed paper in tin boxes. If the day is bright and clear the sugar loses its stickiness quickly, therefore select a fine day for your candy-making."

DECORATIONS FOR HOLIDAY

All Manner of Pretty Fixtures, from Peanuts in Tissue Paper to Red Cranberries.

Peanuts wrapped in yellow, red and white fringed tissue paper and tied on pendant lengths of strings, three or four to each, are splendid decorations when tied to the limbs of the Christmas tree.

Red strings of cranberries, with knots of narrow satin ribbons tied here and there on the strands, are about as pretty as anything that could be bought for either tree, table or room ornamentation.

Gilding English walnuts becomes a delightful frolic if several young people are in the secret. Crack open the nuts so there will be two perfect half shells to each. Inside the empty nuts place a mottto or device which will tell the fortune of the one receiving it. Then glue the shells firmly together. When dry work a tack in the end where the stem grew, inserting it slowly that the shell may not break. Gild the entire nut, fasten a string around the tack and hang the interesting nuts on the tree.

When Christmas Comes.

When Christmas comes by all means have the house dressed with holly and pine and fir, and don't forget the mistletoe, says Margaret E. Sangster, in Ladies' Home Journal. Go out and mingle with the Christmas throngs. There is an exhilaration in forming a part, if only a unit, in the crowd that is so gay and so merry, in hearing bits of bright talk, in greeting friends and acquaintances and seeing the overflowing joy of the children. Never let a single Christmas pass without reading a Christmas story and singing a Christmas song, and do not overlook the sweet significance of the day itself. Remember that it is for all the world the anniversary of Christ's birth. Be as happy as you can and make others as happy as you can.

WISE GUY.

He hadn't any bank account,
But he was rather smart;
So to the heiress Christmas
He gave his hand and heart.
—Chicago Daily News.

Stocking Up.

"What are you buying all that stuff for, old man?"

"Oh, I am just stocking up for the Christmas stocking up."—Houston Post.

Squelched.

He—I wish that I was Santa Claus, my heart I'd give you, dear.

She—I wish that you were Christmas, too; you'd come but once a year.—N. Y. Times.

Christmas Holiday in China.

The natives of the Philippines, as well as the Chinese, have public holidays which in date coincide exactly with our Christmas.

HE WANTED TO KNOW MUCH

An Inquisitive Youngster's Efforts to Obtain Information About Christmas Day.

"Papa!"

It was two o'clock in the morning, and Higgins was as sleepy as the average man is at that hour, but the little lad of four in his little bed near by was just as wide awake as some children are apt to be at any hour of the night, relates the Detroit Free Press.

"What is it?" asks papa.

"When's Christmas?"

"Oh, before long."

"When is 'before long?'"

"Well, it's soon. You go to sleep."

"I don't want to. I'm all waked up. How soon is Christmas?"

"Next week."

"Monday?"

"No—you go to sleep."

"The day after Monday?"

"No—not until Saturday. Now, you shut up your peepers right away. I want to go to sleep."

"I don't. Say, papa!"

"What do you want?"

"What you going to buy me?"

"I can't tell yet."

"I wouldn't want you to, if you could, papa."

"Why not?"

"I'd rather be s'prised."

"Well, supposing you 's'prise me by going to sleep."

"That wouldn't be any s'prise, 'cause you'd know I was going to do it. Say, papa, papa!"

"What now?"

"Sammy Smithers says there ain't no such thing as a Santy Claus. There is, isn't there?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"Sammy he said you and my mamma was all the Santy Claus there'd be in this house. He was a big old liar, wasn't he?"

"There! there! Don't you ever call anyone a liar."

"Not even when they are one?"

"Not at all."

"You can, if they're littler'n you are, can't you?"

"No; you must never call anyone a liar."

"Well, he is one, all the same, isn't he?"

"You go to sleep."

"You're not Santy Claus, are you, papa? If Sammy Smithers says so again, I'll—well, I guess I'll break his jaw."

"Don't you ever let me hear you say such a thing again. Now you go to sleep, or maybe you'll not find anything at all in your stocking Christmas morning."

"What you s'pose I'd find there if I'm good?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Then you're not Santy Claus, and Sammy Smithers is a big, old liar. Goody, goody, gout! I s'pect me an' Sammy'll fight about it, and—"

"No, you'll not. But you'll go to sleep right now, because—"

"Do you s'pose I'd get a bike in my stocking?"

"No, I do not."

"Why?"

"Because you're not big enough to have one."

"But I'm getting bigger an' bigger all the time, an' my legs is getting longer an' longer, an—"

"Now, that will do. You shut right up, or—"

"Sammy he thinks he'll get a tricycle, but I'll bet he don't. I wouldn't want one. They're only fit for girls! Glad I ain't a girl, because—you s'pose I'll get a railroad train with real smoke an' steam coming out of it?"

"No, I do not, but—"

"I'd rather have a steamboat to float in the bathtub, or a real gun to shoot with. I know a boy I'd kill if I had a gun. Won't you buy me a gun?"

"No, and I'll not buy you anything, if you don't go right to sleep."

"Well, I guess I will. I don't want to know, anyhow. I'm asleep now, papa. My eyes are shut just as tight! I'm all asleep. Are you, papa?"

"Yes."

"So am I."

He is at least still, and Higgins is thankful that he does not hear anything more from him that night.

The Mystic Mistletoe.

For many generations after the last Druid was dust the mistletoe had its votaries. The plant had almost every medical property, according to early physicians. It was believed to be a remedy for all ills, physical, mental and sentimental. In pagan days it was dedicated to Olwen, the Celtic Venus, and through the ages the plant and the tender passion were rather intimately entwined, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Kissing beneath it began so far back in history that no one has ever attempted to trace the custom to its youth.

Put Trees on Tables.

For the royal family in Germany Christmas trees are placed upon tables of different heights. That for the emperor is the highest, the empress' table is next in size, and the smallest is for the baby of the family. Carp is served for the imperial dinner, a traditional dish for the Christmas feast throughout Germany.

Friendly Advice.

"Can you suggest something for me to get for my wife for Christmas?" he asked of the shopkeeper.

"You'd better get her a box of cigars, I expect," said the shopkeeper. "She was in here this morning and bought a lace parasol for you."—Baltimore American.

Unequaled.

Now Santa Claus once more comes round
He just exactly suits,
And while he fills our stockings up,
There's none can fill his boots.
—Brooklyn Life.

The Mistletoe Girl

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

ISABEL paused on the last step and drew on her gray suede gloves thoughtfully. The only touch of relief in her gray costume was the spray of scarlet holly berries that lay against her squirrel stole.

"But if he should come while we are gone," she said.

Mrs. Dexter looked up at her inquiringly, also admiringly, as a contented mother may look at a debutante daughter who has fulfilled every expectation.

"He might wait,' she suggested. Isabel frowned slightly.

"He doesn't like to be kept waiting."

"Not by others," murmured Mrs. Dexter, discreetly, "but when it is you, dear—"

Isabel laughed and shrugged her shoulders as she fastened the last button.

As the carriage went down the avenue Isabel bent forward to watch the crowd of Christmas promenaders.

"I ordered the holly and mistletoe yesterday," Mrs. Dexter was saying, ruminatively. "The flowers came last night, all except the table decorations. They are to be there by 11. Betty said she would look after them."

"She has my chiffon dress to change before dinner," said Isabel.

Mrs. Dexter bowed her head in comfortable abstraction.

"She can do both."

Isabel smiled quizzically at her tone.

Suddenly the smile vanished and she leaned toward the window eagerly to catch a glimpse of a tall figure as it turned into Fifth avenue.

"There is Mr. Wade now," she said. "Shall we go back?"

She hesitated, a slight flush tinting her face as she sank back against the maroon cushions.

"No," she continued. "I think he will wait."

The carriage passed without Wade's recognition of its occupants. He walked on up the avenue, his hands deep in his pockets, his chin uplifted belligerently.

He would see her at all costs. If he asked for her alone, they could not keep her from him. Heretofore in his calls it had been Isabel, as a matter of course, who received him. But to-day was Christmas, and he carried a Christmas greeting to the girl he loved.

The ladies were both out, Gifford told him at the door. Would he wait?

"Miss Betty is hanging mistletoe in the study for the ball to-night," explained Gifford.

"I will wait there," said Wade, and Gifford stood alone in the hall, looking at a $5 gold piece which had reached his palm suddenly.

She was trying to hammer a small brass hook into the archway, and was singing softly. Wade thought as he let the portieres fall behind him that he had never heard "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," sound quite so sweet in all his life.

"Merry Christmas," he said, and Betty dropped the hammer.

"I said Merry Christmas," he repeated, laughing up at her.

"Please pick up the hammer," said Betty, sedately. "You mustn't bother me."

Wade laid the hammer on the table.

"You can't hammer in a hook. It screws in. Let me do it."

Betty sat down on top of the ladder.

"Everybody's out," she remarked, irrelevantly.

"I'm glad of it," responded Wade, composedly.

"Isabel's out, too."

There was a long silence. Betty's chin was resting on one hand. The other held a bunch of mistletoe ready for hanging on the hook, and she looked down at the tiny, pearly berries meditatively. Wade walked to the window and back again to the base of the footladder.

"Don't you know that I want to see only you, Betty?" he asked.

Betty hung the bunch of mistletoe in place with unsteady fingers. He could not see her face.

"I'm very busy, Mr. Wade. You know Aunt Octavia gives a ball to-night. The decorators did all the rooms except for the mistletoe, and I am to put all of that up."

"You are always busy."

A trace of sadness came over the lovely girlish face.

"They are all very kind to me," she said, bravely. "I like to help, and feel that I am needed."

There was the cound of carriage wheels on the avenue outside. As they stopped before the house Wade's jaws squared with determination. He held up his arms to the figure in black on the stepladder.

"Betty, I need you most, sweetheart," he said. "Won't you come to me?"

The portieres at the end of the room parted, and for an instant Mrs. Dexter and Isabel paused at sight of the picture before them. At the foot of the ladder stood Wade, with Betty held closely in his arms, his lips pressed to hers.

"Elizabeth!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, as she caught her breath.

Wade raised his head, his eyes brimful of merriment.

"It's all right, Mrs. Dexter," he said, cheerily. "We're under the mistletoe, and Betty's just promised to be the only mistletoe girl in the world for me. Merry Christmas!"—Boston Globe.

After Forty Years

A Christmas Story by Elizabeth E. Stow

[Copyright, 1903, by Elizabeth E. Stow.]

SOMEHOW she looked out of place among the gay throng of Christmas travelers that enlivened the dull waiting room. Whenever the station master's stentorian voice rang through the room she started tensely, only to settle back stiff and alert, as before.

She was small and slightly bent. Her decent black dress, though far from the latest cut, had a nattiness of its own. She had probably passed twoscore and ten, yet there was a youthfulness about her that had defied hard work and trouble and sorrow. I felt sure that she had experienced all three. At last she glanced shyly in my direction.

"It's tiresome waiting, is it not?" I ventured.

"Oh, no! It's all so new and strange to me, and then I've only an hour to wait." Her voice, like herself, had a pleasant alertness.

"Perhaps you're unaccustomed to traveling," I suggested tentatively.

"This morning is the second time since I was ten years old that I've been on a train of cars," she answered, with suggestive accuracy. "I didn't used to mind staying at home, but the longing to go somewhere has seemed to grow on me. Why, one time I even thought of setting in the milk train that makes up at our station. It backs up and switches round for 'bout an hour, so I could imagine I'd started for nobody knows where. I even got so far as hoping a cinder 'd blow in my eye, like when I was a little girl and went to the city with father. It's a mercy I never told my idee. Folks would have thought I was getting in my dotage. I ain't tiring you, be I?" she asked anxiously. "I don't know when I've talked so much about myself."

I hastened to reassure her, remarking that home cares had doubtless prevented her getting away.

"How did you know?" she said, with a birdlike turn of the head. "Why, I was only eleven when I began making bread and pies. I was the only child, you see, and mother began to be lame then. She kept right on growing worse and worse till finally her joints all stiffened up, just like the bones between. She suffered dreadful till the last fifteen years or so, when the soreness kind of left."

"How long did you say it was since you rode on the cars?" I asked.

"Just forty years ago this morning. It was on my eighteenth birthday. I was born the day before Christmas. I'm fifty-eight today."

"I wouldn't have thought it."

"That's what folks all tell me. I should think I'd look as old as Methuselah, though somehow I don't feel it. I remember that day, forty years ago, just as well. 'Twas just such a morning as this, the snow all a-sparkle and crisp underfoot. Goodloe said 'twas like fairyland. It was Goodloe Morton"—a faint flush came on her faded cheek—"who took me on the Christmas excursion to Buffalo. We was going to the falls, but something prevented. It was the next spring he asked me to marry him. Dear me! You wouldn't think to hear me running on that you're the first person I've ever told it to. I wouldn't let Goodloe tell it neither, I was that afraid mother might hear. She was growing worse fast, and it would have worried her to think I couldn't leave home and marry like other girls. Goodloe felt quite worked up for a spell, but finally he married Sally Skinner. She's raised him a big family and been a good wife."

I fancied a sigh escaped her, but after a moment she went on in her cheery way: "Well, as I was saying, the last time I rode on the cars was on my eighteenth birthday. By pushing a chair in front of her, mother could walk a little yet, but I got Susan Ann Ruggles to look in on her once in awhile, for father couldn't be depended on if he got after a new patent idee. You see, he was always going after patents. Were they a success? Oh, my, no! He spent pretty much all mother had. Her folks was pretty well off, you know. The only one of his idees that was ever any good was a machine for lifting mother. I don't know what we'd have ever done without it. It turned with a crank, like a windlass, so I could lift her alone, just as easy,

"IT'S TIRESOME WAITING, IS IT NOT?"

for all she was such a dead weight. Our doctor said we ought to have it patented, but I made him promise he'd never lisp it to father.

"One time the doctor had a young doctor up from a New York hospital to see mother, and he thought the machine was great. 'Why,' he says, turning to me, 'you'll let me get out a patent on it, won't you?' 'Oh, yes,' says I, 'get out all the patents you want to and welcome.' So he had a photograph took of it. Afterward I felt real kind of sorry I let him do it he was so young and green looking.

"Well, you can see, what with mother helpless and father patenting, there wasn't much chance for me to get away, but I always had a hankering to see Niagara falls. It's a sight once seen stays by, they say. When our money was more plenty I laid out to go a number of times, but something or other always turned up to prevent. The first time father was took with a crick in his back. The next time the daughter of the woman who was coming to take care of mother had her leg broke in a runaway. Once everything seemed moving favorably. Clarissy Stringham had come to take care of mother. I had my ticket there and back, and even my lunch was put up, for I was to start at 5 in the morning. That night there come up the worst thunderstorm you ever see and washed out the track on our branch, so the trains couldn't run for two days.

"Yes, mother died a little more than a year ago, just a year and three months after father. I was so thankful she went before me. You see, she had been sick so long, and then she was naturally pretty high spirited (she said I'd just let folks run right over me), so she used to speak out pretty sharp, and sometimes 'twas awful hard to please her, but I never minded, for I knew she meant all right. Oh, you don't know how lost I was after she was gone. Why, there hasn't been a night sence I don't wake up 'bout the hour she used to ask me to pull her a little to one side or lower the cushion under her knees or do something to make her easier. Sometimes I find myself setting right up in bed, thinking certain she's calling me."

She was unable to go on for a moment, and though I'm called easy in conversation I could think of no comforting word.

"And I'm so thankful," she continued, regaining her self control, "the money held out till she was gone. I've had to let the place go. Last week after everything was settled up I had just $25 left. Through it all everybody's been just as good to me as they could be. I often wonder why, for I've never had time to do anything for them. Well, I had plans all laid to go to work for Mrs. Jennings at a dollar a week when one evening—it was just a week ago—I was setting alone feeling pretty blue and thinking 'twasn't likely now I'd ever see the falls, and in stepped Dr. Brown. 'Well,' he says in his offhand way, 'Miss Fannie, can you bear good news?'

"'Why, I don't know, doctor,' says I. 'I've never had much experience at it.' You see I was feeling blue yet.

"'Well,' he says, with a twinkle in his eye, 'I guess you're going to have a chance now. I've just heard from the young doctor who wanted to get a patent on your mother's lifting apparatus.'

"He gave me a letter which had a check in it and which said I'm to have $10 a week my lifetime. It's half the royalty he gets for his patent on mother's machine. Well, when I realized it wasn't a story out of a book I never waited to have a dress made nor nothing, for fear something 'd happen. And so here I am on my way to Niagara falls. The falls are pretty badly froze up, of course, but I ain't going to take any chances on not seeing 'em. Besides'"—

"Train going west!" came in stentorian tones.

A warm hand clasp, and the last I saw of my little friend was a cheery, expectant face lost in the hurrying crowd of Christmas travelers.

Christmas at the North Pole.

The candles burn on the Christmas tree;
They burn with a ruddy flame,
And the little Eskimo looks with glee
Upon picture book and game.

He dances in ecstasies of delight,
And he claps his hands for joy
And then climbs into the branches bright,
Where jingles the rosy toy.

Then with an expression of peace supreme
And a twinkle of heartfelt fun
The candles he plucks in a lotos dream
And gobbles them one by one.
—R. K. Munkittrick in New York Herald

New Year's In Caesar's Time.

At the Roman festivals of the god Janus, held on the calends of January, gifts and good wishes were exchanged, friends met together, and feasting and dancing, masking and mumming were the order of the day. January derives its name from the god Janus, who was represented with two faces looking in opposite directions, as the month was considered both to look back upon the past year and forward to that which was coming.

In the Scottish Highlands.

In the Scottish highlands the new year is ushered in by the tolling of the auld kirk bell and the playing of the bagpipes. In a clear, frosty night to hear this much maligned instrument played by a thoroughbred highlander among the hills and from a distance the notes are stripped of their harshness and seem to be wafted across to you by the clear atmosphere in one harmonious melody. It is beautiful and inspiring.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the face of otherwise overwhelming impulse. There lies freedom, and [illegible]

The Christmas Carol

THE Christmas carol as a feature of the holiday observances is an English rather than an American custom, and the "waits" who sing them under the windows of English houses or on street corners are quite unknown with us. Yet the Yuletide carol plays some part in the Christmas exercises of almost all our churches, one in particular, the favorite, "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," being used in all Episcopal churches. It is included in the hymnal but lest any one may have forgotten it we give it here:

God rest you, merry gentlemen;
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day
To save us all from Satan's power
When we are gone astray.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was
born on Christmas day.

Curiously enough, carol singing at Christmas time came in part from heathendom. The Anglo-Saxon Gule, or Yule, was an ancient pagan festival which in the wisdom of the early missionaries was retained with a new significance when Britain was Christianized. The season's merrymaking then had its influence upon the carols, which developed into two classes, one of joyous expressions of the Saviour's birth and the other singing of wassail.

Though carols are said to have been sung in the primitive church, the earliest one extant is of the thirteenth century. Its manuscript is now in the

THE "WAITS," ENGLISH CAROL SINGERS.

British museum. It is written in Anglo-Norman, and the first stanza, freely translated, is as follows:

Now, lordings, listen to our ditty,
Strangers coming from afar,
Let poor minstrels move your pity;
Give us welcome, soothe our care;
In this mansion, as they tell us,
Christmas wassail keeps today
And, as the king of all good fellows,
Reigns with uncontrolled sway.

CHORUS.

Hail, Father Christmas, hail to thee;
Honor'd ever shalt thou be!
All the sweets that love bestows,
Endless pleasures wait on those
Who, like vassals brave and true,
Give to Christmas homage due.

A modernized form of their carol was used at Oxford up to a recent time. Another carol which was sung at the beginning of the sixteenth century and which shows a true religious feeling is this:

When Chryst was born of Mary fre,
In Bedlem, in that fayre cyte,
Angellis song ther with myrth and gle,
In Excelsis Gloria.

Herdmen beheld thes angelles bright,
To hem apperyd with gret light,
And seyd "Goddys sone is born this night"—
In Excelsis Gloria.

Theys keng ys comyn to save (man) kynde,
As yn Scriptures we fynde,
Therefore this song have we in mynde,
In Excelsis Gloria.

Then, Lord, for thy gret grace
Graunt us the blys to se thy face,
Where we may syng to thy solas
In Excelsis Gloria.

Among the many carols of later date are many of exquisite beauty—Nahum Tate's "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," Isaac Watts' "Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come," Charles Wesley's "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" and Phillips Brooks' "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem." Of another age are these Christmas verses of Robert Herrick, the quaint old English poet:

Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,
Where is the Babe that lately sprung?
Lies he the lily banks among?

Or say if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew light? Thou canst clear
All doubts and manifest the where.

Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek
Or search the beds of spices through
To find him out?

Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity" must, of course, be ranked among the best of Christmas songs, while the "Gloria In Excelsis" of the King James Bible will always be sung wherever the English language makes its way.

MARION B. BRADLEY.

PLUM PUDDING.

Plain Directions For Making This Christmas Luxury.

Place in a vessel one pound of beef kidney suet, very dry, free from fibers and chopped very fine; one pound of seeded Malaga raisins; one pound of currants, cleaned and washed in plenty of water; one pound of bread crumbs, sifted through a sieve; a quarter of a pound of lemon peel, chopped very fine; one pound of powdered sugar, four tablespoonfuls of flour, a quarter of an ounce of nutmeg and allspice, a pint of brandy and six eggs.

Mix the whole well together. Dip a strong cloth in cold water and wring it out to extract all the moisture. Spread it open on a table and butter it liberally with butter softened to the consistency of cream. Dredge over with sifted flour and shake the cloth to remove any excess of the flour that failed to adhere to the butter. Lay in the center of the cloth the prepared mixture. Form it in the shape of a ball and raise up the edges of the cloth, bringing the four ends together all around, so as to inclose the preparation well, then tighten and tie firmly.

Have on the fire a high saucepan three-quarters full of water. When this boils plunge in the plum pudding and let it cook for three hours. Then remove it and have it stand for five minutes before cutting the string. Undo the cloth carefully and invert the pudding on a hot dish. Sprinkle it with sugar. Pour over some brandy or rum and set it on fire. Serve immediately with hard sauce.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Sauce For Plum Pudding.

Four tablespoonfuls of butter, whites of two eggs, one cup powdered sugar, one gill of brandy and one gill of boiling water. Cream the butter, add gradually the sugar, and beat until white and light. Add the whites, one at a time, beating all the while. When ready to serve add the brandy and water. Stand in a basin of boiling water over the fire, stir until creamy, and it is ready for use.

A sauce without brandy is made as follows: One tablespoonful of cornstarch, one tablespoonful of butter, one pint of boiling water, one egg, one-half cup of sugar. Put cornstarch, egg and sugar in a bowl and mix them well. Pour over them the boiling water and stir over the fire until thick. Add any flavoring.

Cranberry and Apple Sauce.

Take one quart of cranberries, two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of water. Pick over the berries carefully and wash in cold water. Put them into a porcelain lined saucepan, with enough water to cover, and cook until tender. Then add the sugar and remove from the stove just as soon as the sugar has been dissolved. Serve hot or cold. Select the berries carefully; boil them slowly without stirring. If treated in this way they will retain their shape and the sauce will be clear and transparent.

Apple sauce is for roast goose. Peel and core six tart apples. Put them into a saucepan and just cover with water. Boil until tender, then press through a colander. Add a teaspoonful of butter, a dash of nutmeg or cinnamon and sweeten to taste.

Presents For Men.

In silverware there are toilet articles such as talcum jars, cold cream jars, silver mounted brushes, combs, clothes brushes, whisk brooms, flasks and shaving brushes.

Bath robes come in the most attractive guise, and the man who has none will surely bless the sister or mother who gives him one.

Gorgeous heavy silk mufflers, embroidered suspenders, neckties of white silk, linen or silk handkerchiefs and chest protectors are some of the things men must expect, as they generally put off buying them until after Christmas.

Other decorations for a man's den are the hideous but picturesque Japanese masks, swords and bayonets. Panel decorations in oriental design will surely please if they are well selected. A wastebasket would not be amiss, and one of the new corkscrews, with a horn top, silver trimmed, would be highly acceptable.

Kind Old Man.

Ascum—What did that rich old uncle of yours give you for Christmas? Something useful, I'll bet.

Hauskeep—Yes; a little device for saving coal bills.

Ascum—Ah! An arrangement to attach to the heater.

Hauskeep—No; to keep on my desk. It's a bill file.—Philadelphia Press.

The Only One In Captivity.

Museum Patron—Well, what new freak have you for the holidays?

Manager—The rarest thing on earth—the man who doesn't buy more Christmas presents than he can afford.

Then He Took Another.

Comfort Brown—Don't you think it nonsensical—all this kissing under the mistletoe?

Thomas Tubbs—Sure thing! But a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men—and women!

A Synonym.

Spacer—Give me a synonym for the word Christmas.

Popper (moodily)—Broke!

At Gay Yule-tide.

All hail the genial time of year
When every heart is kind,
When far and near there is good cheer
And care is left behind.

Old feuds forgot, old hates aside,
Now hearty clasps of hand,
While far and wide at Christmastide
Love reigns throughout the land.

Forgive, forget, a truce to pride;
Healed are all friendship's rifts,
At gay Yuletide on every side
We're "worked" for Christmas gifts.
—New York Journal.

A. J. TURLEY

Has opened a store in his building on West Fifth street where he offers goods at moderate prices. If you wish to make a saving on your grocery expenses you should give him a trial order.

A Few of the Many Bargains

Granulated Sugar lb 6c
Red Salmon, can 12c
Dried Beef, lb 20c
Arbuckle's Coffee, lb 15c
Pork Sausage, lb 10c
Pork Loin, lb 12½c
Crackers, 3 lb 25c
All other goods proportionately low.

Goods Delivered Free anywhere in Borough

A. J. TURLEY
WEST FIFTH STREET, EMPORIUM, PA.

East Emporium's
Cash Store
Nobody ever saw such a Grocery Store.

The Food Store is at its Best. Our Special Days are Every Day.

OUR SPECIAL SALE TUESDAY, DEC. 26.

During the busy days, Thompkins & Norris' is the store that can serve you best. All our new goods are in splendid condition for Holiday trade—our low prices same to all.
Mince Meat, Perfection Brand per lb 10c
Raisins, seeded, extra fine new goods, 1 lb pkgs . . 11c
Currants, best grade thoroughly cleaned, per lb . . 9c
All our new canned vetetables are now in stock.
New corn our sale price to-day . . . . . 70c doz
Sugar cured hams . . . . . 11½c lb
Granulated sugar 25 lbs. $1.40
Malaga Grapes, large, heavy, sound clusters a lb. . . 18c
Butter, the best Creamery in the market per lb. . . 28c
Oranges, California and Florida.

It pays you to call on us; anything we offer saves you money, both in Dry Goods, Notions and Hardware.

Mail and Phone orders receive our careful attention.

Tompkins & Norris'.
Phone 109

New Year's Day In Faroff China

Greatest of Festivals In the Celestial Empire, a Happy Time For Pigtailed Creditors.

OF all Chinese festivals that of New Year's day is the greatest. Being a peculiarly contradictory race, the Chinese do not reckon time by the sun, as we do in America, but by the moon, so that the Chinese New Year's day may come at any time between the middle of January and the middle of February. When the time approaches, creditors are happy, for by the last day of the old year all debts must be paid. The Chinaman who cannot pay up must hide his head until the festival is over. Another preparation is a general washing up. Household belongings and personal attire are put through a severe course of soap and water in order that the new year may be begun with cleanliness.

When the night of New York's eve approaches, the sound of the firing of crackers begins and is kept up with an incessant din until dawn. The first business in the new year is the sacrifice to heaven and earth. A table is spread with offerings of food and drink, candles and incense, and crackers are let off again just outside the front door. Then the father of the family comes forward and kneels down in front of the table, holding a stick of incense in his hand and knocking his head three times on the ground. Rising to his feet, he places the incense in the censer on the table. More crackers are let off, and paper money is burned.

After this ceremony the household gods are worshiped in the same way, and then the ancestral tablets, after which the "living idols" have their turn. The father and mother sit down side by side, and all their children and grandchildren kneel before them and do them reverence, but offerings are not made to the living, as they are to the dead. Then the servants come forward, dressed in their best, and kneel down, bowing their heads to the ground before their master and mistress, receiving presents when they rise.

Long before all these ceremonies are finished it is quite light, but in the early hours of New Year's morning the streets look as deserted as if no one

"KUNG SHI, KUNG SHI!"

was living in the city. The shops are all shut, and the busiest streets are as quiet as if it was an ideal Sabbath of rest.

But the quiet does not last long. Occasional crackers are let off, and strings of beggars soon appear on every hand. They are far more numerous than usual and more importunate. They know they will reap a rich harvest on this happy day, for it is lucky to begin the year with good deeds, and it is not long before the streets are filled with a well dressed multitude starting out to pay New Year's calls.

Custom requires that all the men in China shall call on their relations, teachers and friends, and for three days the visiting goes on. Women are not expected to pay New Year's calls or to see the visitors who come to their houses. As these are men, of course that would be highly improper.

When friends meet in the street for the first time in the new year they stand and bow very politely; they put their hands together and shake them, saying, "Kung shi, kung shi," which means "I respectfully wish you joy," and they often add, "May you grow rich," for that is the Chinese idea of happiness.

For three days the New Year's rejoicing goes on, and then all the poorer classes begin to work again. Large shops and places of business are closed for a month.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Decay of New Year's Calls.

Not many years ago it was the custom in all countries to visit one's friends on New Year's day, and in this country open house was kept all day until a matter of some ten or fifteen years ago. It is questionable whether it will ever become fashionable to set New Year's day aside for calling again. The ancient Romans made much of their New Year's calls, and after the empire of Rome had passed away the custom lived in England, France and Germany.

When Women Smoked.

In a copy of the Old Farmer's Almanac, printed about 1800, we find the following article on "the prevention and extinction of fires:" "Never read in bed by candlelight, especially if your bed be surrounded by curtains. Strictly forbid the use of cigars in your family at all times, but especially after night. There is good reason to suppose a house was lately set on fire by a half consumed cigar, which a woman suddenly threw away to prevent being detected in the unhealthy and offensive practice of smoking."

Free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the face of otherwise overwhelming impulse. There lies freedom indeed.

GO TO THE FAIR!

For Ladies Coats, all Styles, Furs, Suits, Shirt Waists and Skirts, Children's Dresses and Coats.

A full line of Facinators, Shawls, Belts, Fancy Stocks, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Saques and Toques. Fancy Lamps, Gold Clocks, Gold Picture Frames, Gold Framed Mirrors and small Gold Novelties. Fine line of Cut Glass, Silverware, Jewelry, Pocket Books, Wrist Bags, Toilet Articles, Fancy Goods of all descriptions in Baskets, Birch Bark, Celluloid and Stag articles, Vases, Picture Books, Jardineres and Umbrella Stands. Umbrellas, all styles from 48c to $12. Thousands of Dolls and Toys.

The Largest Display of China Ever Shown in the County

ANNEX Our store rooms are crowded and we have secured space at the Misses Ludlams' store for our COATS and SKIRTS. We shall sell from now to Jan. 1st, 1906 at a reduction of one-half and one third. Be quick if you want to get in on these bargains.

THE FAIR STORE,
H. A. ZARPS & CO., PROPR'S.

PICTURES

Call and See
My Fine
Art Display.

Oil Paintings, Water Colors, Pastells, Carbons, Etchings, Photographs, Sepias and Oliographs at all prices

Pictures for Every
Room in
the House.

It will be a Pleasure to show them whether you buy or not

W. G. BAIR'S Art Studio

How Is Your Complexion?

Do you realize that you can have a clear, smooth, velvety skin by simply using

Kosmeo
The Beauty Maker

Only 50c per jar.

M. A. ROCKWELL,
Emporium, Pa.

FIRE SALE!

Sweeping Reduction

$10,000 worth of Hardware of all kinds must be sold during the next Ten Days, regardless of cost in order to allow repairs to be made on building.

Bargains For All.

MURRY & COPPERSMITH CO.

HUMPHREYS'

Specifics cure by acting directly on the *sick parts* without disturbing the rest of the system.

No. 1 for Fevers.
No. 2 " Worms.
No. 3 " Teething.
No. 4 " Diarrhea.
No. 7 " Coughs.
No. 8 " Neuralgia.
No. 9 " Headaches.
No. 10 " Dyspepsia.
No. 11 " Suppressed Periods.
No. 12 " Whites.
No. 13 " Croup.
No. 14 " The Skin.
No. 15 " Rheumatism.
No. 16 " Malaria.
No. 19 " Catarrh.
No. 20 " Whooping Cough.
No. 27 " The Kidneys.
No. 30 " The Bladder.
No. 77 " La Grippe.

In small boxes of pellets that fit the vest pocket. At Druggists or mailed, 25c. each.
Medical Guide mailed free.
Humphreys' Med. Co., William & John Streets, New York.

Why Buy McClure's?

McClure's Magazine is bought and read in homes not because it is a magazine, but because it is *the* magazine. Why?

FIRST—THE PRICE It costs but one dollar a year, or less than ten cents a number, for over thirteen hundred two column pages of reading matter. This amounts in actual bulk to twenty or twenty-five books costing anywhere from a dollar to two dollars a volume.

SECOND—QUALITY. The reading matter is written by America's leading writers—the best short story writers, the best writers on timely articles, the best writers of important serials, such as Schurz's Reminiscences or Baker's Railroad articles.

THIRD—TIMELINESS. The reading matter in McClure's is not only good; it is not only entertaining, amusing, instructive and inspiring—it it also about the subjects in which you and all Americans are most interested at the time. No subjects in the next twelve months are going to be so important as the question of railroad rates and rebates and the question of life insurance. Both of these questions will be discussed by authorities in an impartial, careful, interesting way.

FOURTH—ITS CHARACTER. McClure's Magazine is not edited for children, but at the same time, there is never a line in it that any young girl might not read. Its advertising pages are as clean as its editorial pages.

McClure's Magazine.

in your home is intended to work only for good. Send $1.00 to-day for one year's subscription, or leave an order at your book store. November and December free with new ssbscriptions for 1906

S. S. McCLURE COMPANY, 47 East 23d street, NEW YORK.

You can earn a good income by taking up the business of securing subscribers for McClure's. It is clean and self-respecting—a publication any man or woman would like to represent. The pay is 25 cents for each $1.00 subscription, in addition to big cash prizes for the best work. Write to-day for full particulars.

MYSTERY OF THE BROKEN CROSSES

Capture of Insane Vandal Reveals Tragic Love Story.

BLAMED CATHOLIC CHURCH FOR HIS TROUBLES

Jilted by Sweetheart His Mind Gives Way--Takes Revenge by Wrecking Gravestones in Cemeteries of Northern Wisconsin and Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

Chicago.—Residents of the cities and villages of northern Wisconsin and the upper peninsula of Michigan can once more rest in peace. The fear that for months has been haunting them that they might awake to find the tombstones erected to the memory of their departed loved one buried in their local cemeteries wrecked, has vanished, for the mysterious cross-smasher has been captured.

The arrest of the vandal has brought to light a tragic story of Kazo Kazimir, whose love for a girl in Hungary took him from the priesthood and of his loss of the girl through his desertion of the church she loved more than him.

Two months ago a little cemetery at Pound, Marinette county, on the northern tier of the counties of Wisconsin, was visited by a vandal. One morning the visit of the grave-diggers disclosed a wreck.

Crosses on tombstones had been hammered off, apparently by some stonecutter's tool, for the work was done cleanly, and the several crosses lay on the ground beside the tombstones. On one stone the cross cut on the face of the stone had been hacked out.

In a corner of the little cemetery a wooden cross erected over the grave of a homesteader who had left too little for the erection of a marble gravestone, had been broken down and the crossbar wrenched from the upright.

Practically every grave in the cemetery was marred in some such manner. The Protestant cemetery across the road was untouched.

The vandalism angered the settlers, but the next night, 50 miles away, in Oconto county, another Catholic burying ground was visited and the work at Pound repeated. The authorities were unable to find that any stranger had been in the vicinity of either place. After the wreck at Pound and Stiles, there was little surprise when the Catholic cemetery at Oconto Falls, Oconto county, was also raided.

Lynching Threatened.

There began to be wild talk of a lynching party when the cross-smasher was captured. The night after the Oconto Falls visitation, D. G. Classon, a lawyer, of Oconto, found a note under his door, reading:

"You will soon be called upon to defend one who has revenged the political activity of the Catholic church upon that church."

The note contained a series of Scriptural allusions about overthrowing the mammon of unrighteousness. Lawyer Classon, who was formerly secretary of state of Wisconsin, paid no attention to the note beyond announcing in the newspapers that he did not take up cases presented to him in that way.

Secret Society Suspected.

The authorities of all the northern counties began to watch for mysterious strangers in carriages, also for religious cranks. It was finally believed that the cross-smashing was the work of some new mysterious secret society, working among the citizens, for in no other way could the country police explain the midnight visits of the cross-destroyer and the failure to find any trace of a stranger in the vicinity.

The country districts were aroused, but it was not thought that the fanatics would dare to visit a city graveyard. Oconto, however, was the next victim, and two cemeteries were smashed, damage of more than $2,000 being caused. The same night a cemetery in the western part of the county a considerable distance from a railroad, was visited. This seemed to destroy the theory that one fanatic was doing the dork.

Reward Offered for Capture.

After the Oconto visit the number of cemeteries ravaged increased rapidly. In two weeks a dozen had been left wrecked. The cross-smashing epidemic spread north into Michigan. One night at Escanaba the cross-smasher, not satisfied with wrecking the stone monuments, piled all the wooden crosses into a pile, and 22 graves were left with no mark at all, no record to show who was interred there. The Catholic societies offered rewards, but in vain.

Bishop Fox, of the Catholic diocese of Green Bay, declared the feeling of his people was such that there would certainly be a lynching when the fanatic should be captured. In all this time no Protestant cemetery was touched.

Suspect Taken.

Some days after the Escanaba episode, Gladstone, to the north, was visited. The same night a suspect was captured at Escanaba, and though his patched shoes fitted the impression left in the Escanaba cemetery, he was able to show that he had reached Escanaba from the south the day of his arrest.

He talked rationally and was released. Three hours after his release a cemetery to the west of the city was raided. If the suspect did the work he had just been able to catch a train to get to the country graveyard to smash the crosses and return, with only a few minutes to spare. The Escanaba police thought this was evidence that two or more were at work.

Caught in the Act.

The next night the Ishpeming cemetery was visited. The following night at Negaunee men on guard saw a man lurking among the tombstones and watched him lift a stone and with a well-directed blow knock the cross off a monument as cleanly as though it had been done with a chisel.

The man was the one who had been arrested and released at Escanaba. Every graveyard in northern Michigan and Wisconsin had been under guard, but some had been ravaged so quietly that the guards had heard nothing.

The prisoner was taken to Marquette, where he gave his name as Kazo Kazimir. He said he was a stonecutter, and his behavior indicated that he was insane. The authorities had been so puzzled by the manner in which he had appeared, as though by magic, at widely distant points, that it was thought impossible he had done the work alone. Two months have passed, however, and there has been no more cross-smashing.

Reveals Story While Hypnotized.

During this two months the police have vainly endeavored to learn something of his former life. Their efforts were in vain until a specialist hypnotized the man, and he dug up from a big old pipe which he continually carried a time-worn scrap of a letter, dated Nadudyar, Hungary, which revealed the story of a shattered romance.

Kazo Kazimir was the son of a peasant, but had determined to become a priest. His lowly condition proved no bar to his ambition. He passed his novitiate and was soon to be ordained. One day he saw a girl, Maria Kakosvakacz.

His dreams of eminence in the church faded, and the young priest-to-be made desperate love to the girl. She repulsed him, saying he was a disgrace to the church. Thereupon he renounced his vows, declared his intention of becoming a doctor and again sought the girl.

She avoided him, and he wrote a note asking her to meet him. The letter found in his pipe was her reply, of which this is a translation:

Renounced by Loved One.

"Thou renegade priest. Sooner would I die than be the woman of a false man to his church. Jan Snoviske will be my man."

According to letters from Hungary, received after an investigation of this note, Kazo became silent after his dismissal by his sweetheart.

Shunned by churchmen, barred from his father's house for his desertion of the church, he became despondent and secured work as a stonecutter. He seldom spoke to his associates, by whom he was little liked, and finally came to America.

He worked in the Pennsylvania mining districts, but his taciturnity prevented him from making friends. He learned little English, but what he did say was in denunciation of the church, which he had come to blame for his troubles.

His insanity finally took the form of an attack on the crosses in cemeteries, and with the entire loss of his sanity came the devilish shrewdness by which he calculated to a nicety how to dodge on a freight train, hide under the cars, on the bumpers, anywhere; reach a village at night, smash the crosses in the cemetery and escape without having been seen by a soul.

His case is believed to be incurable, and he will probably spend the rest of his days in an asylum, while a trail of broken tombstones marks the gruesome path of his insanity.

Why New York Need Not Fear a Hostile Fleet

City Too Well Defended to Suffer from Attack of Most Powerful Foreign Foe.

The visit of Prince Louis of Battenberg to this country is now but a memory—pleasant and picturesque—but the question which the British admiral raised as to the helplessness of New York before a fleet of the most modern and powerful battleships is still a living issue. In fact, like Banquo's ghost, it will not down, at least not until it is downed by the array of formidable facts as to the defenses of the great eastern metropolis.

Prince Louis is reported to have said—either in jest or in earnest—that the 18 battleships and cruisers which sailed into New York harbor under the command of Admiral Evans and himself could reduce the city to a heap of ruins in less time than the chef on the prince's flagship, the Drake, could prepare an omelet, and naturally the remark created no little sensation, and Father Knickerbocker nearly had cold chill, notwithstanding the warmth of the reception given to the royal guest.

Are the defenses of New York city incomplete and insufficient?

Could such a fleet of fighting ships as Britain might muster, or France, or Germany, get within striking distance of the city and pour in such thunderbolts of fire and steel as to reduce the city to a heap of ruins?

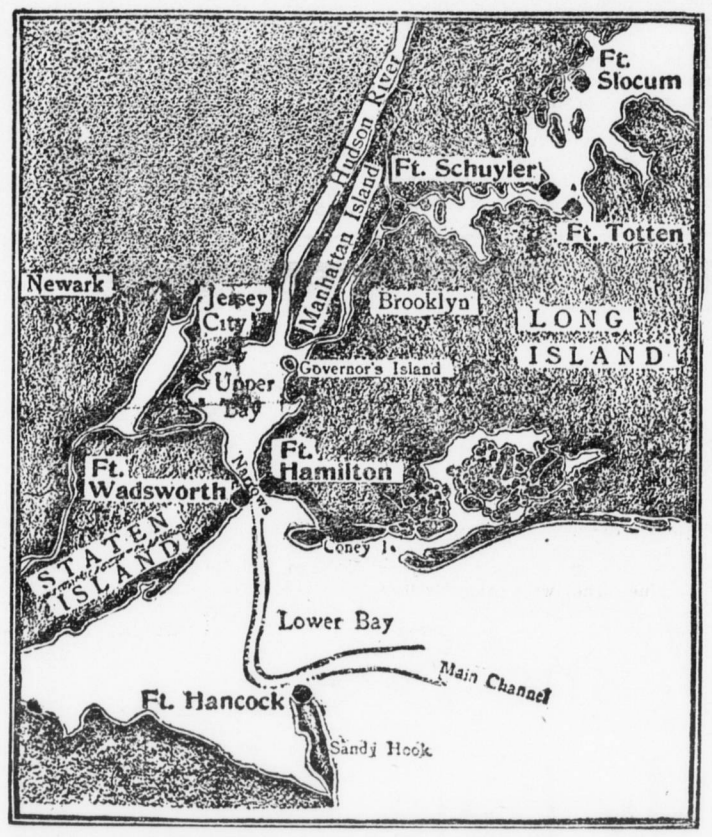
These are questions that are being asked these days not only in New York city, but throughout the whole country, for no such calamity as was hinted at by Prince Louis could befall the eastern metropolis without affecting the entire nation. Perhaps these qucustions have been answered before, but just now people want them answered again, if for no otner reason than to prove that our royal guest did not know what he was talking about.

The 15 forts and batteries in and about New York harbor answer an emphatic no to the questions propounded. There are nearly 200 massive, powerful guns mounted in those forts and batteries, ready at an instant's notice to thunder forth such a mighty denial of the charges of weakness and inefficiency as to make a veritable sieve out of every armorclad battleship that would have the temerity to poke its nose within speaking distance of the American shore and New York harbor. Nearly 6,000 soldiers are on the alert day and night and drilling constantly. Every day the big guns are oiled and polished and made ready for the time when they may be needed.

A hostile fleet approaching New York would be greeted by the shot and shell from Forts Hancock, Hamilton, Wadsworth, Rodman, Trumbull, Wright, Terry, Slocum, Schuyler, Totten, Jay and other powerful batteries, long before they could come to and get into action. At Fort Hancock, on Sandy Hook, the most powerful guns in commission are mounted, and admitting that an attacking squadron would be able to safely run the gauntlet of mines with which the outer harbor would be filled, it would have to reckon with them. One of the guns is a 16-inch giant, capable of hurling a 2,400-pound projectile 21 miles at the rate of 2,300 feet per second. While this gun is not mounted, it being inexpedient to keep it in training in time of peace, it could be quickly placed in position and sweep the harbor approaches with its terrific fire. And even granting its ineffectiveness at the 20-mile range, there is no question that it would be a formidable weapon at the 10 or 12-mile range.

Should the attempt be made to reach the city by way of Long Island sound the invading fleet would have to run a gauntlet of forts, beginning with Fort Rodman, near New Bedford, to Fort Trumbull, at New London, and on down the chain to Forts Wright and Terry, standing on islands that divide the fairway of the sound into narrow channels. But should the enemy get into the sound, a feat by the way which the North Atlantic squadron failed to accomplish during the naval maneuvers two years ago, he would still have to silence the powerful batteries of Forts Slocum, Schuyler and Totten. By reference to the map it will be seen that Fort Slocum stands off New Rochelle, while Schuyler and Totten stand sternly vigilant five miles nearer the city, and would be sure to bring down any ships which might possibly get by the guns of Fort Slocum. In these two forts there are 16 great guns, and no battleship or company of them could hope to survive their raking fire.

Every device and agency known to modern warfare have been mustered to render these defenses of New York impregnable. At the prpesent time



MAP OF NEW YORK HARBOR, SHOWI NG SIX OF THE GREAT FORTS THAT GUARD ITS NORTHERN A ND SOUTHERN APPROACHES.

Fort Hamilton is being rapidly strengthened, and in a short time will be the finest fort owned by Uncle Sam. Between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 have been asked for to make this possible.

The map shows how the deep water channel runs directly under the guns of Fort Hancock, on Sandy Hook, and then, bending abruptly northward, races through the narrow gateway between Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth. Military experts declare that owing to the narrowness of the channel, it is doubtful whether any ships of war could be brought so near the city save by American pilots, and when the hostile ships had to deal with the deadly mines strung between Romer shoals and the Narrows, the case would be quite hopeless.

But another factor must be reckoned with in considering the forces against which a hostile fleet would have to contend, and that is the fighting ships, big and little—from the great battleships down to the submarine destroyers and torpedo boats—of Uncle Sam's growing navy. What would this force amount to? There are five 16,000-ton battleships, which entered the water in 1904-1905, while there are others yet to be launched, 15 in all, namely: the Connecticut, Kansas, Virginia, Nebraska, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Mississippi, Idaho, Louisiana, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Vermont, South Carolina and Michigan. The Connecticut and Louisiana were launched a year ago and both are under contract to be delivered next year. The Virginia, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Nebraska are also at hand, and the contract for the New Hampshire has been closed, a step yet to be taken with the South Carolina and Michigan.

In addition to the above the amored cruisers California, South Dakota, Tennessee and Washington are all 85 per cent. completed, as are the protected cruisers St. Louis and Milwaukee, while the Charleston can be put in full war trim on slight notice. And to these must of course be added the Maine, Missouri, Kentucky, Illinois, Alabama, Iowa, Massachusett, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Colorado, Kearsarge and Maryland, the ships which comprised Admiral Evans' squadron when he played host to Prince Henry.

WILLIS S EDSON.

MINISTER TO CUBA.

H. G. SQUIERS RESIGNS, E. V. MORGAN APPOINTED.

Change in Diplomats Grows Out of Recent Isle of Pines Incident —Interesting Careers of Both Men.

Washington. — Simultaneous announcement was made at the state department the other day that Herbert G. Squiers, of New York, since May, 1902, the minister of the United States to Cuba, had tendered his resignation and that it had been accepted, and that Edwin V. Morgan, also of New York, and United States minister to Korea, had been designated as Mr. Squiers' successor.

The resignation of Mr. Squiers is said to be a result of the recent trou-

EDWIN V. MORGAN.
(Former Minister to Corea Appointed to Cuban Post.)

bles growing out of the Isle of Pines incident. The relations between Mr. Squiers and the Cuban government have been strained for some time. It is charged that the minister afforded much encouragement to American colonists on the Isle of Pines in their efforts to have the island annexed to the United States after their declaration of independence. In this he acted in opposition to the administration, which advised the islanders to submit themselves to Cuban government. The acceptance of Mr. Squiers' resignation, it is said, was necessary to maintain cordial relations between Cuba and the United States, the Cuban government having cabled a complaint, according to reports to the state department, relative to Mr. Squiers' action.

The career of the retiring diplomat is an interesting one. He entered the service first in 1894, when he was made second secretary of the American embassy in Berlin. He retained that place for three years, when he retired for a few months. He became secretary of the legation at Peking in January, 1898, and went through the Boxer troubles there. Prior to his entry into the diplomatic service Mr. Squiers was in the regular army. His knowledge

HERBERT G. SQUIERS.
(Recent Minister to Cuba Who Has I signed His Position.)

of military affairs gave him a hi position in the defense of the le tions, and he was soon made chief staff to Sir Claude Macdonald, w was placed in command. Mrs. Squi was within the legation compound d ing the siege. From China Mr. Squi went to Havana as United States n ister. His salary there is $12,00(year.

The career of Mr. Morgan is e more interesting than that of Squiers, and he has risen rapidly the diplomatic service of the Un States. His first service was secre to the United States commissioner the Samoan islands in 1899. Follov that he was appointed secretary of legation at Seoul. He remained t until March, 1901, when he was pointed second secretary of the bassy at St. Petersburg. He retu to this country from Russia with Peirce, then secretary of the emb at St. Petersburg, and who was t appointment to be third assistant retary of state. Mr. Morgan was Secretary Peirce's confidential He retained that position for years, and in January, 1904, he made consul at Dalny. The wai vented his going to his post, and awaiting an opportunity to g Dalny he was made minister to I Until a few days before his ap ment as minister to Cuba he re this position. It was then decid the state department to abolis mission to Korea, in view of th that Japan had taken over all th lomatic business of Korea und protectorate. Mr. Morgan was re and will come to Washington a as possible after settling the aff his legation. Mr. Morgan's sal increased from $7,500 to $12,000

Poor Consolation.

It does not reconcile a person who is injured in a railroad w know that the train on which riding was obeying orders and t train wasn't.

Sammie's Uncle Dick

By RUBY DOUGLAS

ALEXIA stood over the kitchen range popping corn, and the reflection of the crimson coals in her cheeks was like a full-blown blush rose.

It was the day before Christmas and, save for the long strands of popcorn Alexia was preparing, her great Christmas tree was dressed. It stood in the dining-room, its branches projecting about the windows heavily laden with mysterious beribboned parcels and rainbow-hued ornaments.

"A real Christmas, after all," cried Alexia, and the smile which accompanied the words would have led one to believe that she was in her sixth winter instead of in her three-times-that-many with a few years added—just a few years, though! The family Bible said Alexia was two-and-twenty.

A great gust of wind drew her attention suddenly without. She stood by the window wondering if it was to be a real blizzard like they had in the west.

The heap of snow was growing larger and larger, and she watched the feathery flakes pile up on each other affectionately. All at once a white something, larger and more substantial than a snowflake, was drifted onto the heap. It was a tiny white envelope.

When she had finished the popper of corn Alexia opened the window and picked up the damp little paper. One short word was written in a much-blurred and childish hand: "God." Alexia would not have been so surprised if it had been Santa Claus. Children often write to him.

Out of the envelope she pulled a piece of note paper—probably surreptitiously borrowed—on which was written in the undeveloped hand of a little one:

"Dear God, please make me a Christmas tree like the one in the window across the court. I can see it. I will put this on the roof so's you'll get it sooner. Yours truly, Sammie."

So Sammie was the name of the little boy she had seen so often in the opposite window. He seemed lonely; she judged that his mother was dead and that the child's father was a busy, thoughtless man. An old housekeeper was the only person she ever saw about the apartment.

It was because Alexia had been a little lonely herself as Christmas drew near—her first Yuletide in the city—that she had gathered this little circle of poor children and planned a party for them. Her reasons were not purely philanthropic.

There was no need of two persons being lonely, Alexia philosophized, and she straightway went over to interview the old housekeeper in regard to Sammie. She did not mention the note, for, should the child find out, his faith would be shattered.

On Christmas morning, before Alexia was fully dressed, a small young male visitor was announced. No name was given, and she wondered if some of the poor little children, in his joyful anticipation of the day, had been unable to restrain himself until the appointed hour of the party.

But it was Sammie. He stood breathlessly in the hall without either coat or hat, his little cheeks bright with the nipping breath of Jack Frost.

"Uncle Dick's come," he said, by way of introduction to his mission. "My Uncle Dick came last night, and—and I can't leave him all alone. Please can't he come, too?"

"Of course, Sammie, bring Uncle Dick along," she said, taking his little round face in her hands.

Alexia's children had all arrived but Sammie, and the dining-room was filled with ejaculations of delight at each new view of the splendid tree.

She was beginning to wonder whether or not Uncle Dick had prevented Sammie's coming when an impatient tingle of the bell seemed to say "Sammie."

Alexia answered the ring herself. "Here's Uncle Dick," said her small friend before she could open the door for him. "Where's the tree?" he cried, his childish excitement and importance at bringing a visitor running away with his patience.

Without a sign of an introduction, Sammie scampered down the hall toward the dining-room, leaving Uncle Dick standing in the doorway.

"Uncle Dick!" gasped Alexia when she could get her breath.

"Yes, Alexia," said Uncle Dick—but he was not old. "Sammie said I was invited. Am I?" He put out his hand. It must be Fate, dear. Shall we defy it?"

"Or was it Sammie?" asked Alexia, putting her hand in his.

But before he could continue the argument the young man in question appeared.

"Aren't you coming, Uncle Dick?" he asked, astonished that anyone could remain so long away from such entrancing sights as the dining-room held.

"Yes, Sammie, but, I say, come here." Sammie came, reluctantly.

And, because he was very young and very much interested in a Christmas tree, he did not notice how tenderly Uncle Dick kissed him, and how many times Alexia took him in her arms that day hugged him.

TRUCE OF CHRISTMAS DAY

Song of Israel Causes Suspension of Hostilities Which Neither Army Could Resist.

"On the night preceding the 25th of December, 1870," began a captain, according to the Methodist Recorder, "I was in command of a company of volunteers engaged in the defense of Paris. The siege had already lasted three months, and in the trenches my brave comrades were enduring martyrdom of suffering and privation. The cold was biting bitterly; the stars were shivering in a cloudless sky; the moon shone brightly on the snow-clad plain between us and the enemy; the German trenches were so close to us that we could hear the passwords of their sentinels as, hour by hour, they were relieved and passed into their camp.

"As I was walking about to keep my feet from freezing, one of my men came up to me, and, saluting, said: 'Captain, I have a strange request to make; I want you to permit me for a little while to leave the trenches.'

"'Leave the trenches?' I replied. 'But why? Because it is so cold? It will be warm enough when we begin to fight.'

"'It is not that. I ask you, as a favor, to allow me for a little while to leave my post. I cannot tell you why; but, if you grant me leave, I promise you you won't regret it.'

"'Impossible! You want to go to Paris. If I give you leave, I cannot well deny it to the rest.'

"'No, not to Paris,' said he, smiling, 'but in that direction,' pointing toward the German lines. 'I shan't be long.'

"He had aroused my curiosity. I granted him permission, but warned him that he would most probably get killed.

"'No fear,' he said, and, leaping over the ramparts, he walked into the middle of the plain.

"We followed him with our eyes, listening for the sharp crack of the enemy's rifles, and expecting at every step to see him fall. Not a sound, save the crunching of the frozen snow beneath his feet! As soon as he had come within hearing of the German sentries he paused, saluted, and began to sing a well-known Christmas hymn, with the refrain:

"Noel! Noel! Christ is King o. Israel!"

"It was so unexpected and so simply done, the strain took from the night, the scene, the circumstances, such a beauty and sublimity that the least religious of us hung upon his lips, and the hardest hearted in our trench were moved. The Germans neither spoke nor stirred. It seemed as if a spell had bound them all in silence and in immobility. The simple strain had doubtless made them think of home and of the happy groups around the glittering Christmas trees beyond the Rhine. They were evidently listening, for no other sound was audible—not a step, not a movement of arms. As soon as X—— had done his hymn he gave another military salute, turned on his heel as on a pivot, and deliberately walked back to our line.

"'Well, captain,' said he, 'are you sorry that you gave me leave?'

"Before I could reply, a soldier had begun to move across the snow from the opposite camp. He, like X——, saluted, and, between the companies of armed men, he sang a German version of the 'Noel, Noel,' that the French recruit had sung. I had given orders, though they were superfluous, not to fire on him. He sang the hymn through, verse by verse, and when he came to the refrain, the soldiers in both camps joined in the chorus:

"Noel! Noel! Christ hath ransomed Israel!"

"The same emotion filled all hearts. All diversities and enmities had been forgottten in the presence of the Prince of Peace. The soldier then departed to the German lines and disappeared. A few hours later we began to fire again."

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

Mr. Newlywed resolves to take out a life insurance policy.

Origin of Gift Giving.

The practice of making presents on Christmas day undoubtedly owes its origin to a general idea to carry into practice the Biblical mandate: "Peace on earth; good will to men." At first the great lords made presents to their retainers, and the season was marked by universal charity. By degrees the practice of Christmas giving spread until now everybody gives friends presents.—Detroit Free Press.

Easy to Be Happy.

Mrs. Nexdoor—Aren't you always worried half to death when it comes to buying a Christmas present for your husband?

Mrs. Sunsh'ine—My, no! I buy my husband something I want for myself, and he buys me something he wants for himself, and then we trade.

Madonna's Colors.

In nearly all old paintings of the Holy Family the Madonna wears red and blue, red being the hue of love, and blue symbolical of Heaven.

HER RULE OF XMAS GIFTS.

Painstaking Aunt Has a System of Her Own by Which She Distributes Gifts to Her Relatives.

The right rule for a gift, according to Emerson, is that it should be something which will "convey to some person that which properly belongs to his character, and is easily associated with him in thought."

There are few people indeed who do not at least try to consider the particular taste and character of the friends to whom they give, says the Youth's Companion. But once in awhile a matter-of-fact person quite fails to perceive that this is necessary. A good thing is a good thing, in the eyes of such a giver, and it may be assumed that the recipient will therefore like it, and be grateful, unless, indeed, he happens to have it already, which is the one possibility to be dreaded.

There is a placid, painstaking, prosaic, but much beloved aged aunt to a large flock of youthful nephews and nieces whose system, based upon this comfortably simple view, refuses to consider even the drawback of duplication. Every Christmas she makes everything she gives, and her presents are of two kinds: one for girls and one for boys.

One year it may be penwipers for the brothers and needlebooks for the sisters; the next, mufflers for the one and mittens for the other. These articles she patiently and leisurely produces for weeks beforehand. They are always tasteful in tint and exquisitely made, and are usually welcome.

An unfortunate schoolgirl whose birthday in November had brought her already two pairs of bed-shoes, in what she had discovered to be Aunt Elmira's bed-shoe year, tried to avoid a third pair by a word in season conveyed discreetly through a cousin.

"Dear, dear!" murmured Aunt Elmira, softly, halting her knitting-needles for an instant. "Both pairs blue, did you say, child? I must be sure that my pair is pink, and—yes, that is a very good idea—I'll knit them a size or two larger, so she can wear out the other first, and be quite sure they will fit when she is ready for them. Pink with a white finish should be pretty."

Very gently the cousin hinted at some other present, but Aunt Elmira's head was shaken at once, a slight but decisive shake.

"No, dear," she affirmed, tranquilly, "two kinds of gifts are all I can make in one year without feeling myself worried and flurried. Ruth will find her bed-shoes just as serviceable and just as pretty a year or two later, if she can't wear them now; it doesn't matter. My mind was made up long ago, my dear, that too many Christmases were spoiled by worrying."

Perhaps Ruth was not wholly grateful for the pink shoes, and the system may be questioned; but Aunt Elmira's friends certainly find the spectacle of one person always unhurried, unworried and unruffled, even in the wild weeks before Christmas, a soothing and refreshing sight.

CHRISTMAS TREE FEATURE.

Dancing Dolls Above Parlor Decoration Produces Pretty Effect for Holiday.

Dancing Christmas fairies always enhance the children's delight in the Christmas tree, and once made can be used year after year, says Woman's Home Companion. Buy up a dozen or more of five and ten-cent dolls, and to add to the variety have among the number some Japanese and colored dolls. Dress these to represent fairies in bright hues of spangled gauze, tarlatan or tissue paper, and liberally sprinkle their hair and garments with diamond-dust powder. Each doll should be provided with a dainty pair of fairy wings made from spangled tissue paper and fastened to the body by means of concealed wires. These wires should be coiled to obtain motion in the wings, and nothing better can be used than the fine spiral coils that come out of worn-out, wire-stitched brooms. The least motion will set this spiral to quivering, causing the wings to move as if in flight. In like manner use the spiral wire to attach the dolls in hovering positions over and around the tree. The effect is magical; every footstep causes jar enough to start the dolls dancing and circling above and around the tree, as if invisible fairies of the air had come down to join him in the Christmas glee.

Holiday Magic.

On Christmas Eve put nine mistletoe berries to steep in equal parts of honey and vinegar, quaff the decoction on an empty stomach, retire before midnight and your dream will be your destiny. On New Year's Eve a girl should pull 12 hairs from her head, make them into a ring, put it into the prayer-book at the marriage service and sleep with the book under her pillow. Her future husband will figure in her dreams, but if she has no dream she will live and die unmated.

Wonderfully Made.

Ted—Why don't you use that Christmas present your girl made you?

Ned—I'm afraid to. I don't know whether she intended it as a tobacco pouch or a necktie.—Town Topics.

No Credit for Dad.

It is hard to be saving up every cent for a kid's Christmas when you know old Santa is to get all the credit for it.—Atlanta Journal.

Baby's Stocking.

The happiest home is where a baby's stocking is hung up for the first Christmas.

HAS NEW GOVERNOR.

CAPT. FRANTZ TO SUCCEED FERGUSON OF OKLAHOMA.

President Selects Ex-"Rough Rider" for Post—How a Political Career Was Begun by a Boxing Contest with Roosevelt.

Washington.—Capt. Frank Frantz will be the next governor of Oklahoma. He will succeed Gov. Ferguson when the latter's term expires, January 13. Mr. Roosevelt had shown his confidence in the "ex-Rough Rider" captain by appointing him postmaster at Enid, and later Osage Indian agent. He eagerly acted upon the suggestion that Frantz be named as the successor of Gov. Ferguson.

If Capt. Frantz should live to receive his commission as governor of Oklahoma, he will be 33 years old, by far the youngest of the six governors who have served the people of Oklahoma. Capt. Frantz was born in Woodford county, Illinois, May 7, 1872. He is the son of a farmer of Virginia ancestry. He is a man of athletic build, direct and vigorous in his manner and conversation. He has the address of the successful, educated business man, and his amiability invites friendship. A slight impediment in his speech annoys him at times. He is a mixer, but has never engaged sufficiently in politics to show his ability as an organizer.

He was educated in Eureka college, Eureka, Ill., removed to Wellington, Kan., in 1890, and mined for several years in California, Arizona and New Mexico. In 1893 he went to Oklahoma. The Spanish-American war aroused his patriotism, and he enlisted in Arizona as a private.

Gov. McCord, of that territory, appointed him first lieutenant, and when Capt. "Bucky" O'Neil fell in battle, Frantz led his captainless Troop A through the engagement and was given the commission left vacant by O'Neil. He was mentioned in general orders for his bravery, and was recommended by Gen. Joseph Wheeler for a brevet commission at the close of the war. But congress refused to grant brevets

CAPT FRANK FRANZ.
(Who will succeed Ferguson as Governor of Oklahoma.)

to volunteer officers. On the back of his discharge from the army, in Col. Roosevelt's handwriting, are these words: "I promoted him for gallantry and efficiency in the fight of July 1."

After the close of the war, Capt Frantz returned to his home in Enid and engaged in the mercantile business. He married Miss Matilda Evans, of Enid, in 1900. They have three children, two boys and one girl.

Soon after President Roosevelt entered the white house Capt. Frantz called upon him. During their conversation Frantz remarked that he had boxed some at Harvard. Then nothing would do but he must put on the gloves with the president.

"Bully!" exclaimed Mr. Roosevelt as he got up rubbing his jaw after the first punch had put him off his feet. "But you can't do it again."

They sparred for a few seconds, then—biff! And the president of the United States lay on his back on the gymnasium floor. A right hook to the jaw had done the work.

Mr. Roosevelt was not out, but he was not so eager to get up and "mix" it again.

The boxing bout was ended and Frantz' political career begun. He was first made postmaster at Enid. Then he declined the Osage Indian agency because the salary of $1,800 was not enough. He met Secretary Hitchcock in St. Louis by request.

"I didn't indorse you for the position," admitted Secretary Hitchcock, "but the president wants you. He says there has been considerable graft at the Osage agency, and he wants you to clean it up."

"All right," answered Capt. Frantz, "if the president asked me to go to South Africa, and there wasn't a cent in it, I'd take the trip. I'll take the place."

Frantz was installed as agent for the Osage Indians, and there has been no hint of graft since. Now this same Harvard rough-rider-boxer has been named governor of Oklahoma.

There are four Frantz brothers. Orville, who is also a white house caller, is a wrestler. He has never thrown the president, and has no office. He was known as "Home-run" Frantz at Harvard, and he will pitch for the St. Louis cardinals next year. John and Walter are amateur athletes of note.

The father of Capt. Frantz once was prominent in Illinois politics. He was leader of the independents in the Illinois legislature of 1876. The independents elected David Davis to the United States senate, after taking him from the United States supreme bench, thereby changing the complexion of the commission selected to decide the contest between Hayes and Tilden.

The Fashions of the Winter

One is impressed by the combination of thin stuffs and velvet, almost every good dressmaker will have a model showing this feature of the season's styles. Net and velvet are united, and with good effect, the net heavy and substantial, the velvet used as band at the bottom and rather sparingly otherwise. One excellent model of brown net thus trimmed was brought to our attention, and also a good black, made up over white. The brown had a brown foundation.

A peacock-blue broadcloth embroidered elaborately in the feathers of this proud bird, was completed by a hat of

A GRACEFUL GOWN.

velvet in the peacock blue, one of the small tip-tilted affairs we expect and see on every other woman we meet. Although the style is common, many of the individual hats are not at all common, still spell style. A peacock green cloth of softest, most beautiful appearance, had one feature particularly noticeable; the sleeves slashed to the shoulder to disclose cream net undersleeves, and the vest made with a V at the neck to give another hint of the net waist.

Brown, which we seemed to think quite out of fashion, promises presently to be in the height of fashion. A warm shade in velvet is most effective when employed with rich dark furs, and recently we were attracted by a handsome seal coat made with rolling fronts and a straight, loose front of brown velvet, embroidered delicately in gold. Brown crepe de chine is exquisite. This well appreciated material now comes in all shades. Crepe de chine loses none of its vogue; we should say it is more in favor than ever. The lovely dahlia shades are particularly lovely in crepe; and also the lighter shades of red at present so much approved, the old rose and pinks. Yesterday a girl out for a walk flashed by in a chic costume of rose broadcloth, the skirt a high princess, the coat short, with waistcoat of lace showing. One meets, day and evening, both light shades and dark; there is not now such criticism of overdressing as once there was. In the current phrase, everything goes.

A new shade is apricot, a pinkish yellow that, in spite of prejudice, is very fetching, and very becoming when becoming at all. It is especially good in soft cloths and in millinery. Glaring colors and combinations, we rejoice to say, are relegated to the background—are quite banished. Long may they stay away! The peacocks are brilliant, but they are beautifully, not crudely, brilliant. The tinsel used is not the cheap, showy sort, but of rich beauty, and lovely embroidered beltings are seen at the exclusive shops.

It may not be out of place to speak of the coiffure of the season and the style of comb in favor. The hair is done high on the head, with a very loose, puffy arrangement at back and sides. The preference is given to a single back comb, a wide, elaborate one. For the puff at the back many make use of the "rat;" alas, many who present a most untidy appearance, the pad showing through and adding to the disheveledness. This style is good when not exaggerated; very bad when untidy. Lovely combs may be had with an edge of gold filagree, the first cost considerable, but they never tarnish, can be handed down as an heirloom.

Taken by and large women this year present a neat, smart appearance, the tailored suits to have the credit. To be sure, there are loose effects, but the lines are long and straight. The neat woman does not necessarily mean prim; today it means smart.

A few weeks ago we chronicled the use of ribbons as trimming, and would again call attention to the fact that they are distinctly in style. A show window may have on display a half dozen costumes trimmed with ribbon, and to-day we paused before one filled with net evening gowns adorned with rows and rows of ribbon frills, the frills narrow and in colors. One white net had lavender frills; a prettier costume was of pink and white and one equal to this in prettiness was of blue and white. A very white toque went well with the last, its sole trimming a soft fluff of pale blue high on one side.

To obtain the fashionable low flare for the skirt there is now in use a featherbone framework with silk flounce at the foot. It does not interfere with the natural lines of the figure and does hold the skirt out gracefully. Some dressmakers make use of hair cloth flounces, but the featherbone frame has good points. It is made up daintily as possible, the bones covered with shirred ribbon. It is not so expensive nor so heavy as a much befrilled petticoat, and gives the right hang to the skirt above.

A smart raincoat is in box coat style, and has pockets above and below the waist. The favored colors are tans, Oxfords and olive greens, and the coats now come in heavier materials than formerly, meeting the demand for a winter wrap. The separate long coat is growing in favor, a coat that may be worn with different gowns. Women have got tired of the suit with its tendency for the skirt to fade and presently not match the jacket; welcome the separate warp.

Fancies in Feminine Dress

Icy winds may blow, snow lie deep on the ground, yet Milady appears on the street as well as in the house with sleeves cut off at the elbow. The three-quarter sleeve is a long one these days; banished the one-time wrist length, save for shirt-waist and such strictly utilitarian garment. Of course this means expensive long gloves. What is saved in sleeves is more than lost in "handshuhe."

The fashionable long glove for evening wear is the white suede, and it is often seen with the dressier afternoon costumes. It makes one long for the excellent and cheap London glove; here in America we have to pay so much for this trifle of the toilette. To those interested in economy we would add that the long black suede glove is in excellent style, and that long glove may mean the 8, 12 or 24 button. A black glove makes the hand look small, and the suede outlines the arm prettily.

We note the number of attractive hats that are trimmed with illusion. This morning we saw a very good one with a lace crown, the crown a low cone, the brim edged with white velvet; a ruff of white illusion almost concealed the brim and mounted well up on the crown; a clusted of three camelias nestled in the illusion on one side, well toward the front, and under the turned-up back was a quantity of ribbon the same soft shade as the camelias, a pinky white.

A beautiful largish hat—none of the hats this year are very big—of violet panne, was a dream. The panne fitted smoothly, this giving a satin sheen much better than folds or puffs would have been. The shape was not unlike a longish sailor of years agone, the only trimming a ruche of white illusion. And concerning the color of hat one should wear, taste is divided between the hat that matches the costume exactly and the one that contrasts. An elegant gray gown and wrap were worn with a hat of peacock blue velvet; the effect very good. Peacock blue and peacock green are in highest favor in both millinery and gowns; the cheap feathers have not driven them out.

A maline neck ruff usually proves very becoming, and not a few are seen at opera and theater. They come in the delicate shades, perhaps are most popular in white. For afternoon occasions furs take their place. Afternoon toilettes are marked by rich colors, evening gowns seem best this year when in the delicate shades. Nothing is in higher favor than pale blue, pink and old rose.

ELBOW SLEEVES IN MIDWINTER.

Soft materials lead, the clinging kind. White lawn and nainsook waists have an unprecedented vogue; where silk was considered the only choice of waist, now we have the dainty and seemingly simple lawn and nainsook. These materials are also forward for chemisette and undersleeve with gown of velvet or broadcloth, the white goods daintily hand-tucked. It is a very pretty fashion.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

Stolen Thunder.

Some orators have a fine command of other men's language.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION.

In effect Nov. 26, 1905.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD

8 10 A. M.—Sundays only for Renovo and Week days for Sunbury, WilkesBarre, Scranon, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.23 P. M., New York 9.30 P. M., Baltimore 6.00 P. M., Washington 7.07 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:15 P. M. (Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 p. m.; New York, 10:23 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:35 p. m.; Washington, 8:35, p. m. Vestibuled Parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

8 15 P. M.—daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.23 A. M., New York 7.18 A. M. Baltimore, 2:20 A. M. Washington, 3:30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengercan remainin sleeper undisturbed until7:30 A. M.

10 30 P. M.—Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7.17 A. M., New York 9.33 A. M., weekdays, (10.38 A. M. Sunday;) Baltimore 7.15 A. M., Washington 8.30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie, and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington. Passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 A. M. (Emporium Junction),daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 a. m.; New York, 9:33 a. m., week days; (10:38 Sundays); Baltimore, 7:25 a. m.; Washington, 8:46 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Cars and Passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

4:55 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 30 A. M.—Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois andintermediate stations.

4 23 P. M.—Daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CONNECTIONS.
(Week days.)

SOUTHWARD.			Stations.	NORTHWARD		
P. M	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
.....	9 00	3 47	....Renovo	1 28	.....	11 45
.....	9 50	4 27	...Driftwood...	12 50	.....	11 05
.....	10 25	4 55	Emporium Junc	12 15	.....	10 35
.....	11 13	5 38	...St. Marys...	11 26	.....	9 53
4 50	10 10	5 55	..... Kane.....	12 25	3 00	....
5 05	10 31	6 13	....Wilcox.....	12 02	2 40	....
5 29	11 38	6 27	..Johnsonburg..	11 47	2 28	....
5 52	11 55	6 50	...Ridgway,....	9 20	2 10	8 50
....	....	....		....	....	.....
6 00	12 15	7 10	.. Croyland ...	9 00	1 49	8 30
6 07	12 23	7 19	...Blue Rock...	8 51	1 40	8 21
6 12	12 26	7 23	.....Carrier.....	8 47	1 37	8 17
6 22	12 33	7 32	.Brockwayville.	8 37	1 27	8 07
6 26	12 40	7 37	...Lanes Mills..	8 34	1 23	8 03
6 39		7 41	.McMinns Sm't.	8 30		7 59
....	12 49	7 45	.Harveys Run..	8 25		7 55
6 49	12 55	7 50	..Falls Creek...	8 20	1 10	7 50
6 57	1 25	8 03	....DuBois.....	8 08	12 55	7 25
7 42	1 15	7 55	..Falls Creek...	6 53	1 05	6 49
7 58	1 29	8 08	.Reynoldsville..	6 39	12 52	6 25
8 30	1 56	8 35	...Brookville...	6 05	12 24	5 49
9 30	2 38	9 20	New Bethlehem	5 20	11 44	5 49
.....	3 20	10 02	...Red Bank....	.....	11 05	5 00
.....	5 30	12 35	....Pittsburg...	.....	9 00	4 15
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M

BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Leave Emporium Junction for Port Allegany, Olean, Arcade, East Aurora and Buffalo.

Train No. 57, daily,.....4:05 A. M.
Train No. 51, daily,.....4:15 P. M.

Trains leave Emporium for Keating, Port Allegany, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Olean and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West.

Train No. 41, week days,.....8:25 A. M.
Train No. 43, week days.....1:35 P. M.

Train No. 43 will connect at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Bradford, Salamanca, Warren, Oil City and Pittsburg.

LOW GRADE DIVISION.

EASTBOUND.

STATIONS.	279	273	261	275	277	951
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M	P. M	A. M.
Pittsburg,..Lv	.....	†6 20	†9 00	†130	*505	‡ 9 00
Red Bank,	.....	9 25	11 05	4 15	7 55	10 55
Lawsonham,	.....	9 42	‡1118	4 28	8 07	11 08
New Bethle'm.	5 20	10 20	11 41	5 00	8 37	11 40
Brookville,	†6 05	11 10	12 24	5 49	9 22	12 25
Reynoldsville,	6 39	11 42	12 52	6 25	9 50	12 59
Falls Creek	6 53	11 57	1 15	6 40	1005	1 14
DuBois,	7 00	†12 05	1 25	7 05	1015	‡ 1 20
Sabula,	7 12	.....	1 37	7 17		
Pennfield,	7 33	.....	1 55	7 35		
Bennezette,	8 01	.....	2 29	8 09		
Driftwood,	†8 40	.....	†3 05	8 45		
via P. & E. Div						
Driftwood, Lv.	†9 50	.....	†3 43			
Emporium, Ar.	†10 30	.....	†4 23			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M	P. M	P. M.

WESTBOUND.

STATIONS.	278	276	262	274	280	952
Via P. & E. Div	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M
Emporium, Lv.	.....	.....	†8 10	.....	†3 15	.....
Driftwood, Ar.	.....	.....	†9 01	.....	†3 54	.....
Via L. G. Div	.....			.....		.....
Driftwood, Lv.	.....	†5 50	†1110	.....	†5 50	.....
Bennezette,	.....	6 25	11 45	.....	6 25	.....
Pennfield,	.....	7 00	12 20	.....	7 04	.....
Sabula,	.....	7 18	12 39	.....	7 23	.....
DuBois	*6 05	7 30	12 55	†4 40	7 35	†4 00
Falls Creek	6 12	7 55	1 15	4 50	7 42	4 07
Reynoldsville	6 39	8 08	1 29	5 07	7 58	4 20
Brookville	7 05	8 35	1 56	4 40	†8 30	4 50
New Bethle'm	7 51	9 20	2 38	6 28	9 30	5 35
Lawsonham	8 21	9 47	†3 06	6 57	. . .	6 08
Red Bank, Ar	8 35	10 02	3 20	7 10	.....	6 20
Pittsburg, Ar.	*11 15	†1235	†5 30	†1000	.....	†9 30
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only ‖Flag Stop.

On Sunday only train leaves Driftwood 8:20 a. m., arrives at DuBois, 10:00 a. m. Returning leaves DuBois, 2:00 p. m.; arrives at Driftwood, 3:40 p. m., stopping at intermediate stations.

For Time Tables and further information, apply to Ticket Agent.

J. R. WOOD, Pass'gr Traffic Mgr.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

Old Reliable
Drug Store

Holiday
Opening

SATURDAY, DEC. 9,

And will remain open until after Christmas. Everybody invited to call. A wonderful display of up-to-date goods. Prices very low. Come and examine. Come and buy. Save money.

Old Reliable

HIRCUS, THE DANCING BILLY GOAT

By MICKEY FINN

[Copyright, 1905, by Ernest Jarrold.]

IT was Christmas eve, and Patrick Doolan, the foreman of the gas works, had summoned a goodly company of his friends to celebrate the holiday season and the arrival of two barrels of Irish turf from his native town. A bushel of this peat lay glowing in the fireplace. While the snow was softly piling itself upon the window casings and the wind was taking liberties with the shutters Judy Callahan slyly pinned upon the lapel of Dick Walsh, the letter carrier, a sprig of Irish ivy. By inquiry from rheumatic Flaherty, who sat in the ingle nook nourishing his shins, Dick learned that the symbolic meaning of Irish ivy is "I cling to thee." Judy's shriek a moment later indicated that

"'TWAS THREE MONTHS O' STRAP AND CARROTS."

Dick had taken advantage of the information. Just then Jack Doolan, the youthful heir to the Doolan estate, put his head inside the door.

"Father, can I bring in the nanny? The snow is fallin' on her through the roof, and she's tremblin' wid the cowld."

"Of course, my son," said Mr. Doolan heartily. "Bring her in. We don't want our milk watered."

"That's a foine baste you have there," said Flaherty. "How much milk does she give?"

"Two quarts a day, but she used to give three quarts a day before her husband died. She's pinin' away since that time, poor gur'rl. I think 'tis the lovesickness she has," said Mr. Doolan.

"Dear, dear, look a' that, now!" said Mrs. Reagan sympathetically. "I always said that nanny goats was sintamintle. And how long is the billy goat dead, Mr. Doolan?"

"'Tis five years the 24th day o' this month," replied Doolan. "Sorra day 'twas whin we lost Hircus. A more gaynial nor a more willin' goat you would not find in all Har-rlem. Sure his death was a tragedy and a calamity."

"How was that?" quavered old man Dougherty, the stonemason.

"Well," resumed Doolan, "'twas a tragedy the way he was translated and a calamity whin his death took away the only chance I ever had o' makin' a fortune.

"'Tis quare about goats," continued Doolan. "They are born wid a certain amount of eddicashun. Show me the goat that wouldn't know a cabbage or a turnip whin he sees it. Of course a goat knows nothin' about machinery. There was a goat that used to stop the horses drawin' a street car, but whin they put a trolley car on the track you couldn't find that much o' the goat as would grease a griddle. But a goat can be eddicated wid sugar and a strap to do tricks. Now, I suppose none o' ye would believe me if I told ye that I taught Hircus to dance as fine a jig or hornpipe as ever you saw in a theater."

A chorus of disbelief arose.

"Yes," said Doolan, "and no Frinch lady could do a finer *pass sool* on her toes, as they say in the heathen language. You must remember that I was very poor, and I'd be layin' awake nights thinkin' o' some plan by way o' makin' a fortune, and whin my wife bought the two kids to start the dairy the idee came to me like a flash—I could eddicate the goat to dance. Whin I got that idee in me head I could think of nothin' else. Cassidy, how much money do you think a dancin' goat could earn on a theater stage?"

"Well," replied Cassidy, "I should think that $300 a week would be none too little for so dignacious a curiosity."

"There," resumed Doolan. "D'ye hear what Cassidy says? Three hundred dollars a week for half an hour's work a day! Faith, I felt the money in me hand! But 'twas weary work teachin' the goat. An old animal trainer told me that cruelty and kindness mixed would do the job. Whin the goat minded me I tickled his ribs and gave him carrots, but whin he got stubborn I lathered him with a strap. Mrs. O'Brien, you remember the time we had teachin' Hircus to walk across the room on his hind legs?"

"'Deed I do, Doolan!" said Mrs. O'Brien, with a reminiscent sigh.

"Yo'll excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," said Flaherty, rising and putting on his hat, "but I must leave ye. A dancin' goat is too much for my voracity. I couldn't swallow it."

When the door had closed Doolan went on: "Every night after supper the table was shoved back agin the wall and the lesson began. And, would you believe it, it takes three months to teach the goat to stand on his hind legs for five minutes! After that 'twas easier. There was a little gur-rl named Ellen next door that took a great interest in the eddication of the goat. She was about the size of the goat whin she stood up, and 'twas pure joy to see Hircus waltzin' around the kitchen to the music of my fiddle. With the goat's head on her shoulder and her arms around his neck they would whirl slowly around in the dawdlin' circles of the mazy, as the poet says"—

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Judy Callahan.

"After the lesson was over each night I used to give the goat all kinds of tasty things, like potato peelin's, cabbage stumps and such like, as a reward, and 'twas the habit o' keepin' the goat hungry all day that led to the loss o' my fortune. 'Twas three months o' strap and carrots before the goat could do a dacint heel and toe, work as hard as I might, and two weary months before he would nod his head and make a bow the same as if he was before an awjence."

"Hark to that now," said Dougherty to Judy Callahan in a whisper. "A goat makin' a bow!"

"As I said before," Doolan went on, "when the goat had learned to bow at a wink we made his bally suit. The thing that cost the most was the skirt, made of red silk and shaped like a parasol. It looked like a hollyhock turned upside down. Then we put a little green cap wid a red tassel on the goat's head and a pair o' white slippers on his feet. And whin we showed him his picture in the glass he grinned like a woman puttin' on her Sunday bonnet. The tears fill me eyes whin I think that only for that joker Reagan I might be ridin' in me own divvil wagon wid rubber wheels.

"The first public appearance of the goat as a bally dancer took place in a barn in the Bronx. We fixed up a stage wid planks and boxes, and 25 cents was charged at the door. The news got around, and long before the time to begin the show the barn was crowded to the doors. Half the roof was gone off the barn, but that hurt nothin', for the night was clear. I was so afraid that the goat wouldn't do his work that I gave him nothin' to eat for twelve hours before he came on the stage, and the poor beast was fair famished. Whin I walked out on the stage, band in hand wid the goat, I thought the awjence would go crazy. They yelled wid sheer delight whin the goat made his bow, and every man in the barn was on his feet, and a hundred o' them had cabbage leaves and carrots in their pockets to give to the goat, like the ladies have bokays to give to the play actors. As the goat whirled around doin' a waltz he would stop now and then to pick a bit o' cabbage or turnip that some one threw on the stage. But 'twas what that rogue Rea-

"HE WHIRLED AROUND WIDOUT TOUCHIN' THE FLOOR."

gan threw that the goat liked the best. They looked like little pieces o' bread covered wid sugar. The goat picked up so many o' the little chunks that the crowd yelled to put Reagan out bekase he was stoppin' the show, and I had hard work to get the goat dancin' ag'in. After that the goat seemed to get lighter and lighter upon his feet until he hardly touched the stage. There were times when he whirled around in the air widout touchin' the floor, and the crowd gaspin' wid astonishment at this wonderful beast. And while he whirled he seemed to be gettin' bigger and bigger till he was as round as a balloon the boys play wid. He would go up in the air, whirlin' like a pinwheel, for ten feet, and thin light on the stage soft as a thistledown, and fly up ag'in till he spun up farther and farther, lookin like a red umbrella on a big pumpkin, and he was gone through the hole in the roof, thranslated intirely."

"And where did he go?" said the awestruck Mrs. Cassidy in a whisper.

"Some o' the little boys sittin' on the fence outside said he wint up in the direction of O'Rion, and others said 'twas toward Arcturus and Niptune he wint."

"And what was it that Reagan gave the goat?" said the materialistic Walsh, anxious for an explanation of the seeming miracle.

"'Twas yeast cakes that the rogue had covered wid sugar, and the goat ate fifteen o' them."

First National Bank,

EMPORIUM, PA.

It's Foundation

SECURITIES.

Capital - - -	$100,000
Surplus - - -	50,000
Undivided Profits - -	19,000
Stockholders Liability -	100,000
	$269,000

DIRECTORY.

B. W. Green, Josiah Howard,
N. Seger, Joseph Kaye,
W. L. Sykes, W. S. Walker,
John E. Smith, J. P. Felt,
T. B. Lloyd.

The Gratifying Condition of this Bank is Largely due to the Guidance of its Directors.

UNBROKEN SUCCESS.

For over 21 years its door has been opened on every business day. But never before has it been so well prepared to meet and satisfy the needs of its patrons as now.

SAFETY

Absolute Safety is the corner stone of its Foundation. It restricts its business to legitimate enterprises, and eliminates all speculative ventures.

It's Four Corners

Safety,
Conservatism,
Security,
Confidence.

Wishing you A Merry Christmas, we beg to announce that this Bank will be closed on that day.

First National Bank,

EMPORIUM, PA.

Business Cards.

B. W. GREEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Emporium, Pa.
All business relating to estate, collections, real estates, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 12-1y.

J. C. JOHNSON. J. P. McNARNEY
JOHNSON & McNARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent,
85-1y. Emporium, Pa.

THOMAS WADDINGTON,
Emporium, Pa.,
CONTRACTOR FOR MASONRY AND STONE-CUTTING.
All orders in my line promptly executed. All kinds of building and cut-stone, supplied at low prices. Agent for marble or granite monuments. Lettering neatly done.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
East Emporium, Pa.,
JOHN L. JOHNSON, Prop'r.
Having resumed proprietorship of this old and well established House I invite the patronage of the public. House newly furnished and thoroughly renovated. 48ly

THE NOVELTY RESTAURANT,
(Opposite Post Office,)
Emporium, Pa.
WILLIAM McDONALD, Proprietor.
I take pleasure in informing the public that I have purchased the old and popular Novelty Restaurant, located on Fourth street. It will be my endeavor to serve the public in a manner that shall meet with their approbation. Give me call. Meals and luncheon served at all hours.
no27-1yr Wm. McDONALD.

MAY GOULD,
TEACHER OF
PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY,
Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my rooms in this place.

F. C. RIECK, D. D. S.,
DENTIST,
Emporium, Pa.
Office, Fourth street, opposite opera house. Gas and other local anaesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth.
SPECIALTY:—Preservation of natural teeth, including Crown and Bridge Work.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign
PATENTS
Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write to
C.A.SNOW & CO.
OPPOSITE U.S. PATENT OFFICE.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Madam French Female Pills. Dean's
A safe, certain relief for Suppressed Menstruation. Never known to fail. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free.
UNITED MEDICAL CO., Box 74, LANCASTER, PA.

G. H. GROSS & COMPANY

Before you buy elsewhere it will pay you to call on the Broad Street Market. We are here to please.

HOME MADE SAUSAGE
10c A POUND.

Pickle Excellence

y buying Heinz's ickles in sealed glass ckages, you are sure getting the best we n offer—better cannot made, We return l purchase price if u do not like them.

White Cap Baking Powder

Purity Baking Powder 45c
fine picture with each pound.
are going to give you 8 f Acme or Oak Leaf Soap

ottle Heinz' Pickles 10c.
Pail Cottolene 45c.
Pkge Matches 35c.
e 5c Pkgs Napper Scrap
co 10c
e 5c Pkgs John Mitchell
cut Tobacco 10c
15c Pkge Mountain Rose
o 10c.

'Phone 21,

G. GROSS & CO.

865 1904
N. SEGER

EARLY FALL ANNOUNCEMENT
Overcoats for Men, Boys and Children.
Gents Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Satchels, Suit Cases. Always the best in the market.

CAREFUL ATTENTION.

TO THE TEETH

Means daily attention and frequent visits to the dentist. In this way pain is ever incurred, and even to old age the teeth remain a pleasure and a mark of beauty. We extract the bad ones without pain.

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

A. B. MEAD, D. D. S.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC

I desire to call attention to the fact that on the 28th day of September I completed the purchase of the Hardware, Tinning and Plumbing business formerly conducted by Hurteau & Forbes, in the George J. LaBar block, Emporium, Pa., and I hope by strict and careful attention to business to merit a reasonable share of your patronage.

Respectfully,
F. VERNON HEILMAN.
Emporium, Pa., Oct. 2, 1905.

Bedard
The Tailor
OF ST. MARYS,

Has opened a Tailor Shop on Broad Street in the room recently occupied by the Misses Ludlam and is now ready to show you a full line of fall and winter suitings. Give him a call.

REPAIRING.

If you want your suit to look neat and fresh, have your business trousers pressed at least every two weeks your coat and vest every month.

Bedard the Tailor,
St. Marys and Emporium.

FOR TOM'S SAKE

A Tree Which Bore Good Fruit

By OTHO B. SENGA

[Copyright, 1904, by Otho B. Senga.]

ALMOST wonderful and gorgeous Christmas tree stood in the window of the great store of Warden & Joyce. All day a constantly changing throng of small admirers exclaimed at its magnificence and registered extravagant wishes before it.

Children richly clad and full of joyous anticipations, children in comfortless rags, who knew Christmas only by the sight of the happiness of others, stood side by side and gazed with longing eyes at the bewildering array of costly gifts and brilliant decorations.

A small girl of twelve or fourteen, with face unnaturally old and sharp, unsmiling eyes, critically examined the tree in silence. Up and down, from side to side, her keen gaze wandered.

"I bet it's empty at the back," she finally muttered.

Poor child! Her brief experience had already taught her the unreality and falsity of many glittering things. She stepped quickly into the vestibule where she could see that part of the tree away from the window. A sudden joy flashed into her face.

"It's true—that tree is true," she whispered eagerly. "The back is as good as the front."

She hesitated an instant and then raised her clasped hands beseechingly.

"God," she cried, "send me a tree for Tommy!"

Her intense longing made her voice sharply imperative, and the first word struck harshly on the ear of a richly dressed young lady who was passing close to her.

"You mustn't swear, child!" she exclaimed hurriedly.

"I wasn't swearing," the girl answered calmly, without resentment. "I was praying for a tree for Tommy."

An elegant carriage waited at the curb, and as the young lady stepped to

MISS STANHOPE GAVE ONE LOOK AT THE TALL MAN.

the sidewalk the footman threw open the door. She stood for an instant, as if thinking, and then, turning quickly, she went back into the vestibule, where the child was still standing.

"Will you come with me a minute? Out of the crowd," she added hastily as the girl faced her with surprised eyes and an unchildlike, repelling look on her thin face.

"Will you step into the carriage? Please do. I want you to tell me something, and it is so very cold"—

The girl seated herself on the luxurious cushions, the young lady followed, and the inwardly disgusted footman closed the door.

"Will you tell me your name and where you live?" the lady questioned gently.

The child regarded her earnestly.

"Depends on who you are and what you want. You ain't a charity worker nor a slum visitor?"

The young lady smiled understandingly.

"My name is Margaret Stanhope, and I live on Commonwealth avenue. You—you spoke of Tommy."

The girl's face softened.

"Yes; he's my brother. My name is Maggie Taylor, and I live on Burnham street," adding with a return of her former manner, "but it ain't a slum street, and I don't want no charity."

Miss Stanhope smiled radiantly.

"But I do, Maggie. I am so glad our names are the same. I need just what you do not—charity. Tell me something about Tommy." She lingered lovingly over the name. "Why did you pray for a tree for him?"

"Because he's sick. He's only twelve, and he works in an office, and his boss is away, and Tommy took sick after he'd gone. Tommy feels sure that if he was here he'd send his wages to him just the same, for he's a good boss and awfully kind to everybody, but the other man—his pardner—is different."

"Maggie," said Miss Stanhope earnestly, "I wish you'd help me to have a happy Christmas. I am all alone in the world, without any one to care for me, and I want to do something for some one—for some one named Tommy, because—because six months ago I did a wrong and cruel thing to some one by that name. It would help make my Christmas happy if you would let me arrange a tree for your Tommy. Will you?"

The girl drew a long breath.

"It ain't charity?" she asked doubtfully.

"Not to you nor to Tommy," answered Miss Stanhope joyously, "but it will be to me."

"For Tommy's sake," murmured the girl assentingly.

"For Tom's sake," echoed Miss Stanhope tenderly.

The unbending footman was still more disgusted when he was directed to make another round of the stores, and his bearing was absolutely frigid when he was required to carry a most unbecoming load of bundles up the stairs to the little home on Burnham street. That the indignity of a good sized tree was laid upon him also required the concentration of all his thoughts upon the generous wages Miss Stanhope paid to enable him to endure the present situation.

"I keep house for father and Tommy," whispered Maggie, leading the way. "Tommy's in the kitchen. I left him there in the big chair 'cause it's warmer. We'll take all these things in here"—opening the door of a neat sitting room—"and when we get the tree fixed I'll push him in in the chair."

Surely never before was a tree so quickly made to blossom and bring forth fruit, and it was a "true" tree, with gifts on every side.

Maggie surveyed it with joyful pride, her thin face losing its careworn look and becoming almost childlike with the flush of happy excitement.

"Miss Stanhope," she whispered positively, "prayers are answered—I know it now."

Always, in the way he thinks best," answered Miss Stanhope earnestly, adding in her heart, "Lord, I believe—help thou mine unbelief!"

"I'll bring Tommy in now," Maggie said, and went softly out to the kitchen.

She returned almost immediately.

"His boss is there!" she exclaimed excitedly. "He got back yesterday. Ain't he awfully good to come so soon to see Tommy? Tommy looks better already! The boss 'll push him in."

They both turned toward the door as it was opened, and a big armchair with the sick boy in it was pushed carefully over the threshold.

Miss Stanhope gave one look at the tall man behind the chair and started forward.

"This is Tommy's boss," began Maggie, mindful of her duties as hostess, but the greeting of her two guests quite disconcerted her, for Tommy's boss caught the aristocratic Miss Stanhope in a close embrace, while Miss Stanhope cried penitently, "Oh, Tom, Tom, I have been so sorry, and I have wanted you so!"

The Origin of Santa Claus.

Santa Claus is of German origin. This is true if only because that is the German name for St. Nicholas. That he is an old man is because in the ancient pagan feasts in celebration of the decay of the old year and the birth of the new an old man played the principal part. Among the Greeks and Romans it was Saturn, the father of all the gods, and among the Norsemen it was Thor, who was long bearded and white haired. That the saint is St. Nicholas is due to the fact that that venerable personage's feast day was celebrated at about that period. St. Nicholas was a bishop of Myra, who flourished early in the fourth century. He is the patron saint of children and schoolboys, and hence it was natural that he should be a part of a celebration when the children received gifts and when they were allowed to be "heard as well as seen."—New York Mail and Express.

Christmas In Rome.

A characteristic sight which precedes a Roman Christmas is the so called cottio, or sale of fish by auction, which is held at San Teodoro, near the forum, in the small hours of the morning, and every year attracts large crowds of buyers and sightseers. It is a sight worth seeing, the vast circular market literally packed with row upon row of baskets, in which the scaly fry are carefully arranged, the light glancing off their many colored scales in a thousand prismatic reflections, while the owner of each stall shouts at the top of his voice and the merry crowd goes round laughing and bargaining and trying to cheapen the fish, for at Christmastide it often reaches fabulous prices, and one is reminded of the extravagance of the ancient Romans, one of whom is said to have paid 20,000 sesterces for a single gray mullet.—London Mail.

A Recipe For Plum Pudding.

Crumble a pint of breadcrumbs from the center of a stale loaf and pour over them a cup of scalded milk; when cool add three-quarters of a cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt and the yolks of four eggs beaten together; chop a half pound of suet and thoroughly mix with it a half pound each of raisins, currants and almonds; add a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, a third of a teaspoonful each of cloves and mace and the whites of the four eggs stiffly beaten; serve with hard sauce.

Encouragement.

Jack (bitterly)—I suppose that young Richman who comes to see you so often will give you such an expensive Christmas gift that you won't want the trifling present I can afford to buy you?

Marie (coyly)—No. I think you had better save your money for—er—future contingencies, Jack.

Chris'mus Times In Dixie.

Oh, Chris'mus come ter de lan' er cotton—
Bet you 'twon't be soon fergotten—
Look away,
Look away,
Fer de Chris'mus times in Dixie!

Don't keer ef de weather fair or murky—
Big fat possum en a gobblin' turkey—
Look away,
Look away,
Fer de Chris'mus times in Dixie!
—Frank Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Christmas Comes But Once a Year.

This is the one time of the year that everybody wants to show his or her good-will to somebody, and it is always the case, you are at sea what to please them with and it is for this reason we invite you to our store to see the nice things we have pertaining to Boys' and Gents' wearing apparel, as it will assist you greatly in selecting a very suitable present. We mention a few of the many articles we have bought in the different markets for this purpose.

Cardigan Jackets and Sweaters,
Smoking Jackets
Bath Robes,
Fancy Vests,
Neckwear,
Underwear,
Collars,
Hats, Caps,
Fancy Dress Shirts,
Fancy Suspenders,
Umbrellas,
Handkerchiefs,
Gloves and Mittens,
Trunks and
Suit Cases.
Also a complete line of Shoes and Clothing.

Sole Agent for the celebrated STETSON HATS.

Wishing You All a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Jasper Harris,
Opposite Post-Office, Emporium, Pa.

Emporium Furniture Co.

Our New Year
Introductory Sale

WE have just finished a wonderfully prosperous year. One in which all our past sales-records were thrown so far in the rear that it will require the most vigorous and untiring work to surpass them. But work is our pastime and we are going to do it.
Your splendid patronage has placed increased purchasing power in our hands, the force of which will be felt in the ever increasing values that will benefit every money-wise person in this county who is wise enough to profit by it.

Keep Your Eye on Us all this Year and Watch Us Grow.

Emporium Furniture Co.,
BERNARD EGAN, Manager.

Undertaking.

A New Year's Bureau of Chivalry

By MILTON MARKS

GENTLEMEN, it is New Year's Eve! And furthermore, on general principles I believe that the time has come when the honor of our club demands that severally and jointly we shall devote our bachelor energies to the neglected cause of chivalry."

The speaker brought his fist down with such a thump upon the table at his elbow that a glass that had stood too near the edge rolled off and broke in bits upon the hearth tiling. Each occupant of the club room started perceptibly in his easy chair. Nervous Mr. Emmet Keene dropped his newspaper in alarm. Solemn, dark-eyed Mr. Warren Gloom forgot to light his cigar, and held the lighted match in his hand until it burned the ends of his long, lank fingers. Ex-Alderman Samuel Hiller tortured his face with one of his homely, laconic smiles and stroked his chin with aggravating cautiousness. These and all the other occupants of the room directed their attention to the speaker, Gen. Friesbie Wiggins, and waited for him to continue. That he was in earnest was apparent at a glance. His rather fleshy face was flushed, his tuft of chin whiskers showed some signs of agitation and his eyes had a look of kindly seriousness.

"Gentlemen," he continued, "you have read the newspapers. You are well aware of the great stir which has followed the appeal of that admirable club woman, Mrs. Dexter Bloom, for protection for the members of her sex who have occasion to walk alone amid the dangers and iniquities of our city streets. Could any sensible man be insensible to such an appeal? I speak with all seriousness, Mr. Hiller. I believe that the time has come for us as individuals and as a club to act. There is more in this matter than the newspaper humorists see. In spite of the fact that we are bachelors, I believe we stand ever for the best interests of woman—"

"Because we are bachelors, I should say, Gen. Wiggins," remarked Mr. Hiller, with a grimace.

"We stand, I say," resumed the general, "for the best interests of womankind. Indeed, for a quarter century the Bachelor club has never been the last to lend its influence to any warfare against that which does not make for a better and a safer city. Again, the time has come for action. There has been some talk of establishing a bureau that shall supply maiden ladies of good character with reliable and agreeable escorts. The idea is taken humorously, but is there not something in it worthy of thoughtful attention, even the attention of—the Bachelor club?"

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Keene.

"Bravo!" echoed the other members, who had now gathered in an amused and admiring circle about the respected and resourceful general.

"Ultimately, of course," continued the general, pleased at this exhibition of loyalty, "it would be our purpose to

THERE ENTERED AN APPARITION THAT SEEMED TO HAVE A DOUBLE IN THE STOREHOUSE OF HIS MEMORY.

have an organized bureau which would send out agreeable and dignified professional escorts on call. But, gentlemen, everything must have a beginning. We must in some manner have the ear of our Swampucket society on this subject. We must apprise the fair sex of our purpose. They must know that our personal integrity is behind this movement. We must at first be willing to act personally in this matter. Our city is not so large that our efforts will be misinterpreted, nor is it so small that our every act will be everybody's concern. And now I propose to you, gentlemen, as a means of launching this enterprise, that the members of this club to-morrow, in some appropriate manner, place themselves at the disposal of the unattended among the gentle sex of our society in this city. Could there be a time more propitious for launching such a movement? Gentlemen, it is New Year's Eve. Need I ask for volunteers?"

It were alm at impossible faithfully to describe the emotions which these heroic words of Gen. Wiggins aroused in the circle of bachelors that surrounded him. Some smiled, one or two "haw-hawed." Some punched each other slyly in the ribs; but a half hour of discussion and planning was enough to promise the enlistment, on one ground or another, of every member present. It need scarcely be added, however, that it was well into the night before the new bureau of chivalry was by all present thoroughly understood to be a perfected organization. Before the plans were complete William, the one hired attendant whom the club boasted, had been many times requested to pile more wood on the open hearth blaze as a means of defying the encroachments of the New Year's cold, which did what it could to entomb the gayety within the ancient but distinguished frame residence that served as a club house, by covering all window panes with a quarter inch of hoar frost, except maybe here and there a peephole through which an outsider might catch a glimpse of a red dancing flame of the jolly fire. Otherwise, no heed was paid by the originators of the bureau of chivalry to the new fall of snow in the early part of the evening nor to the cold which succeeded it when the moon came up. When at last still small

"SHE WILL LOOK AFTER ME HERSELF—OR, THAT IS TO SAY—"

voices began to whisper in the ears of those whose habits were most regular, warning them that it was high time they betook themselves to bed, the plans for the morrow were fairly complete.

The day dawned bright and clear. The snow was fine and hard and gave back a thousand sparkles for every glance from the bedroom window of the early riser. The ladies of Swampucket knew nothing of what was in store for them, but rose early to finish their New Year's cake and candy making and to attend to the thousand details of this day of nut cracking, and corn popping, and apple baking. Soon after breakfast numerous tall and somber figures, but all with sprightly gaits, might have been seen wending their way to a common rendezvous at the Bachelor club, and doubtless they were noticed by many, but the real alarm did not begin to be sounded by Swampucket society until the doorbells began a tingle, tingle, tingle, that grew more frequent as the day wore on.

Her first caller took Miss Clarissa Frey entirely by surprise. As she afterwards explained, she felt as if the tide of time had taken her up bodily and set her back 30 years. When the doorbell rang she was not prepared for callers, being dressed, indeed, in her wrapper; but when a peek through a side window had revealed the fact that her caller (world on end!) was Mr. Emmet Keene, dressed in keeping with a bygone style of chivalry which she well remembered, even to the flaring white collar and black tie and the gold-headed cane, she flew with maidenly agitation to the very garret, leaving his admittance to others while she, alive to the spirit of the occasion, decked herself out with a wonder of a hoop skirt which her niece Phoebe had planned to wear that very night at a New Year's amateur play. Emmet Keene never had got ahead of Clarissa Frey, and he wouldn't do so at this late day if she could help it.

Mr. Keene was somewhat taken aback when, after a considerable delay, there entered the drawing-room an apparition that seemed to have a double in the storehouse of his memory. He tried to account for 30 years gone by, but for the life of him could not make it more than 20 in the figure before him. He had to admit, as he had done in times past, that Clarissa Frey was a remarkable woman. After the exchange of New Year's greetings and gossip Mr. Keene tried to explain the organization and purposes of the new bureau of chivalry, "a new—er—departure of the Bachelor club," as he explained, with nervousness. But somehow the point didn't carry. By inadvertent mention of the fact that the departure was founded upon the much discussed plea for protection from Mrs. Dexter Bloom, he found himself launched upon a deep and ethical discussion of women's clubs which ended only with the tingle of the doorbell, announcing the arrival of a fellow clubman, and indicating that Mr. Keene was not properly apportioning the time at his disposal among the members of the fair sex on his list.

Mrs. Dexter Bloom was a widow of considerable dignity and aggressive intellect. It cannot be said that she revealed any signs of agitation when Gen. Friesbie Wiggins was announced. She was not subject to surprise. Much progressiveness had made her immune. Also there may have been another reason—but that is anticipating the climax of a New Year's night's "spread," to which the Bachelor club took it upon itself to invite Swampucket society in the course of the day's calls. But Mrs. Dexter Bloom, despite her complacency, was quite sensible of Gen. Friesbie Wiggins' commanding and graceful appearance as he stood on the threshold, silk hat in hand, meeting the half-natural, half-induced blush on her face with the bow of a courtier—but he shall be left to make his own call.

The theme of interest in the Globe office that night and in various other quarters was the impromptu "spread" of the Bachelor club. The compositors were put to work setting up the "kid" reporter's spirited story of the day's New Year's calls, which was to have as a heading: "Old Boys Frolic." The thing was done up brown. The organization of the bureau of chivalry was hinted at, and liberal space was left for whatever might develop at the spread. In the end a second story was written to cover the latter, for everybody said it was well worth it.

The Bachelor club opened its hospitable doors and kept them swinging until the place was fairly bursting with New Year's jollity, laughter and repartee—not to mention coffee and cake and good things to eat, as a little girl added who was present. Then, too, there was more romance in the air than the staid bachelor upholstery and hangings had absorbed in many a year.

The curiosity of some of the fair sex having been aroused by sundry inadequate references that had been dropped during the day to the organization and purposes of the proposed bureau of chivalry, it was naturally expected that the matter would be explained in full at the banquet. The members of the Bachelor club were somewhat divided as to how much of their plans on this score should be made public. It had at first been thought advisable to wait until the banquet and then to make a general announcement, for, to be effective, the purposes of the bureau ought to be known to those who would require the services of the professional escorts which it would supply. But some members thought this would bring unpleasant publicity at the present personal stage of the proceedings, and that it would be best for the members to drop appropriate hints while making their New Year's calls. But the experience of Mr. Emmet Keene in divulging the matter seemed to have been the experience of nearly all who had essayed the embarrassing task. Nor had the general embarrassment of the situation visibly decreased by the time the coffee had been reached that New Year's night. Ex-Alderman Samuel Hiller, as a ready speaker, was urged by those near him at table to divulge the details of the club's mysterious plan. But in a speech that was considered felicitous, he referred the whole matter to the originator of the plan, "to the esteemed and confirmed member of our club, Gen. Friesbie Wiggins." That gentleman appeared to be visibly affected by the task confronting him. He stammered:

"Fellow members of the Bachelor club, it grieves me"—he checked himself and looked hastily at Mrs. Bloom at his side, whose natural color was heightened to that of a peony, "that is to say, it gives me pleasure." He paused again, this time to wipe the gathering beads of perspiration from his forehead. Drawing himself together, he started again: "As the poet said, the best laid plans of mice and men—Well, the fact is, boys, the plan has its drawbacks. I've talked it over with Mrs. Bloom, and she says that as far as the personal element is concerned, she thinks she will look after me herself—or, that is to say," but he never got farther, and fell back into his chair amid vociferous cries of "traitor!" and the enthusiastic applause of the fair sex.

A STRONG INCENTIVE.

Humper—I hear that the saloonkeepers have resolved to stop the custom of giving bottles of liquor to their customers for New Year's presents.

Bumper—They have, have they? Then hang me if I don't stick to my New Year's resolution this time.

He Imparts Information.

Little Ethel—Mamma told Freddy that if he wasn't good Santa Claus wouldn't bring him anything. Won't he?

Little George—Oh! Mamma's just throwing a scare into Freddy, and he's so little he don't know any better. Santa Claus leaves you things whether you're good or not!—Puck.

LOYALTY TO EMPLOYERS.

Remarkable Record of Railroad Men in an Emergency of Gravest Character.

The well-known writer on railroad subjects, Mr. Frank H. Spearman, in his book entitled, "The Strategy of Great Railroads," describes the surprise of the general manager of one of the eastern trunk lines, on a hunting trip in the north woods, who suddenly found himself on the right of way of a splendid well-built railway line, apparently of a construction and equipment similar to the New York Central or Pennsylvania, along which thundered in quick succession heavy trains of iron ore, splendid passenger equipment and general freight service of surprising proportions.

This was the Peninsula division of the Chicago & Northwestern railway which covers the upper peninsula of Michigan, including the hardwood district and Lake Superior iron and copper region, with a surprisingly efficient network of lines that connect the mines and forests with important lake ports, and with through rail service to and from the outer world.

Along this busy ore-carrying line a splendid exposition of the loyalty, intelligence and general good team work that can be expected of the average railroad man and the efficiency of the rules laid down for his guidance in an emergency, was given a few days ago, which so greatly pleased the superintendent and other officials that the story has finally crept into public print, and it is well worth repetition in these columns.

It was all occasioned by a very heavy sleet storm that fell in the upper peninsula, which threw down practically every telegraph line in the region in a few hours, and left the 464 miles of the division absolutely without telegraphic service for no less than 48 hours.

The ore movement has been especially heavy this year, more Lake Superior ore being transported on the great lakes than ever before in the history of the iron industry, and in this emergency every mine would have to shut down on account of the shortage of railway cars to move their product unless the road was kept open in spite of the storm.

There was nothing that could be done by the chief train dispatcher; both he and the division superintendent were temporarily out of the game. It was one of these emergencies where the "man behind the gun" must make good, or the case was a hopeless one. And make good he did, in true blue, loyal style, with that splendid initiative that makes the average train crew typical of the qualities we admire in our American troops.

There was no way in which to get orders for train movements, no means by which division headquarters could be kept advised of where their trains were, and, to the onlooker, no means existed by which the train crew could keep track of the whereabouts of trains in the opposite direction. It was an emergency of the gravest character, and was met with a splendid exhibition of good judgment and intelligent grasp of the science of railroad operation that is perhaps without an equal. They managed, on a single track line, without telegraph lines, for two whole days and nights, to keep every iron and copper mine in the district supplied with equipment, and moved all trains practically on time.

There were 4,971 cars moved over the division Friday and Saturday, October 20 and 21, and 125 freight trains and no less than 34 passenger trains were taken care of upon the division, all handled on time on a single track, without accident, mishap or delay, and without the help of a train dispatcher.

Can anyone beat that record of loyalty to employers, hard work and intelligent grasp of conditions?

Any man who has ever handled the train movement of a busy railway division will appreciate how very much is involved in the work these trainmen did, hurrying to and fro over sleet-covered cars, keeping cool, and ready to meet every emergency by application of the operating rules provided for their guidance.

Origin of Railway Whistles.

Locomotives, 75 years ago, had no whistles. The engineer kept by his side a tin horn, which he blew before curves and dangerous crossings. But the noise was feeble. In 1833 an English farmer's cart was run down on the way to market, and 1,000 eggs, 100 pounds of butter, two horses and a man were lumped in one great omelet on the rails. The railway had to pay the damages. The president sent for George Stevenson, and said, angrily: "Our engineers can't blow their horns loud enough to clear the tracks ahead. You have made your steam do so much—why don't you make it blow a good, loud horn for us?" Stevenson pondered. An idea came to him. He visited a musical instrument maker, and had constructed a horn that gave a horrible screech when blown by steam. From this horn the locomotive whistle of to-day descends.

Stand Work Well.

Railroad magnates are generally supposed to be hard workers, but many of them seem to stand it very well. James J. Hill is 67, A. J. Cassatt, is 66, Marvin Hughitt is 64 and E. T. Jeffrey, Roswell Miller and Thomas Lowry own up to 62 each. Of 17 of the most prominent railroad men in the country not one is under 50 years old.

Cars of Wood and Steel.

Owing to inability of the old wooden freight cars to stand the impact of modern steel cars, a rule has been adopted on the western lines that cars of up and below 60,000 pounds capacity shall not be placed ahead of the steel cars in making up trains.

PERFECT LAND OF PROMISE

Section of Kansas That Possesses Uncommon Attractions for Farmers.

Down in southwestern Kansas, some hundred miles or so below "Dodge," is a veritable "promised land" flowing in milk and honey, and destined some day to take a prominent place in the top-notch farming country of the great southwest.

Here is what a recent enthusiastic visitor says about it:

"In the first place the farmers of this section, with the assistance of the great experimental farms and researches of the agricultural departments of the government and of the state, have found out what the Lord made this country for, and they are getting rich.

"For five kinds of African corn, dark and light, Kaffir, Jerusalem corn, milo maize and dwarf maize, for four kinds of cane (sorghum), for Texas red oats, for beardless barley, durum wheat and alfalfa, this country is proving as sure a crop country as Iowa and Illinois are for corn and other cereals needing from 30 to 40 inches of rainfall.

"One township alone in Meade county this year shows by assessors' returns more than 25,000 acres of winter wheat in splendid condition and a large acreage being planted in durum or macaroni wheat this spring. In all of the counties in this section the wheat is very fine and a very much increased acreage over last year. It is 'the Artesian valley of Meade county' that makes it famous. It is a sort of freak formation, found only here.

"Crooked creek or Snake creek, as the Indians called it, is one of the several forks that, coming together, form the Cimmaron river. At Meade, a stone could easily be thrown across the valley. From this point it widens out until it is about 12 miles wide some eight or ten miles above Meade. It then narrows again for ten or 15 miles, making an average width of perhaps five or six miles for some 25 miles. This is all free alluvial soil, underlaid with sheet water, which is within easy reach of alfalfa roots. In other words, it is a true sub-irrigated district. This sheet water is from five to forty feet from the surface. Twenty thousand acres of alfalfa now growing in this valley from one to ten years old, illustrates the subject much better than it can be told.

"Below this stratum of sheet water at from 85 to 275 feet, artesian water is found. There are something like 2,000 of these wells now flowing in the valley. They are put down at a nominal expense. The water is pure and soft and has a temperature of 60 degrees summer and winter. There are from 110 to 125 sections of this land. I am familiar with the country in New Mexico and elsewhere that is on the market as alfalfa land, and I feel that I know that right here in Meade county, Kan., are better values multiplied several times than can be obtained elsewhere. I look to see this section of the country, in the not far distant future, recognized as among the most valuable lands in the United States."

FLESH AND BLOOD MACHINE

The Human Element in Handling Railroad Trains Increases Danger.

When a railroad train is going to wreck itself, it really does not make any appreciable difference whether that train is running at 60 miles an hour or 40 miles an hour. The real difference is in regard to the human machines that handle the trains, says the Hartford Courant.

A locomotive engine is a dumb thing, without the sense of hurry and responsibility, and whether its wheels revolve with greater or less rapidity is all the same to it, so long as it does not break down. But the engineer, the switchtender, the train dispatcher, and so on, all have nerves, and these nerves are subjected to an increased strain with every serious increase in the regular rate of speed. This is the real danger point with the fast trains between New York and Chicago.

Our American railroads kill a good many people every year when running at what may be called a normal rate of speed; and this means, at least in the case of half the accidents, that somebody's nerves have been overtrained and overstrained. If the human element in handling railroad trains could be made as insensible to outside demands as the locomotives are, one chief obstacle in the way of plans for great increases of speed would be done away with.

Dangerous Railroad Travel.

A newspaper writer, meeting Lord Brassey at Red Bank, N. J., asked the distinguished foreigner if he feared to travel on American railroads.

"Oh, no," Lord Brassey answered, "your American railroads kill a good many people in the year's course, but we must remember that they carry a good many people a good many miles, in proportion, probably, they do no more damage than the railroads of France or of Scotland.

"The famous Dr. Norman Macleod was once about to set off on a long railway journey through Scotland. Just as the train was pulling out the clergyman's servant put his head in through the window and said:

"'Ha'e ye ta'en an insurance ticket?'

"'I have,' said the doctor.

"'Then,' said the servant, 'write yer name on it and gi'e it to me. They ha'e an awfu' bad habit o' robbin' the corpses on this line.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

In a Better Way.

Pete—I see one of the leading ministers was a brakeman on a railroad at one time.

Pat—I suppose he is still doing coupling.—Cleveland Leader.

His Poor Shins.

Mrs. Kronnick—Really, my dear, we must get a dressing table for the bed room.

Mr. Kronnick—No, madam, there's too much furniture there already.

Mrs. Kronnick (sarcastically)—Indeed? And how did you discover that fact?

Mr. Kronnick—By bumping into it all when I got up last night to get a match.—Philadelphia Press.

Like the Original.

Mr. DeBrush—What is there about my portrait of you that you don't like, madam?

Mrs. Dobbdon—I don't like the coloring in the face. It doesn't look natural.

Mr. DeBrush—I didn't try to make it look natural. You said you wanted it true to life.—Cleveland Leader.

Changed Shops.

The dog-pound—horrors!—is next door
To the butcher shop, I've found;
Now I shall never more
Buy sausage by the pound!
—Cleveland Leader.

PARADOXICAL.

Hiram Milkweed—What are the prices of your rooms?

Hotel Clerk—The highest are the lowest and the lowest are the highest.—Philadelphia Press.

Wise Buyers.

The Christmas shopping days have come
The best of all the year.
When early buyers make things hum
And countless counters clear.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Bit Her Lips.

Mother (suspiciously)—What made your lips so red? Has that young man—

Sweet Girl—No, he hasn't. If my lips are red, it's because I've been biting them. I was mad.

"Mad because he tried to kiss you?"

"No. Because he didn't."—N. Y. Weekly.

Was It Possible?

"Did you see the football game?"

"Sure."

"How was it?"

"Great! It rained and the players were plastered with mud from head to foot, but they played a nice clean game."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

More Interesting.

A correspondent of a Kansas paper asks "Why are all millionaires represented to be either fat or baldheaded?"

But a question that interests a good deal more is "Why are not fat and baldheaded men not millionaires?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Exception.

"Everything goes up in anticipation of the holiday trade."

"Not everything."

"I'd like to know one thing that doesn't?"

"The mercury."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Careless Man.

"Yes, he's engaged to Miss Elderly."

"How did it happen?"

"He remarked that he would rather have love than riches, and she took a strangle hold on him before he could side-step."—Houston Post.

A Constant Surprise.

Mamma—I'm surprised at you, Johnny.

Johnny (thoughtfully)—I wonder if you'll ever get used to me, mamma. You're always surprised at me.—Bits.

Another Record.

Redd—My chauffeur's made a record.

Greene—You don't say!

"Yes; been fined eight times in two days for speeding."—Yonkers Statesman.

As a Matter of Economy.

"Why do you print so many short stories in your magazine?"

"Well, I'll be honest with you—we do it to save the cost of hiring readers."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Peace Offering.

"I just wonder what present the band will bring me to-night."

"Why, is it your birthday?"

"No, but we had a quarrel this evening."—Cleveland Leader.

Hot Stuff.

The sun had broken out in a new spot.

"That's where I have the advantage of the leopard," chuckled the sun. Chicago Tribune.

Culture.

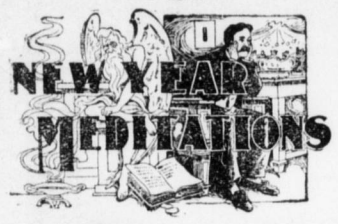
"Miss Elderleigh is such a refined and cultured girl, isn't she?"

"Yes. She even calls it 'mutton sleeve,'"—Chicago Herald.

After the Horse Show.

He—Do you love me?

She—Well, I should just fown Topics.



O ANY of us in these stressful days find time for introspection, for glance ahead? In the slower past we seemed to have, even the most industrious of us, time for the "going apart alone," the inquiry how is it with you, my soul; but now we ave little inclination for that, medi-ation is put away with the rest of the d-fashioned, un-modern.

An editor friend of mine was asked they turned out much work in her ffice. "O, yes," she said; "we don't ink, we just typewrite."

On the eve of the New Year let us old-fashioned once more; look back to Time, and look forward. What as been the loss the last twelve-onth, what the outlook for the elvemonth to come. Let us take ock. What resolutions should we nture on?

Weary of present materialism, we ll look to character first of all. hat retrogression here the past year? ave we grown a shade more selfish, x, unsympathetic? And do we hypo-itically call our selfishness "the oper looking out for our own inter-ts?" Do we look with increased ide on the laxity and term it "tol-ance," an advance in worldly wis-m? Are we satisfied with the nar-wing of our sympathies, and do we eak of this as "more philosophy?" ite likely.

And now comes the contemplation. w far do we want this to go on? all we let self-interest, a letting wn of standards, unsocialism go on an old age ruled by mercenary mo-es, marked by low principles, by in-manity? Heigho! Just this calling things by their right names has ught us up short; we tremble a le over the careless past; are afraid that unsavory old age. Maybe it uld be well on New Year's Day to -fashionedly put up some old-fash-ed mottoes:

"For selfishness is death."

"I had a very unpleasant conversa-on with my conscience."

"Every man takes care that his eighbor shall not cheat him. But day comes when he begins to care at he do not cheat his neighbor. hen all goes well. He has changed s market cart into a chariot of the n."

et us go on taking stock. How is ith the health of the body? Has been neglected, has it been over-idered—one evil no less than the r? Have we jealously guarded the e of sleep its due, not stolen there-in mistaken ambition, mistaken ures? Has the daily generous of air and sunshine and flying l and fair sky been unregarded; "world too much with us?" Have been neglectful, with gross care-ess paid no heed to building up ed tissues; expended energy at the of health? Or have we been in-erate of wine and meat?—the one no greater than the other. Have hought and talked nothing but toms, been wholly concerned with arnal? So many omissions, so over-anxieties we may have been of. Let us put in prominence ew Year's Day:

A sound mind in a sound body."

e we been cross, irritable, irritat-

"Let a man practice the minor s." Have we been inaccurate, chful? "In all the superior peo-have met, I notice directness, spoken more truly, as if every-of obstruction, of malformation, en trained away."

e we been hermit, or frivolous; xtreme or the other? Have we ourselves away from mankind, a life of selfish seclusion, un-ed ourselves with civic and so-sponsibilities, got ourselves into e where any reminder of the seething life outside seems un-ably intrusive, unwarrantably ent? Look out, look out.

e prayeth best who loveth best l things both great and small." the over-frivolity. What has it ounted to; the late hours, the f-it piled upon night-of-it? No no thoughtfulness, no time for ble deed, for hunting up neg-friend, for the kindly homely

True, "We must have society, must spare variety;" but like-ue we must have some variety ociety. Body and soul need epose, an escape from jar and nd what is the New Year guide blundering?

is the fine souls who serve us, ot what is called fine society." we been too busy, too hurried nd, gentle, responsive; have we "business," underrated friend-

Let us hang this where the ll shine on it full and bright: not so short but that there is time for courtesy." Have we relenting; unforgiving, retal-

Dare we so continue, so be-irselves? "His heart was as the world, but there was no it for the memory of a

o! All the walls of all the will be covered with motto, age and admonition. Let us n with a seeing eye once in

KATHERINE POPE.

Hogan Reviews the Year 1905

By HENRY M. HYDE

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Ladies an' gints," said Old Man Hogan, "bayfure enterin' th' new show which has jist been opened across th' way, I'd advise ye all to take a final luck at th' freaks an' curiosities which have been exhibited for th' last year undher th' old canvas, which is now bein' taken down an' rolled up for good.

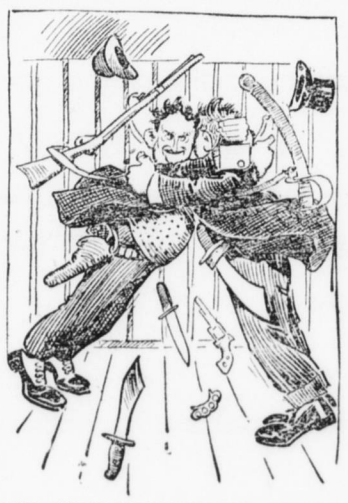
"In th' first cage to th' right as ye enther ye'll observe Cassie, th' Magnetic Marvel, th' greatest wonder av modern times. Ar-rmed only wid a sweet smile an' a stub pin she fearlissly enters a den av wild an' savage bankers an' be a simple wave av th' hand extracts their money an' rinders thim perfictly harmliss an' obedient to her slightest wish. So potint is the

"CASSIE, THE MAGNETIC MARVEL."

power av th' litthle lady that at her word av command th' most ferocious financeers fawn at her feet an' form a pyramid on th' top av which she stands in a graceful an' expinsive attitude. So overpowerin' is th' popular intherest in this marvelous woman that th' managemint has—at enormous expinse—reengaged her for another season an' she will be wan av th' leading attractions durin' a lar-r-ge part av th' new year.

"In this lar-r-ge double din at th' lift you will find th' twin wild min, Tom-Tom an' Bill-Bill. The first was captured afther a therrible sthruggle in th' wilds av Boston; th' other was caught in a figger-four thrap in th' jungles av Wall sthreet. Every day unthil noon they spind th' time callin' each other blood-curdlin' names over th' long distance tiliphone, with which the din is fitted. Promptly on th' stroke av twilve th' dure separating th' two cages is thrown open an', while th' spectators hold their breath, th' two desperadoes, ar-r-med to th' teeth, rush togither an'—embrace each other. Highly moral an' instructive exhibition. Endorsed be press an' pulpit. (Hank Rogers an' Jawn D. please write.) This attraction has also been specially reingaged for th' new year.

On th' platform across th' tint, nixt dure to th' monkeys' cage, you will see Prof. Harry Lehr an' his ciibrated troupe av performin' dogs. Three times a day th' professor an' his pets sit down to th' table togither, an' so will thrained ar-r-re th' latther that 'tis har-r-rd to till which is which. This amusin' an' entertainin' exhibition enjyes th' special patronage av th' smart set an' av all th' swelled hids av Newport. 'Twill be your last chance to enjye th' performance, as th' professor is now experimentin' with a monkey with which he has alriddy succeeded in gettin' on such intimate an' confidintial terms that he expicts to praysint, a litthle lather in the new season, a startlin' an' sinsational twin



"TH' TWIN WILD MIN TOM-TOM AN' BILL-BILL."

brother act which will show how small is th' difference bechune th' lower animals an' some men.

"There in th' middle, ladies an' gints, tied to th' cinter pole av th' main canvas, stands Ray-Pub, th' largist elephunt ivir exhibited in captivity—by nearly a million majority. Always a big animal, he has grown imminsely durin' th' lasht year. Great credit for th' increase in size is due to Thaydure, his mahout, who has looked carefully afther his feedin' an' has kept his blood in order be administerin' several tonics. Nobody ilse has ivir been able to make Ray-Pub take medicine, but Thaydure has him undher such perfict conthrol that at th' wor-r-d av command he will roll over an' play dead. Th' managemint has signed a contract for th' appearance av this unparalleled attraction for th' nixt four years, an' has no doubt it will grow more popular all th' time, as Thaydure is constantly teachin' it new thricks. Wan av th' novelties promised for th' new year is a head-on collision bechune the elephunt an' a railroad locomotive goin' at top speed. Almost ivrybody but th' mahout is afraid this 'll raysult in Ray-Pub's gettin' badly mangled, but Thaydure dayclares 'twill be only light exercise for his pet. Public curiosity is alriddy at white heat to see th' outcome av this sinsational act.

"In the lar-r-ge cage to th' lift is a din av ferocious, man-killin' chaffeurs. They praysint a pleasin' picture av th' raysult av threatin' ivin th' most savage an' bloodthirsty creatures with kindniss an' 60 days in th' bandhouse. Where formerly they rushed around th' counthry, with fire flashin' from their eyes, they ar-r-e now almost perfictly demesticated, comin' to th' bar-r-s to lap up gasoline from th' naked hand an' takin' their favorite meal av rubber tires with purrs av delight. 'Tis expicted that further progriss will be made durin' the new year in th' direction av makin' thim gintle an' harmliss, an' bayfure long their thrainer hopes to be able to enter their din in perfict safety.

"Bayfure passin' on I wish to call your attintion to th' curious objects confined in this lar-r-ge double-barred steel inclosure. You will observe that they constantly spend their time in jumpin' up and down on each other's faces. This, howivir, does not indicate—as it might seem—that they ar-r-e mad at each other. Far-r-r from it! On th' other hand it is th' favorite method av amusemint among these strange creatures, th' scientific name av which is Footballibus center rushio. These two fine specimins ar-r-e not likely to remain with th' show much longer, as both Yale an' Harvard have offered large sums for thim.

"But now, ladies and gints, I will not detain you longer. Gintlemanly ushers will now pass among you, distributing the bits av pasteboard which will enable you to remain to th' grand movin' picture show av the shrapnel an' siege guns of Manchuria a givin' place to th' gentle dove av peace. The cost is but a dime—tin cints—th' price av a good cigar, entitling you, at th' same time, to a cushioned seat in th' reserved section. Stay an' hear th' latest songs an' ballads, rendered be refined artistes, who have sung bayfure all th' crowned hids

"FOOT BALLIBUS, CENTER RUSHIO."

av Europe! Nowhere ilse will you find such a pleasin' an' elevatin' entertainmint.

"An' raymimber, whin you pass out, that th' new show, jist across th' road, has alriddy opened its dures an' is praysinting for your amusemint a traymindous aggregation av rechere an' marvelous attractions, includin' th' bist av th' old an' a host av new an' startlin' features. We aim to please!"

A NEW YEAR'S LONG AGO.

BY ROY FARRELL GREENE.

There were gallant beaux around her, each an homage due to pay,
There were Calhoun's firm disciples and the followers of Clay;
Men of strength who mold a nation and its future course outline—
Build a structure for their children and our children—yours and mine.
They had gathered there together; they had come from far and near,
To trip a last gay measure ere the passing of the year;
And whilom cares were banished as they glided to and fro,
When grandma tread the minuet one New Year's long ago.

Rival statesmen turned from labor of diplomacy to steal
A rest within the mazes of an old Virginia reel,
And the friends of abolition by each act and word of mouth
Expressed the bond of kinship with the scions of the south
It was midnight when the music from the belfry tower stole
To aid of swelling violins, a most harmonious whole,
And the old year passed with pitpats from each tripping heel and toe,
When Grandma tread the minuet one New Year's long ago.

How they danced a hearty welcome to the year but newly born,
How the hours seemed shorter as it nearer grew to morn,
How the music ebbed, receded, with a glory in its tide
That filled the hearts, the pulses, till in ecstacy it died!
Ah, the gown she wore has faded, and a lodgment's found at last
Along with memories, mildewed in the attics of the past,
Yet hearts are warm with fellowship as were the hearts, I trow,
When grandma tread the minuet one New Year's long ago.

Always Acceptable.

A handsome lamp shade seldom comes amiss as a Christmas gift for a woman.

ABORIGINAL CRAFTS

MUCH CLEVER WORK FOUND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

The Maoris, of New Zealand, Especially Good at Wood-Carving—Dainty Little Idols Made of Green Stone.

Duneden, New Zealand.—Hand carving, hand wrought articles and hand woven fabrics have received a great impetus of late years. Various societies have banded themselves together in the interest of a decaying art. From all sides we hear of the hand labor of the "arts and crafts" societies as if it were something newly discovered and indigenous only to our

A FEATHER MAT.

superior civilization. It is true, however, that the untaught savage who finds his models in the intricate beauty of true nature is able to produce such results as shame the most ingenious artisan of our school.

The art of wood carving is seen in its greatest perfection among the Maoris, the natives of New Zealand. These people have handed down from one generation to another a delicacy of touch and a fineness of perception nothing less than marvelous. Over the door that leads into a Maori hut you may find some quaint legend pictured in full; the little figures hardly more than a span high yet all replete with a naturalness and life that is astonishing. The homes of the chiefs of the tribes are most elaborately carved; a tent-shaped wooden building standing on large piles will look like the entrance to some heathen temple, so massive are the carvings. Over the entrance is usually a figure of the favorite god or "tiki" as it is called.

Among the mountains of New Zealand is found a lovely substance called green stone. It is of a clear, translucent emerald hue. While very abundant in the rough, the finished product is enormously expensive, as it is harder than a diamond, and the labor of fashioning any article from the green stone is a stupendous task. Here, however, the native art comes into play—hardly a Maori so poor that he has not some trinket of the green stone, the most popular form being a little green idol or tiki. Some of these are wrought into most intricate designs, and when one stops to consider the almost incalculable amount of patience and the dainty skill needed to produce even the smallest of these, our vaunted workmanship dwindles perceptibly.

Among the chief industries of these strange people is their blanket making. They have a woolen blanket, similar to those made by our Indians.

THE HOME OF A MAORI CHEIF.

These are very fine and find a vast market, but among the Maori themselves are considered very common indeed; for the chiefs and for rich presents to honored guests they make a feather blanket.

These feathered spreads are robes fit for a princess; a strong warp is woven, and then in every stitch of the woof is caught the bright feather of a bird. The arrangement of the colors is perfect, and every little feather lies as perfectly as if grown on the soft breast of a dove. Such a garment three or four feet square is fit for a king's ransom.

The younger Maoris are losing perhaps just the keen touch of their forefathers as foreign materials are taking the place of the native ware, but the fine old taste will die hard, while the splendid carvings and the legends of the old life are found on every hand.

ANNA H. CLARK.

Had Noticed.

"You notice that all my napkins have borders," said the boarding-house mistress.

"Yes," replied the thin man; "and I have also noticed that all your boarders have not napkins."—Yonkers Statesman.

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAYOR

London Official Has Robes of State, Four Swords and Holds Many Dignities.

The attitude of the average New Yorker toward the mayor of his city contrasts curiously with that of the average Londoner toward the lord mayor.

The office of the lord mayor of London is hedged about with the most elaborate formalities. He has gowns of scarlet, violet and black for various occasions and a train bearer. The lady mayoress is attended by maids of honor; her train is borne by pages in costumes. In the city his lordship takes precedence immediately after the sovereign.

When the king visits the city the lord mayor meets him at Temple Bar and hands him the sword of state, which he returns to him. This quaint feudal ceremony was strictly observed at the jubilee of 1897.

His lordship has the choice of four swords—the sword of state, for supreme occasions; the pearl sword, for ceremonial functions, and the black sword, borne on the death of a member of the royal family or when attending funeral services. The fourth sword is hung above the lord mayor's chair at the central criminal court.

There are other emblems of office—the diamond scepter, the seal, the purse and the mace. They play an important part at the swearing in of the lord mayor-elect.

The city chamberlain, with three obeisances, presents the scepter to the retiring lord mayor. He in turn delivers it to his successor, who lays it on the table in front of him. The chamberlain retires with three more reverences, to return with the seal—and three reverences more. The purse is similarly presented.

Further genuflexions follow from the swordbearer, who renders up the sword; the macebearer also resigns the mace. The former lord mayor then surrenders his key to the coffer in which the seal is kept.

There are three keys. Of the other two one is held by the chamberlain, the second by the chairman of the lands committee. To unlock the coffer all three must be produced.

Though this complex ceremonial may seem sadly belated, it has its great historic interest. It implies the sovereign power and authority in ancient times of the chief magistrate of the city. The scepter, sword and mace are emblems of royalty.

The lord mayor was a merchant prince in fact as well as by name. He is still, by virtue of his office, admiral of the port of London, gauger of wine and oil and other gaugable articles, meter of coals, grain, salt and fruit, and inspector of butter, hops, soap, cheese and other articles coming into the port of London. Needless to say, these duties are performed by deputy.

He is, to mention but one or two more of his dignities, a governor of four hospitals, a trustee of St. Paul's cathedral and a magistrate "in several places." Perhaps his most curious office, next to that of admiral of the port, is that of coroner. Here again the function is only nominally his.

No troops may pass through the city without the lord mayor's consent. The password of the tower is sent to him. He is entitled to enter at any hour, day or night.

TOO WIDE-AWAKE FOR BOTH

Light-Fingered Artist Does a Neat Piece of Work and Aids a Lesson.

A careless young fellow was often warned by his careful father of the many needless risks he ran of falling a victim to the wiles of pickpockets, and was assured that if he continued to display his watch and chain so negligently they would inevitably be taken away.

"No fear," was the confident assertion of the son; "I'm much too wide-awake for that to happen."

One evening the father offered to take his son to a theater, and the opportunity was eagerly embraced.

"Well, are your watch and chain all right?" asked the father when he and his son were comfortably seated.

"Of course they are," was Jack's amused reply. But when he began to feel in his pocket his smile disappeared, and he shamefacedly confessed that his watch was gone.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the father. "Weren't you much too wide-awake for that to happen? But perhaps you'd like to know that I took it, simply to prove to you how easy it is for a man to rob you in a crowd."

"You took it, father!" exclaimed the young fellow, in utter amazement.

"Yes, my boy. I bought these scissors, commonly used for such a purpose, and" (still laughing) "just transferred your watch from your pocket to mine, and see, here it is."

On putting his hand into his pocket, however, the father also suddenly ceased laughing, and looked quite as sheepish as Jack had done before.

"Jack," he stammered, "why, Jack, my dear boy, yours and mine are both gone. Some one has evidently been more wide-awake than both of us this time!"

Use of Hops.

The English were taught the use of hops by a native Artois, who introduced them into England in 1524. They met with some hostility, for physicians represented them as unwholesome, and parliament was petitioned against them as a "wicked weed." In 1528 their use was prohibited under severe penalties. Henry VIII. appears to have been prejudiced against hops, for in a manuscript dated Eltham, January, 1530, occurs an injunction to his brewer "not to put hops or brimstone" into the ale.

ON A BEAR'S TRAIL

FARMER MOURNS THE LOSS OF SEVERAL OF HIS SHEEP.

Difficult to Find the Criminal—Man Reports Sight of Huge Creature—Bruin Suspected and Later Proved Guilty Party.

A few weeks ago, my nearest neighbor drove up to the door, to inquire if I had seen any of his sheep. From a flock of thirty-six, nine were missing, and he thought he would ask me before hunting any further.

That afternoon my neighbor called again, to say that he had found six of the flock, all dead and all torn, doubtless by some animal. Not wishing to yard his sheep so early, he obtained permission to turn them into the Corbin game preserve, where they would have an impenetrable fence, eight and a half feet high, to protect them. Then he removed all the carcasses but one, and he and another man took their guns and lay out in the frosty air until nearly midnight, to see if the sheep-killer would return. He didn't—that is, as long as they were there; but next day the sheep had been dragged for several yards from the spot where they had left it, and a large part of the flesh had been eaten. Plainly enough it was not the work of a dog, for no dog hereabouts could drag a heavy sheep so far, nor would a single dog eat so much of the flesh at a meal. I told my neighbor to keep a bright lookout for footprints, but the ground was pretty hard and dry, and he failed to find any. Next day I went over there to look myself, but for some time my hunt was fruitless. But I kept on walking round and round the place, in a wider circle each time, until I came to a muddy ditch, which I followed. Presently I found what I sought—the footprint of a large animal. In some respects it resembled the imprint which would be left by the bare foot of a man, but it was blunter in front, and the marks of claws were very plain. It was the footprint of a good-sized bear.

At once I connected this incident with the fact that two sheep were miss-

HAD CLIMBED A LARGE TREE.

ing, and guessed that Bruin had simply followed his food supply, by climbing one of the tall fence-posts and letting himself down on the inside. An inquiry at a lumber camp brought out the fact that on two occasions when men were coming to camp at dusk, a strange, dark-colored animal, much larger than a boar, had been seen diving into the underbrush, through which it went with much commotion. I knew then that my suspicion was correct, and I told my neighbor.

A day or two later a light snow covered the ground, and that evening, wandering along the hillside in Corbin Park, I came upon the tracks of the bear again. I followed them, and they led me down into the valley, where presently I came upon the remains of a partly-eaten sheep. It must have been killed some days before, but the bear had revisited the scene, and apparently had made another good meal from the carcass. The trail led from this spot down the valley for a quarter of a mile, and then up the mountain through a belt of spruces. At one point, the bear had approached a large tree and climbed it; the ground below was covered with loose bark which had been scraped off, and the scratches made by the animal's claws were visible for twenty feet up. From this tree, the trail again continued up the hill, soon turning south for a short distance to a steep bank where the bear had scraped numerous holes in the snow, possibly in search of beechnuts, for beech trees were growing close by. After this he had resumed his upward journey, and I followed his trail along a brook for the best part of half a mile, until I could see, at some distance in front of me, a dense bit of spruce woodland. It was now quite dusk, and, as I was unarmed, I decided not to enter, but to walk around this group of trees and undergrowth and see if the trail came out on the other side. If it did not, then, of course, I knew where the bear must be. But, although I stepped as carefully as I could, I made too much noise on the snow, and before I got a third of the distance around the dark patch of woodland, I heard a rustling of branches, and out dashed the bear, scarcely twenty yards away, showing the broad soles of his feet at every jump. It was now so close to nightfall that it was useless to follow the trail any further, so I returned home. It was decided to organize a bear hunt on the morrow, but the night grew warm, and a steady rain washed away all the snow, and with it the tracks of the bear. At the next snowfall, however, a hunting party will in all probability set out to settle scores with Bruin, for a good-sized bear is not considered a desirable acquisition to a game preserve.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

H. S. LLOYDS'

This Year Leads Them All. We Have Surpassed All Former Efforts

BOOKS

Thousands of Volumes of the very latest books written, for all classes of readers, to suit every desire from the oldest to the youngest.

For the Big and Little, Old and Young all say

Gee Whiz!

I NEVER REALIZED SUCH BARGAINS.

Or that so great a variety of goods for Xmas Presents could be produced in Emporium.

TOYS!

This store is alive with toys and toys that are almost alive. Almost every mechanical movement is represented in some way or another. A child that cannot be pleased in our store, is a child that cannot be pleased at all. The same may be said of people of all ages.

Pictures

Beyond description is our line of pictures in frames. Remember that our pictures are not put up in unharmonic frames, but in harmonious splendor.

Glass and Chinaware

Great care was given to the selecting of this stock and you may rest assured it will please you.

Stationery

A specially fine line, selected for the Holiday trade. A present always acceptable.

Musical Instruments

Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos, Accordions, Harmonicas, etc.

For the Toilet

Toilet Cases, Toilet Brushes, Combs, Hand Mirrors, etc.

New Line of Stag Goods Something Beautiful.

Dolls

No end to the display of Dolls and Dolls that are marvelous for their beauty in sizes from one inch long to two feet long.

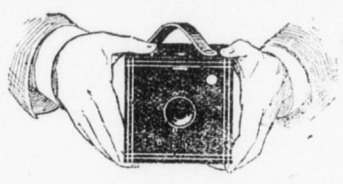
Fancy Goods

It will delight you to just see this display.

Skates

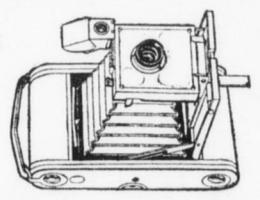
Our stock in general is useful, beautiful and pleasing to old and young.

Doll Carriages and Go-Carts and Coasting sleds.



KODAKS

We need not take your time to speak of this line, as you all know we have the best that can be produced, at prices within range of your purses.



CIGARS! All the Leading Brands put up in $1.00 Boxes.

At this season we are too rushed to attend to mail orders. That is why we do not quote prices. Seeing is both convincing and believing. Therefor come in.

DIARIES FOR 1906.

ELEGANT PERFUMES

Our stock is the largest ever. We have met the demand.

We Invite You to Come in.

Gillette Safety Razor

NO HONING NO STROPPING

THE MODERN RAZOR

Twelve Wafer Blades.
Twenty-four Sharp Edges.

The First Improvement Made in Razor Blades in 400 Years.

All men sound its praise, for it has solved the home-shaving problem, **each blade** giving from **twenty to forty velvet shaves** without the loss of a moment in stropping or a penny in honing.

Triple silver-plated set . . . $5.00
Extra blades, per dozen . . . 1.00

YES INDEED, IT PAYS.

Perfumery

Absolutely the largest and finest display of perfumery in the county. Do not fail to see our perfumery counter

Wishing You All a Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year, I am Yours truly,

H. S. LLOYD.